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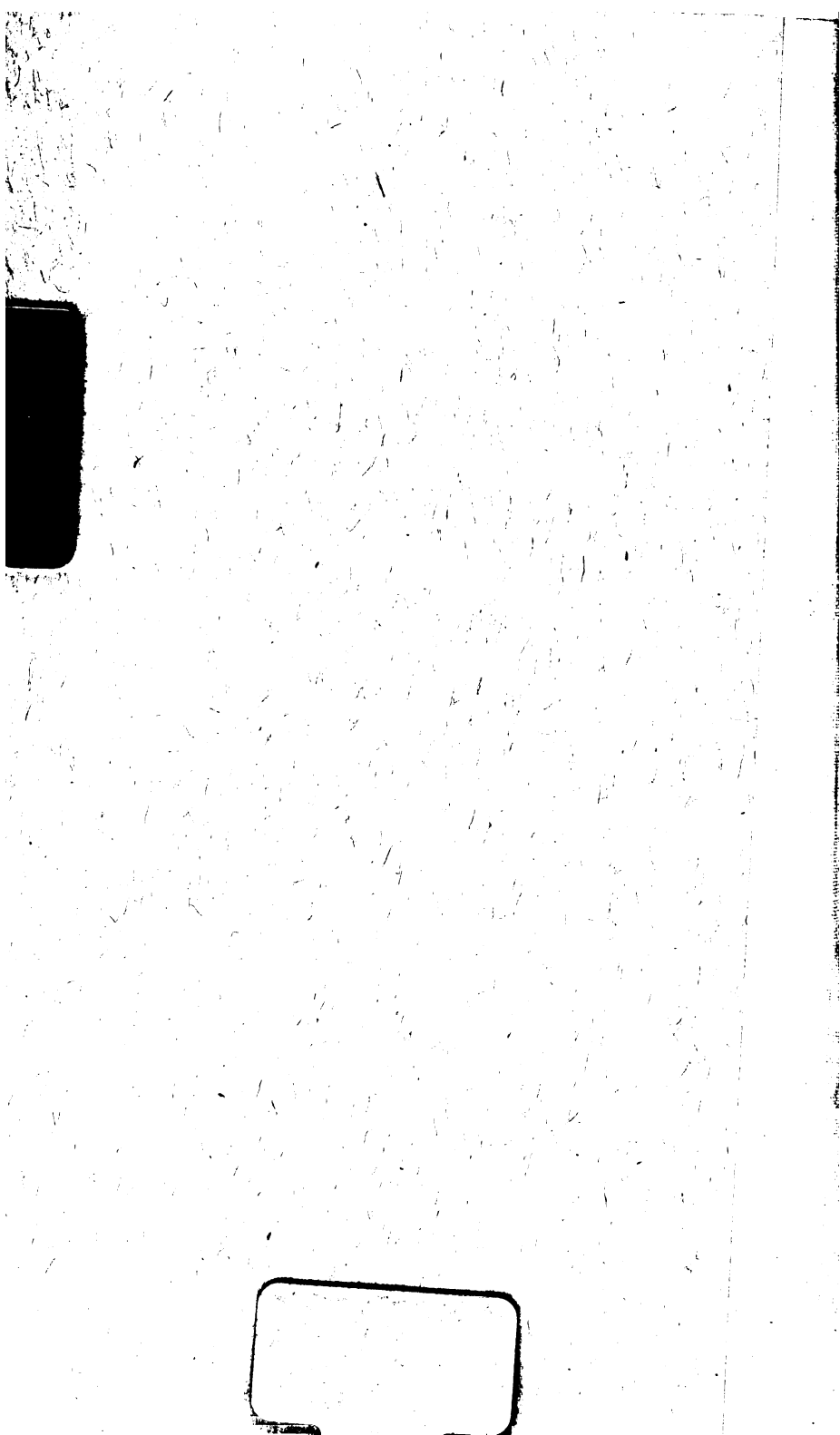
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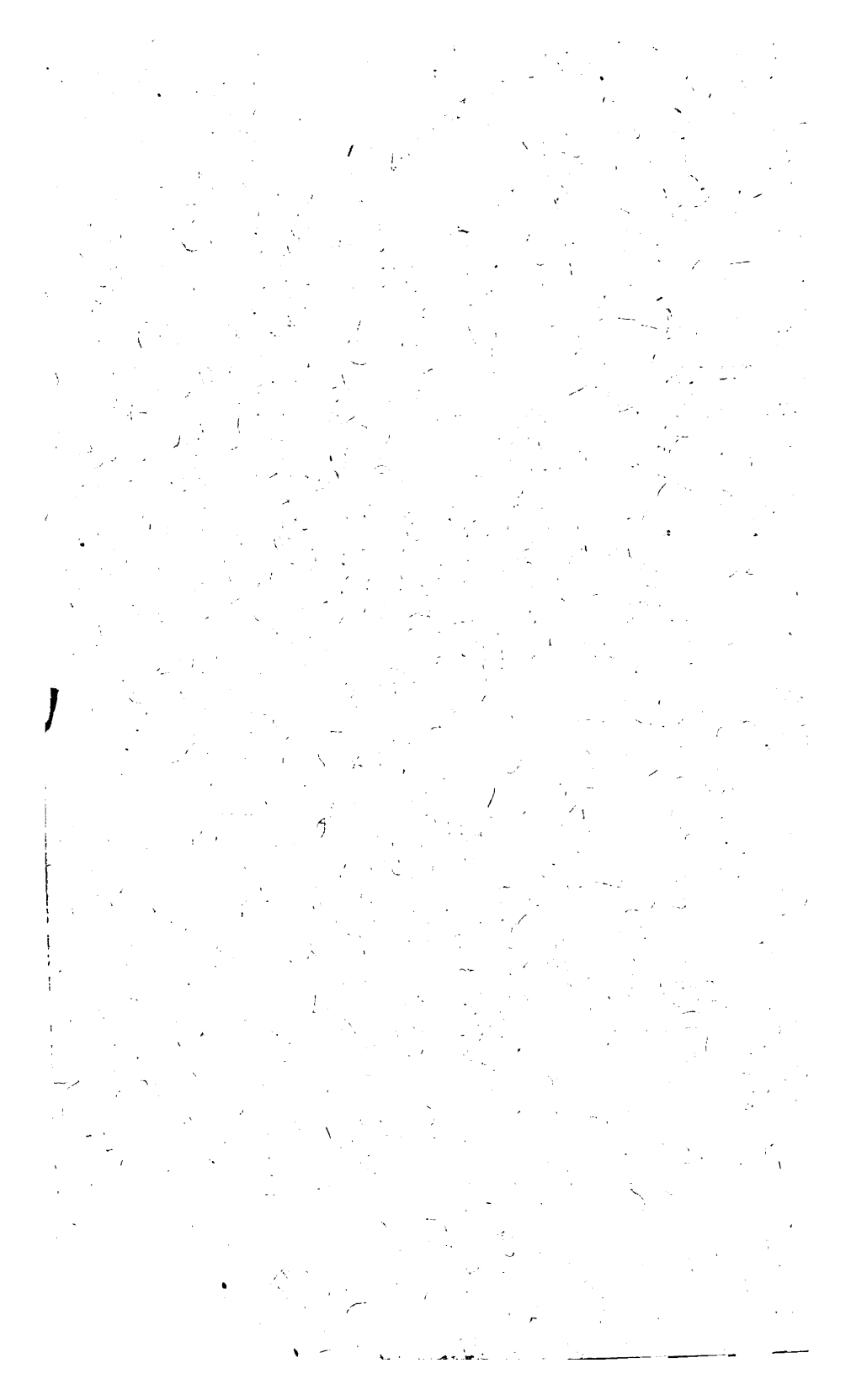
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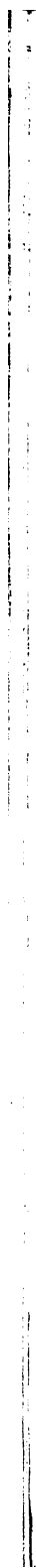
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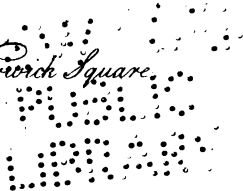
Pub. Apr. 1. 1807. by J. Whelan, London.

Eleventh of the Improved
THE
Sporting Magazine.
 OR
MONTHLY CALENDAR,
 OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF
THE TURF, THE CHASE,
And every other Diversion
 Interesting to the
Man of Pleasure, Enterprize, & Spirit.
VOL. 31.



London
 Printed for J. Whittle, 18, Warwick Square.

1808.



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NEW YORK
JAN 18 1904
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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS
OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to
THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

OCTOBER, 1807.

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II, Avoset, an Engraving.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square; .

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, FALM MALL;

J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;

AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are much obliged by the communication from Lipson Hall, respecting the Oswestry Races. Although our Racing Calendar is never copied from newspapers, &c. we shall, notwithstanding, attend sedulously to this gentleman's information.

Tally-Ho! from Haddington, wishes W. P. to give a description of the late Lord Grosvenor's Racing Stud and Stallions, and that some of our readers would send us the celebrated Hunting Song, "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky proclaim a Hunting Morning." His hint, relative to accounts of the most celebrated Fox-Chases, will not be overlooked in the approaching season.

The Anecdotes from H. P. came too late for insertion this month: so did the Advertisement from a Kentish Paper.

Our friend Abraham Brown will perceive the Hare's Elegy—the first article in the poetical department.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

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W. P. 1804

THE DOGS FIRST SIGHT OF HIMSELF.

J. B. 1804

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
FOR OCTOBER, 1807.

**THE DOG'S FIRST SIGHT OF
HIMSELF.**

An Engraving.

AN Explanation of the above Plate (which we are obliged to omit this month for want of room), will be given in our next Number.

**SUMMARY
OF
NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER
MEETING.**

(Details in Racing Calendar next Month.)

MONDAY, Oct. 12.—Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, was won by Mr. Vansittart's Momentilla, beating Lord Grosvenor's Bullrush, and Lord F. G. Osborne's Matilda.—One-third of a subscription of 25gs. each (third year) was won by Mr. D. Radcliffe's Orville, beating the Duke of Grafton's Parasol.—Mr. Payne's Fawn beat Mr. Lake's Citizen, 100gs.—Mr. Payne's Ferdinand beat Mr. Mellish's Susan, 200gs.—Mr. Wyndham's c. by Schedoni, beat Mr. Watson's Charmer, 200gs.—General Gower's Swinley, beat Lord Sackville's Enchanter, 200gs.—Mr. D. Radcliffe's Sir David, beat Mr. Fermor's Hippomenes, 200gs.—Mr. Craven's Bronze, beat the Duke of Grafton's Musician, 200gs.—Lord Grosvenor's Violante, beat Mr. Arthur's Brainworm, 200gs.

TUESDAY.—Fifty Pounds for 2-yr olds, was won by Lord Jersey's b. c. by Waxy, beating Mr. Mellish's Susan, and five others.—Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. was won by Mr. Kellerman's L'huile de Venus, beating Mr. Lake's b. f. by Gouty, and four others.

WEDNESDAY.—The first class of the October Otland Stakes was won by Mr. Wyndham's Canopus, beating Lord Stawell's Deceiver, and three others; a good race; 5 to 1 against Canopus, 4 to 1 against Deceiver.—The Town Plate of 50l. was won by Mr. Crouch's ch. f. by Ambrosio, beating Mr. Watson's Charmer, and four others; a good race: 6 to 4 against Charmer.

THURSDAY.—Mr. Wyndham's Mouse, beat Mr. Vansittart's Currycomb, 200gs. h. ft.—Mr. Ladbroke's Merrythought, beat Mr. Lake's Tim, 50gs. h. ft; 6 to 4 against Mouse, 2 to 1 against Merrythought.—The second class of the October Otland Stakes, was won by Mr. Kellerman's L'huile de Venus, beating Mr. Wyndham's Mouse, Lord Grosvenor's Meteor, Mr. Andrew's Lydia, and Lord Jersey's Langton; 4 to 1 against the winner.—Lord Grosvenor's Violante, received 80gs. from Mr. Arthur's Brainworm, 200gs. h. ft.—Mr. Fermor's Pelisse, received 50gs. from Lord Sackville's Enchanter, 200gs. h. ft.—Mr. Beaver's b. f. by Stamford, against Mr. Bradley's
A 2 Prodgal,

Prodigal, 100gs. went off by consent.

FRIDAY.—Mr. C. Brown's Woodman, beat Mr. Ladbroke's Woodcock, 25gs.; 2 to 1 against Woodman.—Mr. Lake's Citizen, beat Lord Jersey's Ipswich, 200gs. h. ft. 5 to 2 against Citizen.—Duke of Grafton's Musician, beat Lord Foley's Chaise-and-One, 200gs. h. ft. 11 to 10 on Musician.—Mr. Payne's Ferdinand, beat Mr. Craven's Bronze, 200gs.; 5 to 4 against Ferdinand.—Mr. Wyndham's Canopus, beat Mr. Arthur's Zodiac, 100gs.; 5 to 4 against Canopus.—The third class of the October Octal-d Stakes was won by Mr. Radcliffe's Selim, beating Mr. Lake's Gaiety, Lord Foley's Captain Absolute, General Gower's Swinley, and Mr. Watson's Dreadnought; 6 to 4 on Selim.—Mr. Beaver's b. f. by Stamford, against Mr. Bradley's Prodigal, went off by consent.

**NEWMARKET THIRD OCTOBER,
OR HOUGHTON MEETING, 1807.**

MONDAY.—Lord Sackville's Prospero, beat Mr. Payne's Tudor, 50gs.; 2 to 1 on Prospero.—Lord Foley's Pypilina, beat Mr. Arthur's Wretch, 100gs.; 6 to 4 against Pypilina.—Mr. Vansittart's Momentilla, beat Mr. Lake's Nymphina, 100gs. h. ft.; 7 to 4 against Momentilla.—Lord Foley's Blowing, beat Mr. Arthur's Brainworm, 200gs.; 6 to 4 on Blowing.—Mr. Fernor's Cerberus, beat Lord Sackville's Bustard, 500gs. h. ft.; 11 to 1 on Cerberus.—Mr. D. Radcliffe's Sir David, received 120gs. from Mr. Fernor's Hippomenes, 300gs. h. ft.—Lord Grosvenor's Ferdinand, against Lord Foley's Chaise-and-One, 200gs. h. ft. went

off by consent.—Mr. Mellish's Luck's-all, beat Mr. Craven's Frances, 100gs.—Mr. D. Radcliffe's brother to Houghton-Lass, received forfeit from Mr. Fernor's Stripling, 200gs. h. ft.—The Gog-Magog Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. Mr. D. Radcliffe's sister to Castrel, received forfeit from Lord Grosvenor's Musidora; General Grosvenor's Briseis, and Lord F. G. Osborne's Sourkrout, paid.

TUESDAY.—Fifty Pounds for all ages, was won by Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Goblet, brother to Bumper, beating Mr. Goulburn's b. f. Epsom-Lass, Mr. Williams's ch. f. by Ambrosio, Mr. Lake's ch. f. Marybella, Mr. Prince's b. c. brother to Woodman, Mr. Goodisson's b. c. Foxberry, Mr. Watson's ch. c. Charmer, and Mr. Peirse's b. c. Young Hopeful, by Expectation; 7 to 2 against Goblet, 7 to 4 agst Epsom-Lass, and 4 to 1 against Foxberry.—Mr. Fernor's Hippomenes, received 20gs. from Mr. Arthur's Wormwood, 100gs. h. ft.

FOOT RACE,

**BETWEEN CAPTAIN BARCLAY
AND WOOD.**

THIS match, between Abraham Wood, the celebrated Lancashire pedestrian, and Captain Barclay, (wherein the former undertook to give the latter 20 miles in a race of 24 hours expected continuance) attracted together the greatest concourse of persons ever seen at Newmarket, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.—Carriages of every description were innumerable, from the barouche in four to a dicky cart, and the horsemen and pedestrians exceed all accurate estimation.

mination of numbers.—The place chosen for the performance of this extraordinary exertion, was a single measured mile, on the left hand side of the first mile of the turnpike road leading from Newmarket to London, towards the Ditch, which mile was roped in, and the competitors both ran on the same ground.—They started precisely at eight o'clock on Monday morning; when, after going forty miles, Wood resigned the contest, which has created considerable surprise and murmuring among the *cognoscenti*. The following is an accurate account of the race:—

WOOD.		BARCLAY.	
Hours.	Miles.	Hours.	Miles.
1	8	1	6
2	7	2	6
3	7	3	6
4	6½	4	6
5	6	5	6
6	5½	6	6

The above is the number of hours the pedestrians performed out of 24 hours. Wood made play at starting, and, as it will be seen above, went eight miles in an hour. He continued at a lounging run for three hours, when the odds, which were three to one against him at starting, were reduced to about seven to four. He got off one mile in the first half hour, having performed four miles in one minute less than that time. He performed twenty miles in two hours and forty-one minutes, and, in coming in the twenty-two miles in three hours, he had got off four miles of the twenty he had given the Captain, and both came in together. After having gone twenty-four miles in three hours and sixteen minutes, Wood took some refreshment, for five minutes, in a marquee at the starting-post, opposite to that of

Captain Barclay. He rested again ten minutes after having gone thirty-two miles: he laid himself down, and appeared a little fatigued. His time was spent in having his ankles and body rubbed; and on his leaving his marquee, he appeared without his shoes. The next four miles he fell off in his pace, and was above twenty minutes going two miles.

Wood's feet were cut without his shoes, and he put them on; but, after having gone forty miles in six hours and twenty minutes he retired to his marquee; and it was shortly after communicated to the spectators that he had resigned the match.

Captain Barclay pursued a steady course of six miles an hour, without varying a minute. He stopped and took some warm fowl, after having gone eighteen miles, and he stopped again after having gone the other eighteen miles; and it was whilst he was taking other refreshments, that Wood resigned the contest. The Captain, however, ran four other miles, to decide some bets.

This race caused considerable surprise, as it was known to most people present, that Wood had done forty miles in less than five hours, only a few months since, and from other concurring circumstances, the sporting men declined paying their bets. It, however, was manifest, that there was no collusion between the Captain and the other party.

Capt. Barclay found himself rather fatigued, although he expressed his opinion that he could continue for one hundred miles. Two surgeons attended Wood after the race, and it was their opinion that he could not have gone many more miles, as he was feverish.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

The surprise alluded to above, with respect to Wood's losing, and the scruples of some of the sporting men as to paying their bets, were pretty well accounted for by what transpired a few days after the race. It should be observed, that when the match was first made, Captain Barclay refused to make it without a gentleman was concerned for Wood, and after such was sought for, a publican in the vicinity of Spitalfields was brought forward, to make this match with the Captain. He stood 150*l.* of the stake-money; but he was well known never to have risked 20*l.* on any event which was uncertain.—It had been known that Wood had gone fifty miles in seven hours whilst training, and on a wet day, and he was desirous of continuing his journey, in a state very fresh, but he was stopped, lest he should injure himself by the unfavourable state of the weather. He had also done forty miles at Brighton in five hours, and he is now offered to be backed to do considerably more.—It has been said, that Wood was ill when he resigned, and we can only, in reply to this, (says a correspondent) state, in the words of an unfortunate countryman "that Abraham (meaning Wood) was not worth a farthing after he came out of the canteen" (the marquee in which he rested after having gone 22 miles). It is, however, manifest, that Captain Barclay had not the slightest suspicion of any collusion. The regular frequenters of Newmarket said the bets ought to be paid, although they were of opinion the race was thrown over, or a man may at any time get off his bets. It was the opinion of Sir Charles Bunbury, and other distinguished sportsmen, that men should not bet on a foot-race; but

if they did such things, they ought to pay. The sporting men from London protested against such doctrine, and declared off. They still agreed with their Newmarket brethren that *crosses* should be paid amongst them at all times, or it would stagnate the system; for if they adopted the contrary plan, there would be little money stirring; but for them to pay on such a pretence would be to make them ridiculous. The majority of the bets, however, were refused to be paid.

The disputes on this head were finally settled at Tattersal's, on Monday, the 12th, when, after some argumentative discourse, it was the opinion of a very considerable majority, that the bets ought not to be paid. With respect to the imposition, there was but one opinion, and it is also known, that a prepared liquid, *alias* laudanum, was administered to Wood after he had gone twenty-two miles. It was loudly whispered, that the publican should be indicted for a conspiracy, and that the prosecution should be carried on by subscription. The report of Wood having been backed again is not true.

Captain Barclay is the lineal descendant of the celebrated author of "The Apology for the Quakers." He is of a family remarkable for athletic exercises. His father, the late Barclay of Urie, who represented Kincardine, used to walk every Session of Parliament from Scotland to London, and could perform the journey as soon as the ordinary stages of that time; but he frequently deviated from the direct road, in order to attend any fair which happened to be held at the time. Dressed like a plain farmer, he mingled freely in all the rural sports usual at these meetings, particularly

icularly cudgel-playing and wrestling, and won many a prize hat in his progress to St. Stephen's Chapel.

The grandfather of Mr. Barclay was still more powerful. His muscular strength was such, that he has been seen to fling a horse that had strayed into his grounds at Urie, over the wall. To this gentleman, Scotland is indebted for setting the example of improved farming.

Another correspondent says, Captain Barclay is as stout and nimble a feeder as he is a walker; for on his way down to Newmarket, he ordered a leg of mutton, weighing eight pounds, to be but little roasted, at the Coach and Horses, Newport, the whole of which he picked clean to the bone, within the short space of ten minutes!

It is added, that the issue of the pedestrian feat at Newmarket is so little satisfactory to the amateurs, that a new opponent is to be started against Captain Barclay.—Lieutenant Fairman, who has already proved his prowess upon the turf, will be backed for any sum against the Captain, taking precisely the same odds he required from Wood. Without attempting to attribute any thing like a cross to the parties, the laurel of England is not to be won by the Captain without winning it at a dearer rate, because, when the prize is to be contended for by two gentlemen, there must be an absolute security that every exertion, consistent with honour, will take place.

Wood, a few days after the race, received rather rough usage at a public house in Cambridge. Some of the company put out the lights, and kicked him out of the room.

The *Manchester Volunteer*, of Oct. 24, says—"Abraham Wood,

(whom some of the London papers of Thursday last prematurely dispatched to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns") arrived in this town on Saturday night, in good health, on his journey homewards. He resides in the neighbourhood of Oldham."

Wood was doubtless the innocent dupe of his associates, who, to give a show to their designing practices, laid a few bets in his favour of no very considerable amount, but procured, by their agents, large bets for considerable sums against him.

We find the following article in the *Norwich Mercury* of Oct. 24:—"Mr. Webster and Captain Barclay, who have challenged the public attention to their celebrity in the pedestrian and equestrian world, were both quartered in this garrison, the former in his Majesty's 11th regiment of light dragoons, and the latter in the 23d regiment of foot, or Royal Welch Fusiliers. With regard to Mr. Webster, we can assert nothing of our own knowledge, more than what has been communicated by the public papers; but a brief narration of some of Captain Barclay's feats whilst here, will not be unworthy of notice. Captain B. offered, but which was not accepted, a bet of 1000 guineas, that he would lift from the ground the weight of half a ton, and in order to try the experiment, he obtained a number of weights, which were fastened together by a rope through the rings, when he lifted 21 half-hundred weights and a quarter of a hundred. He afterward, with a *straight arm*, three a half-hundred weight a distance of eight yards, and over his head the same weight a distance of five yards. In the mess-room, a gentleman of the same regiment, who, it is said, weighed 18 stone, (14lbs.

(14 lbs. to the stone.) stood upon Capt. B.'s right hand, and being steadied by his left, he thus took him up and set him upon the table. Capt. B. also offered a bet of 1000 guineas that no man in England could go on foot 100 miles in 100 successive hours, confined, however to start the distance at the commencement of every hour. It has been said, that for the recent match against Wood, Capt. B. was under training by several pedestrians, when, in short, his systematic daily regimen, and various athletic exercises, must have rendered such training merely nominal, for the purpose of conforming to the rule of etiquette."

PIGEON SHOOTING.

THIS article not being received till after another on the same subject had gone to the press, in page 39, prevents their being classed under one head.

A match was made on Tuesday, Oct. 20, between Herriot and King, skilful shots, who had exhibited about two months since, and destroyed a great number of birds in shooting off ties, to shoot again for 100 guineas, at 19 pigeons, and on the 28th inst. the parties met on Finchley Common. Bettings were about level. In the last match each of the parties killed 19 birds, but their skill fell very short of that in the present instance. King, who is a game-keeper, missed the first and second, and the ninth, eleventh, and twelfth birds, and yet was a winner without shooting out the match. Mr. Herriot killed his first, and missed the next four, one of which fell out of bounds. He killed the sixth and seventh, and missed three others. After King had killed his fifteenth pigeon, he

won the match, his adversary not being within making a tie, if he had killed all his remaining shots.

BOXING.

A Very determined obstinate pitched battle was fought on Wednesday, at the village of Heazeley, near Blackwater, for a stake of 50 guineas, between Flowers, the fighting coachman, who, by his former exhibitions, had acquired some celebrity, and an athletic man, about six feet in height, of the name of Jonas, who travels the country as a chair-maker, and a noted professor of gymnastic exercises. The parties had a dispute at a country fair, which led to this combat, which was as obstinate as one as stands on record.

The contest commenced in favour of the coachman, who in the first few rounds convinced his adversary that his notion of boxing was not theoretical, for he kept stopping and advancing until he got to a good hitting length, when he rallied furiously, and put in some tremendous blows. He, however, was often stopped by Jonas, who in return hit round and awkwardly, but swiftly.

The coachman had been hit so much about the 9th, 10th, and 11th rounds, that it required a good judge to tell who had the best of the battle. Flowers did not fall off, but his adversary improved; they continued to fight till, at the end of the 50th round, by nature it was suspended for ten minutes. After waiting the above time the combat was renewed for half an hour longer, when the coachman gave in, after having won nine successive battles. The battle lasted two hours within five minutes.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

A Man who has been in the habit of attending the sales at Garraway's, and absolutely living on the cake and wine given at the auctions, was noticed by a wag there, a few days ago, who affixed a label to his back, on which he inscribed, "The *dépôt* for eleemosynary cake and wine."

A GENTLEMAN lately advertised, that his premises were to be sold; and that they might be viewed—*with the permission of his wife!*

A FOREIGN writer observes, that a man in England thinks as little of *borrowing his neighbour's wife* as he does of *borrowing a book*.

A METHODIST Preacher told his congregation, a few Sundays ago, "that the apartments of Satan were filled with *cards and dice*, and that *Hoyle* was the only book in his library."

A FRENCHMAN's advertisement, in a Boston Paper, runs in the following singular strain:—"Lost, last evening, a *child* about five years old: whoever will return him to his home, in *Fore-street*, shall be handsomely rewarded by his afflicted father, *JEAN BAPTISTE*, who likewise deals in *French brandy*."

MAL-ENTENDUE.—That a man may be a very worthy Magistrate, and yet know nothing of Latin or Greek, is a truism constantly evinced by many of our worshipful

VOL. XXXI.—No. 181.

Sages at Guildhall. One of the most worthy of these, but who, unfortunately, is a little hard of hearing, had, some days since, brought before him, an unfortunate *Scotch Tutor*, who had been making rather too free over-night with Whitbread's *British Falernian*, and was found by the watch "*recubans sub tegmine fagi*," or, in plain English, drunk and fast asleep under a porter's pitching-block in the street. The constable of the night having stated his charge, the worthy Magistrate put the usual question—"Well, my friend, what have you to say for yourself?"—Sandy boo'd; but reckoning on his learning as a certain protection against the consequences of his frailty, he addressed the Magistrate in a penitent tone and Edinburgh accent—"Ma Lord, I'm an *unfort'nit mon, tes true; but,*

"*Nemo mortalium OMNIBUS HORIS SAUPIT.*"

The worthy Alderman stared.—"Eh! what! What's that he says about *wh—s* in a *sawpit*? Harkee, my good friend! *sawpits* are very improper places for you to go into with such company. I'll discharge you for this time; but never come here again with such a story."

A CLERGYMAN in the diocese of Chester, has married 780 couple, baptised 3750 children, buried 2850 dead, read the church service 6750 times, and preached 2000 sermons.

B

WHEN

WHEN TOM displays his Chain and
Seals,

You'd think his time is kept correct ;
'Tis no such thing—the gold reveals

A ninny—you would not suspect.

The Watch is but to shew the Chain,
It has no guts—and he no brain.

A GENTLEMAN, a short time since, saw a coachman shamefully maltreat a pair of fine horses in a carriage. Having learnt that the equipage belonged to a *lady of distinction*, he waited upon her, and imparted to her the brutal conduct of the coachman towards her horses. "Dear Sir," replied this amiable woman, "I am equally indebted to you for your polite regard to my interests ; but it happens, fortunately for me, that the horses are *only Jobs* !"

A COCKNEY sportsman sent a basket of game to a friend, with a label affixed, on which was written, "a couple of *airs*, and a brace of *peasants*."

AN Irish Attorney going to dinner, left this direction in the key-hole of his door, a practice not uncommon :—"Gone out, for an hour only ; if you can't read this, take it to the stationer's, at the corner."

GREAT surprise being expressed to a certain gentleman, at his having recently given his daughter in marriage to a gentleman with whom he was known to have been at variance and enmity ; he answered—That man used me ill ; and I gave him my daughter in *revenge*—in pure vengeance.

CALEB Quot'em Secundus, of New Windsor.—Sworn Appraiser Auctioneer—Schoolmaster—Engraver—Watchmaker—Letter-

sender—Undertaker—Plumber, Painter, and Glazier—Apothecary—Dentist—Surgeon and Man-midwife—Parish Clerk—Sexton and Grave Digger—Bug-destroyer to his Majesty, and Flea-catcher in general—Truss-making, in all its branches—Letters upon every subject read, written, and explained, and epitaphs composed characteristic of the defunct.—Boys genteely whip'd and educated in the *fundamental* parts of Geography—Astronomy—Fiddling—Fencing—Greek—Hebrew—Dancing—and the rest of the living languages, by proxy—and initiated into the mysteries of literature, from the metaphysical disquisitions of Longinus, and the histories of Alexander the Great—Ajax Telamon—and little Junius Brutus, to the biographical memoirs of Thomas Thumb, of Thumb Hall, in Northumberlandshire.

Men and women cured and buried, Legs and arms made and mended. Gentlemen and turkies trussed and dressed.

Ladies and letters safely delivered. Landscapes and teeth easily drawn. Characters and windows patched up.

Law and packing-cases made and expounded.

Horses and children fired and inoculated.

Puppies and boys wormed and taught.

"Young ideas," and soldiers, "taught to shoot."

Lodgers and customers taken in. Fleas and gentlemen caught and waited on.

And boys genteely taught the vulgar tongue.

N. B. Horses, dogs, sows, men, women, and children, and every other animal whatever, phlebotomised by Caleb and assistants.

A large

A large assortment of Greek manuscripts, Alderney cows, antique vases, and pewter plates, now on sale at the auction-room round the corner.

THE BACCHANALIAN RIVALS.

TWO Actors, who jovially bow to the shrine
Of the God who presides o'er the fruit of the vine,
In order the bill most attractive to make,
Disputed what plays they should mutually take;
Till at length (surely tipping gives exquisite pleasure)
They sat down, and agreed to take *Measure for Measure*. BIBO.

JACK Ketch, being summoned to the Court of Conscience for a small debt, was asked how he meant to pay it? The answer was, "Why, an please your honour, as I know the plaintiff and his family well, I'll *work* it out for him in my own *line*."

SINGULAR Recommendation.—A sailor meeting with a Negro, who had a remarkably small pig under his arm, asked him the price of it. "Half-a-guinea, Massa," was the answer. "Half-a-guinea for a pig of that age, you black scoundrel!"—"Ah, Massa," replied the other, "him be very *little*, but him be dam *old*."

THE master of a respectable grammar-school, in a large town in the north of England, took one of his pupils to task about his going so frequently to the *play*.—"Who (says he) supplies you with money for that purpose?"—"Sir (replied the boy), I go with the *barber*."—"And does *he* treat you, night by night?"—"No, sir, *he dresses wigs upon me*,"—"Well, (exclaimed the

master) I have long *thought*, and now you *convince* me, that you are a complete *Block-head*."

QUOTH Bet, "Since I have thought *all*,

I've form'd this steadfast rule,
Let whate'er other ill befall,
Never to wed a *fool*."

Says Jack, "Then nothing can, I fear,
From being single save you;
For take my word upon't, my dear,
None but a *fool* will have you!"

ONE of the black musicians belonging to the Guards, being accosted in the Strand a few days since, with "Well blackie, what news from the devil?" knocked the fellow down who asked the question, with this laconic and appropriate answer, "He send you dat: how you like it?"

Two Jews have lately been distinguished, one for his skill in pugilism, the other for his fondness for the fair sex. A gentleman being asked "to what *tribe* they belonged?" answered—"I rather think one is a *Hittite*, the other an *Amorite*."

AN Irishman who lately fought a pitched battle, was reproached by some of his countrymen for losing the battle. "And sure, you got nothing by it," observed one of his comrades. "Indeed, but I did," replied the well-dribbed poor fellow; "and didn't I *get* a good *bating*."

PROCLAMATION of an Irish Fair, written by the Parish Schoolmaster.—This, by order of the Justices, is to acquaint the *swinish multitude*, that the great pig fair of Mullinterry will be held without fail on Thursday next. And whereas many young fellows, who are accustomed

tomed to frequent this fair, are of such a cross-grained, wrangling, jangling disposition, that if one of these fellows can get nobody else to fight with, he will fight with himself, and then come off only *second best*. It is well known, that when the liquor gets *in*, the wit flies *out*, and then they sit grinding their teeth, sharpening their knuckles, or winding their shillalies, to the great terror of big-bellied women and children. When these unruly chaps have tugged and lugged, and beat and pounded one another to jelly, they lay the fault on the whiskey! a good *creature*, that dances in the glass—warms the heart of old and young; sparkles to the eyes of Norah—and fills every booth with songs and jokes;—but these restless fellows would rather crack *heads* than crack *jokes*, whilst the very women run into the battle, and fight with *bare-legged arms* like so many furies. Now the Justices are determined to put an end to these *amusements*, for what can a man think of himself when he comes to his senses, to find that he has lost the sight of one eye looking for another; that his nose is as flat as a flounder; that his teeth leaped down his throat with a simple box; and that he has brought home a receipt on his back in *black* and *blue*, for a saucy word, or an impudent look?—The Justices, therefore, are resolved to send every man to gaol that breaks the King's peace, as well as every woman that takes the law in her own *hands*; so that every man who wishes to save his *bac'm* at the pig fair of Mullinterry, should take notice of this proclamation.—Signed by me,

JOHN DELANY.

A MOST ungenerous hoax was lately practised upon the keepers of

boarding-schools, &c. and which produced a most ludicrous scene at Stevens's Hotel, in Bond-street.—Some wag had sent a letter to every schoolmaster within ten miles of London, inviting an interview on a certain day, between two and three o'clock, as "*business*" rendered every other day inconvenient. Each letter complimented the conductor of the "*seminary*," and informed the keeper of the "*academy*," that the writer of the letter proposed placing his two nephews, from Bengal, under his care.—Most of the D. D.'s, M. A.'s, and eminent professors of the birch, who had been addressed by WILLIAM HERBERT, Esq. (the assumed name of the author), were punctual in their attendance.—The room into which they were at first shewn was soon found unable to contain them—a larger one was proposed—explanations came on—the letters were compared, and found quite uniform in their orthography; and the assembly, which now amounted to between sixty and seventy, broke up very awkwardly. Many others, who were less punctual, made their appearance in the afternoon, vexing and teasing the waiters with enquiries for Mr. Herbert, to the no small amusement, it may be conceived, of the author of the hoax.

SOME time since, a party from Gray's-Inn-Lane dined at the Toy, at Hampton Court, and, among the number, a gentleman whom we shall call *Boniface*.—This *genius* had laid a wager that he would go down in a *hearse*, which he actually did, and returned in the same vehicle. On his way, he literally stopped at *Death's Door* (the house of a publican of that name on the road); and at Kingston frightened an

an old woman almost into fits, by popping his head out of the front of his travelling machine, and calling for refreshment. In short, this eccentric character is, among his acquaintance, termed one of the queerest *Hicks* they know in town.

LABOURING for a Pun.—At the last Hampshire Assizes, an action was brought by a man of the name of Gold against another of the name of Stephens, for an assault. In the course of the trial Mr. Jekyl asked the defendant what his trade was? to which he replied, he was a *Butcher*. "I should have thought," said the *witty* Counsel, "you had been a *Gold-beater*."

INDIAN ANECDOTE.—An old American savage being at an inn in New York, met with a gentleman who gave him some liquor, and being rather lively, boasted he could read and write English.—The gentleman, willing to indulge him in displaying his knowledge, begged leave to propose a question, to which the old man consenting, he was asked, who was the first circumcised? The Indian immediately replied Father Abraham; and directly asked the gentleman, who was the first Quaker? He said it was very uncertain; that people differed in their sentiments exceedingly. The Indian perceiving the gentleman unable to resolve the question, put his fingers on his lips, to express his surprise, and looking stedfastly, told him, that Mordecai was the first Quaker, for he would not pull off his hat to Haman!

A GASCON *qui pro quo*.—Two of Napoleon's officers, from Gascony, disputing, a short time since, in the garrison of Boulogne, upon some topic of the day, one of them

unhandsomely contradicted the other, by saying, "that's not true; I know the whole affair much better." The asserter of the fact instantly said—"You are very bold, Sir, to dare to give me the lie; if I was a little nearer to you I would box your ears to teach you better manners; and you may consider the blow as already given." Their brother officers present were alarmed for the consequence, but the other Gascon, assuming a serious air, rejoined—"And I, Sir, to punish you for your insolence, now run you through the body; so consider yourself dead." The singularity of the repartee pleased the whole company, and naturally produced an immediate reconciliation, *a-la-Gascon*!

ADVERTISEMENTS Extraordinary.

—From the Ulster Gazette.—

"Wants a Place—As Butler, in the family of any Nobleman or Gentleman of fortune, a dashing young fellow, aged twenty-five years, six feet high, and otherwise well proportioned. He must have free access to the wine cellar, and he must never be reprehended, or found fault with. He is of a pleasant, jovial, convivial disposition, and so fond of riding and all other genteel exercises, that the groom must be particularly directed to furnish him, when required, one of the best horses in the stud. No person will be treated with who does not pledge his honour to humour him, at all times, in all his propensities; and, moreover, it is requisite that whoever wishes to engage him should procure a certificate of his good temper and other amiable qualities from his last butler. The advertiser can be well recommended by half a dozen of butlers of the first families.—A line directed

directed for E. W. N. O. (post paid), at the Printer's, will be duly attended to."

THE following Advertisement appears in an American paper received a few days ago:—"Run away from his wife and helpless family, on Friday last, John Spriggs, by trade a tailor, aged 35, a wide mouth, zig-zag teeth, a nose of high-burned brick-blue, with a lofty bridge, swivel-eyed, and a scar (not an honourable one) on the left cheek. He primes and loads (that is, takes snuff and tobacco); he is so loquacious, that he tires every one in company but himself. In order that he may entrap the sinner and the saint, he carries a *Pack of Cards* in one pocket, and the *Practice of Piety* in the other; he is a great liar, and can varnish falsehood with a great deal of art. Had on, when he went away, a three-cocked hat, which, probably, he has since changed to a round one, with a blue body coat, rather on the fade. He was seen in Bennington on Saturday last, disguised in a clean shirt.—N.B. It is supposed that he did not go off without a companion, as he is a great favourite with the ladies.

THE following is a verbatim et literatim copy of a letter received by a gentleman in the country:—

"Agust the 24d 18007. I touk the opetunety Let you kno That I Could tak the Wind Mill by Wek Iff you would Repar hir Littal and I would Com ovr and Tak Louk at hir If you Will send Me a liq to, &c."

THE Fortunate Dinner.—A poor unbeneficed Clergyman, being in want of a dinner, bethought himself of paying a visit to Lambeth

Palace, where it was, in the days of the beer-drinking Britons, a custom from time immemorial to keep an open table for casual visitants. After he had dined, being rather dissatisfied because the servant who supplied him with victuals had entirely forgotten his *drink*, he desired the favour of pen, ink, and paper, when he wrote the following lines for his Grace's perusal:—

Pisces in disco
Mihi datur
Ab Archipisco.
Po sed non ponatur,
Quia non mihi *bibere* datur.

The Prelate, after reading the paper, sent for the writer, and desired a translation, which was immediately given:

They sent me fish
In a dish
From the Archbishop.
Op is omitted here
Because there was no beer.

With this conceit his Grace was so well pleased, that he bestowed a good living upon its author.

A FELLOW was lately brought before a Magistrate, on a charge of having stolen a *Gentleman's wig*, whilst the wearer slept. The accused had the audacity to declare, "that he would have stolen the *head* also—if he thought it would have been of any value!"

THE following curious hand-bill was lately posted at Hey Chapel, near Ashton-under-Lyne:—

"*Notice.*—There will be a show of widowers, widows, and bachelors of both sexes, at Hey, in the parish of Ashton-under-Lyne, on Tuesday, the 4th of August, 1807, and every succeeding Tuesday (next after the first Saturday in August annually).

annually). To commence at two o'clock in the afternoon.

“ Proper situations will be provided for both men and women, to shew themselves to each other to advantage; and when any person of either sex hath chosen a partner (if it be agreeable to both parties), they may retire, and enter the conjugal state of matrimony, without the trouble and fatigue of a formal and tedious courtship, and enjoy each other's company for life.

“ Widowers, Widows, and Bachelors, broken-legg'd and sound; Be not faint-hearted, but repair to the ground.

“ N. B. It is humbly requested, that no person, male or female, will presume to attend (under the denomination of a bachelor) that is under twenty-one years of age.

“ *** A handsome premium will be given to the most accomplished woman, whether bachelor or widow, if she can produce a good character. A similar reward will be given to a man of the like description.”

EPITAPH.—The following is a copy of an epitaph in the Churchyard of North Shields, which has been the subject of much laughter to many persons on account of its absurdity:—

In memory of James Bell, of North Shields, who died 16th of Jan. 1763, aged 42 years.

Margaret, widow of the abovesaid James Bell, died Dec. 30, aged 40 years.

She was wife after to Wm. Fenwick, of North Shields.

QUEER PUN.—A Gentleman said, that he thought it would be a good measure to have the Army and Navy vaccinated.—“ By no means (replied another); my opinion is, that in these times of dan-

ger it would be very wrong to cow either the Army or the Navy.”

THE following lines under a *looking-glass*, are striking for the wit and moral they contain:—

Just like the fickle sex, I change, 'tis true;
But I reflect—that's more than Women do!

QUEER READING.—The following is a true copy of a notice lately sent to one of the Collectors of Assessed Taxes in this Metropolis:—

“ SIR—This is to give you notice, that I shall not youse hair powder nor my wife after the 5 of April 1805

“ Yours &c

“ JOSEPH WHITHEND
Oxford st.

“ March 23th 1805.

“ To Mr Briggs Frith-street.”

GEORGE I. asked Dr. Savage, at the Levee, Why he did not convert the Pope when he was at Rome? “ Because, Sire,” said he, “ I had nothing better to offer him.”

THE agents of Messrs. Roe and Doe lately threw the Steine at Brighton into great confusion, having very ungallantly, in the sight of all the loungers, *harpooned two loose fish*.

THE Pyemen are destined to make a figure in this age. In the dreadful crowd, at an execution at the Old Bailey, old Thomas, the pyeman, fell first, and occasioned the pressure that caused so many other deaths. A Pyeman was the Commander and Governor of Copenhagen during its late siege; and the Pyeman, of Cornhill, is famed as a poet, a warrior, and a dramatic writer. We have a Pye, a Poet-Laureat

Laureat and a worthy Magistrate ; and lately had a gallant Admiral of the same name, as *crusty* a fellow as ever broke bread.

ON A RECENT EVENT.

WITH racers of the highest breed,
That he should never once succeed,
From year to year, my Lord enrages :
At length a whisper meets his ear—
“ You’re blind, my Lord, the reason’s
clear—
Your Jockies’ BRIBES exceed their WA-
GES !”

In a trial of a servant for robbing her master, at the last Old-Bailey Sessions, the prosecutor not being quite so clear in giving his testimony as the Recorder wished, the latter, at last, exclaimed, “ Your head, Sir, is strangely confused.” “ I don’t wonder at it,” replied the man, “ for you are enough to confuse any one.”

In the memorable siege of Porto Bello, by Admiral Vernon, after a bombardment of some days on the Castle of Boca Chica, commanding one side of the entrance of the harbour, a small breach was made, when a body of seamen were ordered to mount the breach, who, as soon as they landed, began their march with their usual impetuosity, and without order ; upon which the Officer who commanded, ordered them to *halt* ; when a seaman humourously replied, “ D—n it, Captain, don’t let us *halt* before we *are* crippled !”

A MAN near the Minories, who has a grass plat before his door about four feet square, placed a board in front, on the 1st of September, on which was inscribed, “ *Sportsmen* found trespassing on these premises shall be prosecuted according to law.”

WHEN it was announced to the witty Curran, that he was appointed *Master of the Rolls*, his immediate reply was, “ *Then my bread’s baked.*”

THE increase of Life and Fire Offices of late occasioned a gentleman to remark, that whatever our forefathers may have been in respect of *policy*, they are certainly far behind the present generation in point of *assurance* !

A MODERN traveller suggests to any future writer of a mock heroic poem, the idea of making his hero go through a *Custom-house*, in his descent to the infernal regions.

ON A DISCONTENTED OLD MAN,
Who is supposed to smoke in the course of twelve months half a hundred weight of tobacco.

OLD Nicodemus says, this ~~age~~
Is surely griev’d by hostile rage ;
The taxes rise, alas ! alas !
He drinks no more his jovial glass ;
“ One time,” quoth he, “ I took *my*
wine,
But now on sour small beer I pine ;
And though I daily eat my dinner,
No wine I see, as I’m a sinner.”
No wine ! I swear old ROGER GRIPE,
You empty every hour a pipe.

A CLERGYMAN in a mining country observed, that he never saw half of his parishioners until they *came up to be buried*.

WRITTEN IN THE WINDOW OF A VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

*Principia Legendi, Scribendi, et Saltandi,
in hac Schola inculcata.*

THEY who to greatness would advance,
Must read and write, and also dance.

If the head resist my pains,
Through the *breech* I reach the brains ;
Proper pressure on the middle,
Fits heads for books, and heels for fiddle.

GEORGE

GEORGE HILL,

GAME-KEEPER TO LORD RIVERS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE inclosed description, from Pratt's Harvest Home, will, no doubt, be acceptable, for your entertaining publication.

I am, Gentleman, your constant reader and occasional correspondent,
G. T.

BUT now for a living character, no less singular in his way, and immediately connected with the scenery before us. Amongst the unexpected satisfactions for a gleaner, at Bouveridge Farm, was one of the most original personages that the British Empire, full as it is of character, has to shew.

Let me introduce you to a spacious farm house, kitchen, a fireplace extending to the whole breadth of an ample room, some of the well-seasoned oaks of the forest converted into tables, flooring of the same; large, deep, and enviable recesses on each side of the chimney, forming seats for such as defy the high-piled faggots flaming about them; Hampshire fitches, rivalling those of Westphalia, mellowing in the wood smoke below, loading the racks above, or depending in tempting rows from the ceiling.

The business of the rural day over, behold the ruddy country damsels enjoying the cheerful blaze, and the yet more exhilarating tale of a kitchen-guest recently arrived, and snugly nitched in one of the chimney retreats, always a post of distinction and hospitality; imagine you see the personage thus ho-

noured by the queens of the kitchen; accept him, just as I drew him, at the instant that I was called from a parlour full of visitors. Athletic form, strong but interesting features, deep brown hair, few if any of them grey, though in his 73d year; coat of the true sporting green, red collar, great coat of the same with triple cape of scarlet, sleeves of the same, leathern gaiters, blue handkerchief tied in a twist round his neck; the whole somewhat in decay, yet venerable and interesting, from the character, age, and office of the wearer. Let me place a large jug of Hampshire home-brewed in his hand, often lifted to his lips, and try to give you a smile, that indicates at once a gaiety of heart, assisted by a state of head too light for care, and yet not too much elevated, by drinking deep, to wash away all social distinctions; just enough in good spirits to drive away melancholy without fermenting into madness. Put these several circumstances together, and you will have a pretty just idea of the externals of an old sportsman, who has a cottage in Cranbourn Chase, and has served under the Lords of Rushmore* upwards of sixty out of the seventy-three years of his life.

For the character of his mind and manners, I must give you some of his conversation, which I will in his own words, since none other can so well describe them: now, then, let him speak for himself.—A parlour guest is always, more or less, an intruder in the kitchen, and generally throws a gloomy air over the unlaboured gaiety and ease of the place. The ceremony of rising and bowing may, however, be soon done away by, a little accommodation, and the parlour and

* Earl Rivers.

Kitchen, upon occasions like the present, become sociable. This veteran gamekeeper, for such was his calling, besides being of a pleasant disposition, was animated beyond the point of ceremony by the exhilarating ale of Dorset; and therefore, after a respectful bend of his not unmajestic figure, he resumed both his seat and his history.

I broke the thread of his narrative, just as he was relating his successful courtship to two wives, with one of whom he swore, by all the wood-nymphs of Cranbourn Chase, that he was as happy as the days were long for upwards of four-and-twenty years, and when he lost her, he resolved never to enter into the holy state again, because he thought his *glory* was over.—Glorry, you are to know, was a cant word, and brought into almost every sentence.—“But,” said he, “I thought I should never find such another woman; till one day, going into my Lord’s kitchen, I liked the eyes of the cook, and told her so; but it was not till some time after, when I made her a present of a couple of rabbits of my own killing, and said something as I gave them to her, that she looked as if she liked me. *Glory*, however, was the word: she was a little body, and I dandled her about upon this arm, and had her before the parson in less than three weeks, which is now thirteen years, missing a few days, and she has been my *glory* ever since. She is alive and merry, thank God, at this time, in Rushmore Cottage, where, if you please, you may see her to-morrow; and so, my *glory*, here’s your health.”

But though we have thus doubly wedded him, the man is incomplete without his dog. What is a hunts-

man without his hound? Your pardon, honest Bouncer. I should have placed you at your master’s side, where I first saw you stand to receive his frequent caresses, and looking into his face, as if listening to his discourse; I should then have laid thee gently at his feet, where I beheld thee reposing while he went on with his glories.

“Bouncer here, Sir,” continued the sportsman, after he had emptied his jug to the health of his second nuptial *glory*; “Bouncer, here, knows I speak nothing but truth, and loves my dame as well as I do; and he would be an ungrateful dog if he did not. He’s now hunting, you hear, in his sleep; but, sleeping or waking, Cranbourn Chase never boasted a better stag-dog than he. See how his coat is scarred; he’s all over butts and bruises, from his nose to the tip of his tail. Lookee, Sir—there’s scratches and tearings; but he’s all *glory* nevertheless, and will stand at a stag now, single-handed, till he sees the end of him—Wo’nt you, Bouncer, boy?” At this question, the querist, who had been increasing in *glory* at every potation from a fresh supply of the jug, which one of the kitchen goddesses had replenished, rose, but without quitting his can, and gave the view halloo; at which Bouncer, superior to his sleep, age, and scars, leaped up, and soon came in for his full share of the glory; he gave his voice, deep, sonorous, and musical.—To-hoo, to-hoo, to-hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo! exclaimed the huntsman.—The hound responded in correspondent notes of triumph and joy. “There’s my *glory*,” quoth the huntsman; “thee art a good one as ever gave tongue in a wood, d—n me; with half a score like thee, I can still heave my dogs over

over the mountains, and almost over the moon, with a cheerly chirrup."

By this time, the veteran had worked up his spirit beyond the power of the pen to follow his elevations; but he was a most rich and rare subject for the pencil, and Bounoer was second in command. Had a lover of men and dogs, a Stubbs or a Gilpin, been as near this congenial pair as I was at this moment, how happily would the hound and huntsman have been exhibited to your view. But had you been yourself present, you would have seen a couple of old creatures at the supreme point of their possible happiness.

You know the influence and sympathy of jovial sounds, whether of man or beast; they excite our sympathy even before we know the cause, or see the objects that produced them. The hilarity of the kitchen emptied the parlour; four by honours and the odd trick were thrown up for a simple son of the woods and his four-footed companion. How shall I procure you even a faint idea of the glee, looks, tones, and action, of this sylvan pair. Invoke your fancy as an auxiliary; think that you see this majestic human ruin rise, as it were, like a phoenix, out of the ashes of age; imagine that you behold the fires of youth re-kindled and blazing afresh; in this bright flash of the sportsman's renovation, suppose you behold him leading on his hounds, his arms expanded, his eyes animating, his voice enlarged, his cheeks glowing with unwonted crimson, and taking the whole sweep of the kitchen at huge strides, eager, ardent, and impassioned, as if he was really in the heat of the chase; think at the same time you hear him, with still

uncracked lungs, spirit up his pack, calling every one by name, "famous good Bouuccer" among the rest; then listen to his intermixture of prose and verse—no words can paint the almost delirium of extasy with which he sung, or rather rung out, the following chorus of a hunting song—

"And he gave the view halloo—Talliho! was the word;

And the dog lick'd his lips—Talliho!"

He then blended histories of the wife whom he dandled and doted, as he said, on his arm, his horse Maggot, and his bound Bouncer, vehemently protesting they were all three the glory of the glories! He next changed his note to something of a softer kind, and gave the subsequent unmeasured lines, after he had resumed his seat of honour in the chimney corner.—"And this, Sirs," said he, "is my song of songs, which I always sung when I went a suitering.

"The life of a Sportsman is free from all care,
Whene'er he makes merry with love and strong beer;
With his pipe and his friend laughs his hours away,
And sings, talks, and drinks, till he hails in the new day,
And then to the hill and the dale—hark away!"

The stag-hound caught his master's enthusiasm, and the blissful notes of both the veterans kept up the social pleasure till it was too late to return to the card-room:—thus the votary of Pan may be said to have triumphed over Pam and all the Kings and Queens.—At length, his songs and his histories being ended, his ten or twelfth jug emptied, his head filled, his heart light, and his felicity too perfect to think of danger or darkness, he went forth to his cottage in

Cranbourn Chase; and Bouncer his dog, not less happy, though more sober, than his master, followed him. It was a merry old man's glory on a jubilee night, and to hearts like your's it is worth a record.

I must not forget to inform you, to the honour of his present Lord, that he is continued in office as deer-keeper, because he should seem to earn his living from his ancient employment, although the Earl has long since entered him on his list of pensioners. Neither must I withhold from you another piece of information; viz. that his name is "George Hill;" of course bringing to memory my dear and honest John of that name. What a companion is George for the merry sportsman John Grounds*, whose portrait I drew for you on a former occasion!

THE MISERIES OF AN ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

MR. EDITOR,

I Am not exactly aware of the motives that induced my father to article me to an Attorney; probably it was with a laudable view for my future prosperity, knowing it to be a lucrative profession: be that as it may, it was no choice of mine; and as I find it has become fashionable to complain of the miseries of life, allow me a corner in your entertaining Miscellany to recount a few of the *Miseries of an Attorney's Clerk*.

HAVING, as you imagined, just finished copying a case to lay before Counsel, from a confused intricate draft, finding, by a note of reference, that a long abstract of a title, or a will, must be introduced, which is as much again as what you have already waded through.

Nibbing a pen so ingeniously, that four times out of five the nib lodges in your eye.

Being sent on a disagreeable evening to serve notices, &c. in a long street, where the number of the house is the given direction, and enquiring for the name are told, that the gentleman does not live there; that there are four houses numbered 120, and that probably it is at the bottom of the street.—Or,

In Michaelmas Term, on a dark foggy night, having a declaration to serve before nine, and being told "the name is on the door," poking your nose up to every door in the street to discover it; and at last arriving at the identical house time enough to hear the clock strike!

Just quitting the office on the wings of impatience, to greet a friend you much wish to see, and who has already waited beyond the hour appointed, to be called back, and sent to a contrary part of the town you want to go, which will take up so much time, that your friend's patience being entirely exhausted, he is gone by the time you have completed your business.

Having twenty places to attend, yet being so long kept at the Clerk of the Papers in getting your *demurrer-book* examined, that all far-

* An account of both these innocent men will be found in the sixth volume of "Gleanings;" and the latter, in his mole-catching dress and character, has lately been portrayed in colours that will not fade, on the canvas of the elder Barker, who has just finished an admirable picture of Grounds and his family, in the Cottage on the Moor.

they

ther concerns must be relinquished for that evening.

Attending the Master, to take your name for taxing costs early the next day; when, having taken great pains to be the first person in waiting, and afterwards kept your place standing among a throng of clerks for twenty minutes at the door before they are obliging enough to open it—when it does open, to be thrown out of your chance, and in rushing forward to the desk, your arms pinned down, your throat hoarse with bawling out the name, and your hat squeezed as flat as a pancake (to say nothing of the powder and pomatum in flakes on your black clothes, transplanted from some of the old gentlemen's wigs) after all the fatigue and exertion, to have the mortification at last to see your name at the *bottom*, instead of the *top* of the list.

These were frequently the misadventures I encountered while yet a novice in the law; when better acquainted with business, I imagined my troubles would be at an end. But in this surmise I was woefully disappointed, as you will perceive by the following miseries, which in term time I daily experience.

Taxing costs before the Master with an opponent, whose breath is abominable, and who, in his vehement utterance in canvassing the items of the bill, spits in your face every time he speaks.

Engaged with what is termed in law, "a sharp practitioner," who, just as you are going to enter your plea, placidly informs you, that he has already signed judgment for want of it.

Going to the Temple in great haste, having but a short time to execute your business before the

offices shut, and in the way meeting with a particular friend, whom it would be the height of ill manners not to speak to, and yet knowing that should you stop two minutes, nothing can be done till the next day, or perhaps the day after, as the next may be a holiday.—Or,

Just as you are felicitating yourself with having accomplished your common law concerns, and nothing remains but the sealing your writs, unfortunately having nothing less than a note, the good-natured gentleman at the Seal Office cannot, or will not, give you change, and not being one of his admirers, refuses you credit.

Waiting on an attorney, with whom you have been severely strict in taxing costs, and have got a fourth of the charges in his bill struck off by the Master; and yet of this same practitioner compelled to ask a particular favour, which, should he refuse, will be the loss of one of your best clients.

Two gentlemen entering the office at the same instant, to the one of whom Mr. — wishes to be at home; to the other he is "gone out; and his return uncertain"—your dilemma, as your *no* to one you would fain have understood as *yes* to the other.

Your cause having been duly entered in the Judge's paper for trial, attending the sittings after term of the Court of King's Bench, at Guildhall, day after day, with a troop of witnesses, subpoenaed and kept in town at a great expence to give evidence, and who are constantly worrying you with "When will *our* trial come on?" all being anxious to return to their respective homes; but though in constant expectation of your's coming on every minute, yet, from the number of Special Jury cases intervening,

vening, though still the next in rotation, you were as near to all appearance on the first day as on the tenth;—till, wearied out by a perpetual recurrence of similar sounds in swearing the juries, your expectation being constantly kept on the stretch, and your ears stunned, (if not offended) by the sharp interrogations of G—, with, “Was you on board at the time the ship struck on the sand-bank?”—“Were ye present when the timbers were examined?” And the interference from the Bench of, “You was, was you?”—to your great vexation, on the last day of attendance your trial is postponed till the *sittings after Michaelmas*!

THE COMFORTS OF SPORTS AND GAMES.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the two last Numbers* of your entertaining Miscellany, I read “Miseries in Sporting and Gaming;” but I am willing to convince the humorous author that he is mistaken in suffering himself to be persuaded that misery could so poison the best cates of felicity, which ingenuity has provided against sorrow and care.

I, for my own part, still enjoy with ardour every game and sport, active or sedentary, of which I have any knowledge. I need not the excitement of betting to raise my spirits and interest my heart in any of them; I can still join the children in building houses of cards, in playing marbles and chuck-farthing, in pitching and tossing halfpence. I delight in fives and trap-ball; cricket, with pleasure, I play

at, or, viewing it, witness the gay excitement of spirits, the brisk, light exertion, and the play of lively, vigorous health, with which the contest of that manly game is pursued. I think I could drive a hoop or spin a top with any boy at St. Paul's School, or fly my kite in the windy weather of harvest, and follow it from field to field, over hedges and ditches, or through marshes, with as much earnestness as ever naturalist displayed in the pursuit of a butterfly.

In winter I am charmed with the diversion of *curling*. I went to Holland once, to enjoy *skaiting* in its true perfection; and when I was in Russia I took the greatest pleasure in *racing* on a sledge over the snow, and not less on sailing on the ice in a sledge-boat. I can scarce help joining in the contest of Frenchman and Englishman, whenever I see the boys or peasantry engaged in it, any where in the immediate environs of London.—I should like to join the journey-men tradesmen in playing at *skittles*, were it not for the coarse abuse and sottish drinking with which they debase and spoil their game.—At Edinburgh, I took the greatest pleasure in joining the *golfers* in the favourite scenes for their diversion called Leith-Links and Bruntsfield-Links; and I was charmed when they went on the meadows, there to join the company of Archers, and to contend for the silver arrow, which I had once the honour to win. Many a time have I had my shins broken in playing at foot-ball.—Indeed, I know not of any one out-of-door diversion, easy or athletic, that has not a charm for me.

He who has these advantages, is to the man who loiters and lan-

* Vide pages 222 and 282 of our last Volume.

guishes, and turns himself from side to side on his bed or sofa, and slumbers till he becomes incapable of sound refreshing sleep—is to such a person as the eagle to the ostrich, as the leveret to the pig, as the bounding squirrel to the torpid sloth. No exercise of serious labour ever equals the spirit-stirring, joy-creating, health-giving effects of the games of sport.

In hunting, I have not very often joined the jovial parties who pursue the hare, fox, stag, and follow the hounds. But their diversions are of almost all the most animated and pleasing. The cruelty of pursuing an animal to death is lost sight of, while the attention is occupied with the society of exercise and amusement, with the qualities of the dogs and horses, with the difficulties and facilities of the ground, with the contest of activity and swiftness between the pursuers and the animal pursued. As for those trivial incidents of less pleasing effect, which some might number among the Miseries of the Horse-race and the Chase, why they are but the shades requisite to give due effect to the lights in a picture—the passages between the grand apartments in a palace—the contrasts and reliefs in an ornamented landscape—that infusion of biters, without having tasted which we should never find the sweets!

VOICKS.

THE CATHERINE PEAR;
OR, THE FASHION OF 1807.

SIR,

I Am a Kentish Farmer; and in consequence of the *pleasing* state of the markets, and the operation of the *middle men*, could give you

very *substantial* reasons why I ought to drop the appellation of YEOMAN, and take up that of GENTLEMAN; but it is not now necessary. My wife, rest her soul! died a few years since; and as I was fearful that if I was to venture again I should not get one so good, I resolved to remain single, and devote my thoughts entirely to my daughter's matrimonial pursuits rather than to my own: for, I am to inform you, Sir, that I have a daughter, an only child, who is as like her late mother as one apple is like another on the same branch. She is, indeed, even in this country of handsome girls, reckoned a beauty. Her form, our Parson, a sly —, said, the other day, is as correct as if from the chisel of Praxiteles: who he was, I do not know; but, I suppose, by the Doctor's talking about a *chisel*, some carpenter. Her complexion, he added, was the purest *carnation*; but I am sure it is like beautiful ivory, tinged with a lovely pink; her name is Kath'rine; so that I have used myself, ever since she was as high as the churn, to call her my Kath'rine Pear. This name, some how or other, got into the village, and; when she grew up, obtained among the young fellows, who used to term her *my fruit*; say, she was *almost ripe*; observe, that she made their *mouths water*, and a hundred such things, that had more *sound* than *sense* in them. However I might sometimes smile at these idle conceits, I repressed them as much as Kate; who, as modest as handsome, had then, I believe, no more thoughts of matrimony than I have now. Indeed, as I found myself *warm*, I looked rather higher for her than our farmers' sons; and Kate, conscious of her attractions, held up her head still more than I did; for, I must say,

say, that although born and bred in a Kentish village, she has a figure that might grace a court; and it is upon this circumstance that I mean to observe.

While her mother was living, the *Kath'rine Pear* might be said to be wrapped up in leaves; for Alice was of opinion, that girls could not cover too close, and she used to repeat something about "prodigal maids unfolding their beauties to the moon," which I did not understand; but I suppose it was meant as a warning to them to save candle. She used also to talk about *drapery*, which, I learnt from her, meant *clothes*; and I know she was accustomed to wear a good many *dumity dickets*, as I think they frequently termed petticoats while they were in fashion. Her daughter, my Kate, who was really concerned for her excellent parent, while she was in mourning, muffled close enough; then the Doctor called her Luna, and said she was in *eclipse*; but soon after the twelve-month had expired, and she had returned from a journey to Maidstone, which little Hartshorn, our Apothecary, had prescribed, as absolutely necessary to recover her spirits; I began to see more of her person than I had occasion to observe since she was in frocks. If she did not (as her mother used to say) "unfold her beauty to the moon," she most liberally treated the sun. Phœbus, as the Doctor called him, might have stared till his eyes ached; and, by the bye, the parson himself—but no matter, I was obliged to wink at my *discoveries* that I made, till I thought I would give her a little hint of them: so I said to her, the other day,—“My dear Kate, you was reading to me some time since in a very pretty book, of some enter-

tainments, about a lady that had a *speckled bosom*.”—“Oh! *The Arabian Nights*!” “Yes, so you called it. I fancy, my love, that she had either forgot, or lost her handkerchief, and so was obliged to expose her neck, which might expand like your's (that I have observed to grow every day) to the sun.” At this instant I saw the neck, or bosom, I know not which to call it, of my *Kath'rine Pear*, deeply diffused;—animation flashed from her hazel eyes—she involuntarily clapp'd her cambric handkerchief upon the offending part, and hesitatingly said, that “it was the fashion in London.”—“No, my dear,” said I, “you must be mistaken; the people of Maidstone, however we may be inclined to value their *patriotism*, are not yet disposed to make such a sacrifice to the exigencies of the times, as to go quite naked: and now we are upon the subject, I must observe your clothes, as you correctly call them, for they are not coverings; I believe they are what was meant by the bill at the fair, which promised a display of—

“THE NEW-FASHIONED TRANSPARENCIES.”

You are not a silly girl, yet; judging of your mind by your dress, you are easily *seen through*?

“My dear father, my dress is the fashion in Maidstone.”

“What, pink silk stockings, that look like naked legs?—Yes!”

“And shoes, that hardly cover the toes?”

“Yes!”

“That cloak, too, that's scarcely so thick as a *cotwel*?”—“Yes!”

“And bonnet, that seems only intended to display the tip of the left ear?”

“Yes; it is called a *Tippy*; it is the fashion in London.”

“A *Tippy*!

"A *Tippy*! Mercy on me; says I, where will Fashion stop? However, I resolved to cherish the leaves of my Fig-tree, that my girl might be provided against *the worst*; and, in the mean time, to write to you, Mr. Editor, to ask you this plain question:—Are these things really so in London? because, if that be the case, and the men should, from example, be stimulated to the same whim that has possessed the ladies, I am patriot enough to tremble for the manufactures of my native country.

I am, your's,
FARMER CLOVER.

*** My Kath'rine Pear's *leaves*, like her *lovers*, have dropped off, one by one, this *Autumn*. She looks confoundedly *sour*. The Doctor told me, that he got a *basilisk* stroke from her eyes, only for saying she was acting the part of *Lady Flutter*, in the Comedy of *THE DISCOVERY*. I don't know what he meant, perhaps you do.

M.

STRAY CATTLE.

A NEW APPEAL UPON AN OLD CASE.

Mr. Editor,

AN appeal to *Humanity* has been made in behalf of the insects commonly known by the name of *Lady Birds*!—Will you permit me to plead the cause of certain of the most useful, and most esteemed, of quadrupeds, which on some occasions become victims of the law without patronage or protection? I mean such *cattle*, or horses, which, under the denomination of *strays* or *damage-feasant*, are impounded by

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the Lord of the Manor, or his substitutes, and remain, till claimed by their owner, without food or water, unless such be administered of mere charity. In a late excursion, during the heat of the weather, I beheld several of these mute sufferers, exposed indeed to the view of passengers, but unable to tell their griefs, or to interest the traveller but by their dejected mein; whilst the hot sun shone upon them with full power, and withered the few blades of grass in their straitened pen. How long, Sir, these poor animals may remain, before their distant, their busy, or their careless owner, is informed of their situation, and procures their release, is a time indeterminate, and I cannot learn that any person is bound by law to give them food or water during that interval. I pass over the loss that may accrue to the owner, because he can speak for himself; if his beast dies in consequence of his not being able to relieve him in due time from his confinement; but as the poor creature may suffer many hours, and yet survive the suffering, I humbly request, in behalf of such *silent* sufferers, the consideration of those who may be better informed than I am, what legal redress or alleviation can be obtained for them.

I am, Sir, your's,

AITYME.

FASHIONABLE PURSUITS.

Concluded from page 273 of our last Vol.

NEXT to the *Rout* and *Masquerade* (which are synonymous), the Opera may be considered the grand fashionable scene of action, where the uninitiated may contemplate a public

D

public exhibition of airs and graces. The first thing that strikes an observer at the Opera house, is the *profound attention* which the tribe of fashionables pay to the performers. The moment when the first-rate singer is in the finest passage of a Bravura song, perhaps some of the dilettanti in the boxes (more gratified in hearing their own raven notes, than those of the singer's) scream out in a fine accompanying trill, or shake, and thereby produce the same *happy* effect, as the performance of two rival organs at the opposite sides of the same street. Another interesting and amusing circumstance to the audience, arises from the mixture of the performers and loungers together: for it frequently happens, that the latter are not merely satisfied in *seeing* the former, but are good naturedly running from scene to scene, and dancing about the stage, perhaps thinking that some of the subscribers may be amused in seeing clowns, or fools, in *every piece*, and in *every act*.

But this is nothing compared with the frequent bursts of bravo, bravissimo, from people who were earnestly engaged in a *private* conversation, and after they have rewarded the *Soprano* with a clap and a roar, turn round to each other and exclaim with a vacant stare—*vastly fine!*—*what was it?* *exquisite*, &c. whereby they shew their *taste*, though unconscious of the cause. This free and easy conduct would not be allowed in the English Theatre, thanks to the *gods*; no, the gentry in the *upper house* would never patronise such proceedings.

There is one distinguishing mark which characterises the Fashion of the present time from that of every former period; namely, puffing in

the newspapers. A Rout is now announced in the public prints, with all the pomp and circumstance of "*folly*," and at as great length, and almost as *well written*, as some of those literary *morceaux* which frequently issue from the inspired pen of Martin Van Butchel, or the renowned *cutting* Packwood. Indeed the volumes of our diurnal prints are so filled with *haut-ton* intelligence, that a wig-maker, or a tooth-ache doctor, can scarcely squeeze in a line, though they are men eminently useful; for the former promises to settle your *head*, and the latter to whet your grinders.—Newspapers, instead of being what they once were, vehicles of instruction and interesting intelligence, are *now* filled with the foolish and disgusting details of routs, gormandizing, gluttony, visiting, and guzzling. Formerly our journals, were the "*abstract and brief chronicles of the times*," and were collected and treasured up as records for posterity, or as materials for the historian; but what a curious collection would a parcel of our modern journals make, filled with the names of persons, who, but for the *Newspapers*, would never be recorded in any way except in the tradesman's book of *bad debts*. With what interest and delight must posterity read such intelligence as the following—

"The bewitching lady — is in that state in which every lady wishes to be, who loves her lord." Well said decency, egad!

Five hundred cards of invitation are issued for Mrs. *Shallowhead's* masquerade on Tuesday—

Count *Storm-Bag* gives his grand *Fête Champetre* on Friday: we hear that cards of invitation have been sent to all the gay, the idle, the frivolous, and the stupid in town.

town,—consequently a most delicious day may be expected!!!

Viscount ———'s grand dinner on Tuesday.

At the splendid entertainment given on Sunday by Elfy Bey, there was a most elegant assemblage of Fashionable Belles, and every other *delicacy* that could be expected.

The venerable Lady ——— and her two amiable grand-daughters, sang a trio on Friday night at lady Squanderfield's *Drum-major*, which astonished all present—"Say, lady fair, where are you going?"

The lady of Sir Tunbelly Clumsey, was delivered of twins on Saturday, at her delightful Villa at Leatherhead.

At the grand masquerade *warehouse* in ——— Square, on Wednesday night, the doors were thrown open at an early hour to *all* characters; upwards of 700 persons sat down (and threw off the mask) to a sumptuous supper, whom the feast of *reason* detained till a late hour the *next day*, when they separated in *great order* to their respective homes. At this matchless Fête, there was a galaxy of patent lamps, and a forest of greenhouse plants. The company consisted of the following illustrious personages, viz.—His ——— and His ——— brothers, lady ——— and her accomplished daughters ——— the venerable lord ——— and his lovely *young* wife, besides Townsend, M'Manus, Rivet, and numberless others of the *first distinction*.

But all this is nothing, compared with the bulletin of health, and the different movements of this army of Fashion, which, according to

Burke, constitutes the Corinthian capital of polished society.

We are informed that lady Betty Bigamy is at Bath, and every morning at an early hour visits the pump room, to the great satisfaction of her friends.

Belcher and Jemmy from Town, are now rusticating at the elegant villa of lord ——— in Hertfordshire. Poor Miss G—— being disappointed in her matrimonial scheme, takes it greatly to heart, and has retired (in dudgeon) to the country. The Hon. Capt. ——— who was wounded in an affair of honour, on Saturday, died on Monday. That charming creature (Shock) lady ———'s lap-dog has got the influenza. Col. O——'s Parrot is speechless. We hear Viscount ——— intends in a few days to lead his cook maid to the hymeneal altar.

From such *stuff* as the above, is the future historian to collect materials for the history of the age, and the antiquary (yet unborn) to glean the *curiosities of past times*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

TURF.

On Friday, the long expected match, between the lady of Col. ——— and ——— Esq. was run on the race course at ———, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators: the day was fine, the sport excellent, and the lady *rode* triumphant. Indeed Mrs. ———, who has long been considered the greatest *whip* in the kingdom, completely *beat* her man the first heat, to the great gratification of the sporting connoisseurs who assembled on that occasion. *

* The lady, who was always a devil of a sportswoman, has lately "*stole away*," and given her *keeper* the slip.—Such dashers are generally of the Eel species; rather slippery: and when a woman once mounts a racer, she will inevitably be run away with.

The Marchioness of ——— hunted on Thursday with *her* harriers in the neighbourhood of ———; her Ladyship is said to be the best *sportsman* in that sporting country!!!

We hear that the gay milliner, of Jermyn-street, has advertised for a *sleeping* partner!

From these *interesting* records, the merchant, the philosopher, the politician, and the foreigner, must be highly gratified and instructed; but they may know, perhaps, better how to appreciate them, when informed, that there are a few *elegant* accomplished gentlemen, of refined talents, who obtain their livelihood, and procure *distinction*, by penning these interesting essays, and scraps of intelligence. The people of fashion have been much satirised for pride, and repulsive dignity; but this must be false, or they surely would not converse and communicate freely with sycophant scribblers and necessitous adventurers, merely for the purpose of obtaining a puff in a fashionable advertisement. These associations are, however, sometimes attended with inconvenience, as a nobleman may deem it *prudent*, if not pleasant, to shake hands with a man he despises.

THE AVOSET.

AN ENGRAVING.

THE Avoset is described by Buffon as principally found near Milan, and in other places in Italy; as, however, it is classed by Mr. Bewick in his British Birds, we shall content ourselves with his account of it, as follows:—

“ This bird, which is the only British species of Avoset, does not much exceed the Lapwing in the bulk of its body; but, from the length of its legs, it is much taller. It measures about eighteen inches in length, to the end of the toes twenty-two, and from tip to tip thirty, and weighs from twelve to fourteen ounces. The bill is black, about three inches and a half long, and of a singular conformation, looking not unlike flexible flat pieces of whalebone, curved upwards to the tip: the irides are hazel; the head round, black on the upper part to below the nape of the neck: above and beneath each eye, in most specimens, there are small white spots; but in the one from which the above figure was taken, a streak of that colour passed over each eye towards the hinder part of the head. The thighs are naked, and, as well as the legs and feet, are of a fine pale blue colour. The whole plumage of the Avoset is white, intersected with black; and, like most of the variegated or pyebald birds, the patches of these colours are not placed exactly the same in every individual; therefore, as the bird cannot be mistaken, a more minute description is unnecessary.

“ These birds are common in the winter about the lakes, mouths of rivers, and marshes, in the southern parts of England; and they assemble in large flocks on the fens, in the breeding season. When the female is frightened off her nest, she counterfeits lameness; and when a flock is disturbed, they fly, with their necks stretched out, and their legs extended behind, over the head of the spectator, much in the same way as the Peewit or Lapwing, making a shrill noise, and uttering a yelping cry of *twit, twit*, all



THE AVOCET.

Painted by J. Gould. Engraved by J. Gould.

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

all the time. The places where they have been feeding may be traced out by the semi-circular marks left in the mud or sand by their bills in scooping out their food, which consists of spawn, worms, insects, &c. Latham says, "they lay two eggs, the size of those of a pigeon, an inch and three quarters in length, of a cinerous grey, singularly marked with deep brownish dark patches, of irregular sizes and shapes, besides some under markings of a dusky hue."—They keep near the shore, wading about, up to the belly in water, and sometimes swimming. In all their motions they are smart, lively, and volatile, and do not remain long stationary in one spot."

o'clock, and being well-supplied with ropes and stakes, soon completed an excellent ring in the valley. At nine o'clock, it was surrounded with a numerous circle of spectators on foot, and an exterior circle of carriages of every description, filled with company. At twenty minutes past nine, the two pugilistic heroes entered the ring, both in good plight and condition, full of spirits, and each confident of success. Cribb and Cropley officiated as second to Gulley; Richmond, the Black, was second to Gregson. Jackson and Ward were also in the ring, to assist if necessary. After the usual etiquette, the parties set to, with the odds twenty to five upon Gulley.

THE BATTLE.

BOXING.

GULLEY AND GREGSON.

THIS highly-interesting contest took place on Wednesday, the 14th, in a valley called the six-mile bottom, on the Newmarket road. Newmarket emptied itself, and Cambridge and other adjacent towns also supplied prodigious numbers, as it was a novelty to view an exhibition between such stout professors. This match compensated the sporting world for their disappointment at the foot-race, and the spectators were equal to what is usual at a similar exhibition near London, but the company was rather more select, and free from the rabble.

At an early hour, the town of Newmarket was all bustle and confusion, and all sorts of vehicles were put in requisition. The assistants employed to mark the ground, arrived on it about eight

First Round. The combatants fixed each other with a steady eye. A pause. Some excellent sparring ensued. Gulley put in a well-directed blow on Gregson's face, which was repaid with interest upon the left side of Gulley's head; both fell.

2. Gulley seemed to feel that he had got an ugly job of work in hand. He was much upon his guard, and produced all his science.—A severe blow, well planted upon the left side of Gregson's face, was the result. It drew the first blood, which ran copiously, and Gregson fell. Odds, 100 to 20 upon Gulley.

The 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th rounds, an interchange of well-directed blows, with good sparring on both sides; the result nearly equal, but rather in favour of Gulley.

7. After some neat sparring, Gregson broke through Gulley's guard, put in a straight-forward blow upon his right eye, which nearly

nearly closed it, and drew blood. Gulley fell, and lay upon the ground, apparently quite abroad, for nearly three seconds. The blow struck to the heart of Gulley's friends—great anxiety prevailed among them for the moment. The odds fell to 5 to 3.

8. The success of the preceding round inspired Gregson with fresh confidence. He summoned all his strength, and developed all his science. Gulley had also rallied.—Some excellent sparring also took place, and several well-directed blows were stopped on both sides. At length, by a sudden spring, and a great effort of strength, Gregson caught up Gulley in his arms, and flung him upon the ground. A less generous antagonist would have fallen upon him. The spectators expected it, and hailed his forbearance with cheering shouts of "Bravo!" This round, one of the finest that ever was fought, shewed that nothing but his exquisite science enabled Gulley to stand before so powerful an antagonist. The odds changed in consequence in favour of Gregson.

9. Gulley hit his opponent a very severe facer, and Gregson deliberately laid himself down on the hands and knees. This act was supposed to be something of the *cur*, but Gregson's subsequent conduct did away that impression.

10. Gregson went in much enraged, and made several short hits; Gulley followed his attempts to hit by real blows, at once scientific and tremendous, and Gregson fell extremely weak—he presented a dismal spectacle, streaming with blood.

11. Gregson received a hit, and he immediately closed, and gave Gulley a heavy fall.

12. Weakness began to be ma-

nifest in Gulley in this round, and it gave a strange turn to the betting. Gregson received some feeble hits, although scientifically put in, but he knocked Gulley down by a most tremendous blow on the forehead.

13. Gulley had the advantage again in this round, by his superior knowledge of boxing; but his hits were not forcible, from weakness. Gregson gave a specimen of the Lancashire mode of throwing, which Gulley must have severely felt.

14. Gregson put in another tremendous blow on Gulley's face, and he repeated it skilfully with his left hand; after a severe rally, Gregson fell on his knees, extremely weak, as was also his adversary.

15. After exchanging some blows, those of Gregson being the more forcible, from his superior strength, Gulley was knocked down.

12. Although Gulley's face bore woeful marks of the blows he had received, and one eye was closed, he had the best of this rallying round, by ultimately hitting his opponent off his legs.

17. Gregson fell on his blow.

18 and 19. Gulley had a slight advantage in these two rounds, although he had a heavy fall in the latter.

20. Gregson aimed a powerful straight-forward blow, but missed, and, as he was falling with it, Gulley hit him. A loud cry of "foul, foul," from one side, and "fair, fair," from the other. The latter appeared to be right, Gregson not having reached the ground when he received the blow.

21, 22, and 23. Gulley got more fresh, and fairly beat his adversary from him in rallying, but not without receiving some hard blows. Both were very weak, but

8 to 1 was offered on Gulley, his bottom being known.

24. This round shewed that both were dead beaten, for their blows were so feeble, and the loss of blood was so considerable, that each had difficulty in making fight. Gulley threw Gregson for the first time.—Ten to one offered on Gulley.

25. Here it was any body's battle, as it was reduced to the game and constitution of the combatants who should win: both were most hideously disfigured, and scarcely able to get off the knees of their bottle-holders. Although the battle lasted eleven more rounds, it would be superfluous to detail them, as each had alternately the advantage, and betting, which had been twenty to one on Gulley, was reduced to even; they met each other like two helpless men inebriated, and it was with the greatest difficulty that either could hold up his hands to stop or hit, and when the rounds closed, which was generally by both falling together inoffensively, the friends of each party expected the word *enough* to come from both together. Gulley, in this state, was still a favourite, and, by an extraordinary effort of nature, he gave Gregson a blow in the throat, the 36th round, which prevented him from rising off the ground in time. He lay in a helpless state, unable to move or speak, for several minutes. Gulley, roused by the victory, leaped for joy.

It would be difficult to say which was the most beaten—such spectacles surely were never before witnessed; all other beatings were comparatively a burlesque. The seconds were as much disfigured by blood as the combatants. The battle lasted only forty minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.

Gulley, it will be remembered, was the unsuccessful opponent of the Game Chicken a twelvemonth ago, in which contest he was so tried, and proved so game a man, that he established his fame as a boxer of the first rate; and he is now, by forfeiture of the Chicken, considered as the Champion of England. Gregson was first heard of, as having some pretensions to the fistic art, in consequence of a casual rencontre with Bourke, in Yorkshire, some time since; and having improved in professional skill, he ventured to town to dispute the claim of Champion with any man in England. He appears to have been formed for boxing; his Herculean strength is proportionate to his height, which is six feet two inches. His most sanguine admirers did not claim for him the science of Gulley; but they flattered themselves, that any deficiency in skill would be more than made up by the superiority of his physical powers. He being some inches taller than his adversary, and a stone more weighty.

It was allowed, at the decision of the battle, on all hands, that one so obstinately contested, and where such game was shewn, was never witnessed. Those who had seen Johnson and Ben, Jackson and the Old Russian, exhibit, declared this to exceed all. Gregson, although far from a good fighter, had a decided advantage in strength and stature, which was adequate, with the little knowledge he possessed, to Gulley's superior skill, as there was a reciprocity in bottom. Gulley fought at a great disadvantage against a man of such superior strength and length, for he could never make a hit until Gregson chose to begin, as the latter sparred with

with his left arm fully extended, and this was considerably longer, and more powerful, than that of Gulley. Gregson, after the few first rounds, made lounging and desperate hits with his right hand, which nothing could resist, and it is thus accounted for how Gulley sustained so much injury. Gregson was generally *abroad* after he had made that favourite hit, as the quickness of Gulley in returning it gave him a great advantage. Gulley fights well with both hands, and is a more expert boxer than when he contended with the Chickens. They were conveyed to Newmarket after the battle. Gulley received a handsome subscription purse, and Gregson was liberally rewarded as a game loser.

Gulley did not appear much punished, but he certainly received a very handsome share of the day's work. Captain Barclay brought him to the ground in his carriage, and took him back in it after the battle.

Some good hits were made by the London pickpockets. Captain Whitley lost his pocket-book, containing 3500*l.* in bank-notes, drafts, and bills, for which he offered 200*l.* reward; but those who had it in their possession thought they could pay themselves better, so having taken 1300*l.* out, they put the pocket-book, with the remainder of the property, into the Post-office.

It should have been observed, that in this severe battle, Gulley, in stopping the plunging and desperate right-handed hits of his adversary, was deprived of the use of his left arm after about the fifth or sixth round of the fight, the circulation of the blood having been stopped: this was a very material disadvantage. The pugilists were

on the race-course on the following day, but Gregson was obliged to have a surgeon to attend him on his return. They were both to be in London on the 17th.

Gregson is matched to fight again for 200 guineas, with a man at Bristol, named Horton, who has never exhibited before the Londoners.

CITY GYMNASTICS.

For the Sporting Magazine.

A New discovery in the Art of Pugilism, bids fair to overturn the science of the *Chickens*, *Belchers*, and *Gulleys* of the day.—Two gentlemen (not of Verona), but of the City of London, have originated a new system of boxing, which, if generally adopted by athletic bruisers, may prove most destructive to the human race, and, perhaps, do more towards exploding this practice, than the clamours and exertions of all the moralists and magistrates in the kingdom.

Mr. *Premium* and Mr. *Enterprise*, the two practitioners in question, exhibited on Thursday, the 8th instant, together, in a commodious apartment, near the Royal Exchange, where they were honoured by a numerous attendance of amateurs, who, although not the immediate patronisers of boxing, were much interested for *Premium* and *Enterprise*.

The *set-to*, commenced at three o'clock. *Premium* appeared to be of Hibernian extraction, of a dark visage, sprightly and active; *Enterprise*, an athletic youth, with a fair and comely countenance. It is impossible to describe the interest that was excited on the eve
of

of commencement. Every eye seemed riveted on the combatants, to observe the first manœuvre. A solemn pause ensued. The disciples of the old school looked in vain for a *straight-forward* hit, or a *cross buttock*: no such *plain sailing* was to be found here, nor was attempted.

Enterprise, on making himself up for the first hit, with great caution, drew back his arm behind him, then *swinging* it round in a kind of *semi-circle*, caught his opponent in the ear. The blow was dexterous, irresistible, and nearly bereft *Premium* of his senses. It was observed that, although this blow was executed in a masterly style, yet the *circle swing* was not a new idea, but originated with the *Game Chicken*, who won several battles in consequence of its adoption.—This onset, though fierce, did not appal Mr. *Premium*, but only served to make him more resolute. He thought it not *policy*, however, to make a return of the swinging blow, lest he should not be able to insure its success, but adopted one equally new and judicious. Dropping down his right fist nearly as low as his knees, he struck upwards with great quickness, and catching his antagonist under the chin, he made sad havock of his under jaw.—Three grinders were shoved out of their places; the tongue, which unfortunately happened to be lolling out of the mouth by way of defiance, was nearly severed in two, and much doubt was entertained whether *Enterprise* would risk another meeting. He did not only venture a second, but from that to a dozen were tried with various success. Each of the combatants was eager to display his skill to the best advantage, and the most extraordinary manœuvres were wit-

nessed. The *back spring*, or *retrograde movement*, was a favourite practice, and was successfully performed; many a terrible blow was thus expertly avoided. From the determined disposition of the combatants, and the severity of their blows, a *total loss* of one or the other must have been the consequence of protracting the contest: it was therefore deemed prudent to separate the parties; but this, much to their regret, was not thought of, until, on an AVERAGE, they had lost a quart of blood each.

BARON HOMPESCH AND MR. GARROW.

IN our Magazine for August last, page 219, vol. xxx. is the account of an action brought against Mr. Sherwood, a farmer, of Kent, for a breach of the game laws. To this article, however, there is not much need of reference, as the following statement, which Mr. Garrow's observations, as Counsel for Sherwood, seem to have drawn from the Baron, pretty clearly explains itself.—We have before noticed the unwarrantable latitude which Counsel occasionally give themselves when pleading the cause of their clients, and of their facility to shelter themselves from the consequences of such latitude, by applying for the protection of the Court.

SEVERAL erroneous statements having appeared in the public newspapers, relating to a trial against a farmer at the last assizes for Maidstone, in the which Mr. Garrow had the effrontery to utter most gross and false calumnies against Baron Hompesch, the latter finds himself

himself called on 'to state to the public a correct account, as well of the origin of the trial as of what passed at, and in consequence of it, so far as regards the Baron.

The Baron rents the Manor of Bicknor, in Kent, and the defendant holds from the same landlord a farm which lies in the manor. For the sake of being on good terms with the neighbouring farmers, with a view to secure the game, the Baron invited them, and among others the defendant, to partake of the hospitality of his table, and also gave them game. On one of the defendant's visits to the Baron, he staying later than his wife approved, she violently fetched her husband home.

Until this *fracas*, the Baron succeeded in preserving the game on his manor; but in the next season the manor was poached, and the greatest part of the game destroyed. Remonstrances were made to the defendant, but in vain. Upon this, application was made by the Baron to the landlord's brother, (who has his full powers to act for, and represent him) complaining of the defendant's aggressions. Orders were given by him to the defendant not to intrude on the Baron's game. This also was not only without effect, but was treated by the defendant with insolence, upon which the landlord's brother recommended the Baron to prosecute the defendant for sporting without a stamped license, and he was convicted. It was hoped, that this conviction would have induced the defendant to desist from encroaching on the Baron's manorial rights. Nay, the Baron went so far as to give instructions for an offer to be made to the defendant to reimburse him all his expences, if he would acknowledge himself in the

wrong, and promise not to poach the manor in future; this, however, the defendant rejected, and treated with insolence even the Magistrate before whom the information was laid.

Lenient measures being found unavailing, it was judged expedient, on the recommendation of the landlord's representative, to prosecute the defendant at law, for sporting unqualified; in consequence, an action was brought against him, the trial of which is the present subject under consideration.

On the trial, the Baron was the only witness examined, and he proved an offence committed by the defendant on the 6th of February last, by sporting with a gun and lurcher.

It is difficult to conjecture how so simple a fact could have given rise to such a torrent of abuse and malignity as flowed from the tongue of Mr. Garrow, in his speech for the defendant. The only questions which could be tried in such an action were, whether the defendant sported with such dogs and engines as the law prohibits to any other than qualified persons? and whether the defendant be qualified or not? Mr. Garrow, however, going not only entirely out of the subject matter before the Court, but also out of the privileged license which in most cases is given too liberally to the bar, thought fit, out of his own mere invention, to address as facts matters which were not only not proved in the cause, but had not even existence; and then to hold up the Baron to ridicule to the Court, and unwarrantably to wound his feelings as a Gentleman and an Officer.

In the course of the Baron's cross-examination on the trial, (although

though wholly irrelevant to the question before the Court) the *fracas* between the defendant and his wife, at the Baron's house, was brought forward by Mr. Garrow, who, in his speech, had the imprudence to say, that the defendant would have been justified in laying the whip over the Baron's shoulders.

Could any one, possessing the feelings of a gentleman, endure such language (and more particularly in his presence) to be used unpunished?

Mr. Garrow, with a view to hold up the Baron to ridicule, asserted that he expected in his neighbourhood to be styled "his Excellency," and he stated himself to be worth thirty millions a year. These assertions were not only unfounded, but had no relation to the question before the Court. Mr. Garrow asserted, that the Baron, with all the principles of foreign tyranny, came into this country to disturb the peace of families, and to crush English farmers; and endeavoured to make him appear unfit for civil society in this country.

The Baron's feelings on such an unprecedented occasion, may be guessed at; yet apprehensive of offending against the respect due to a public Court of Justice, he nearly addressed the following words to the Court; viz. "My Lord—in answer to Mr. Garrow's vile calumnies, I beg leave merely to state, that the whole of what he said was only a compound of personal, vile, gross, infamous lies."

Soon after the trial, the Baron went to the Star Inn, Maidstone; from whence he sent the following note to Mr. Garrow; viz.

"Star Inn, Maidstone, three o'clock afternoon.

"General Hompesch, trusting that Mr. Garrow will, on reflexion,

admit that the personal abuse he thought fit to introduce so abundantly against him on Sherwood's trial was unfounded, expects that he will, in the same Court, and before the same persons where the insult was given, acknowledge that it was under an erroneous impression.

"The General will remain to-day in Maidstone, at the Star Inn, waiting Mr. Garrow's determination."

The Baron waited the whole of the day, but not having received from Mr. Garrow any answer to his note, he called the next day on one of the Gentlemen of the Bar who was concerned in the trial, where an intimation was given, that an acceptable accommodation might be offered on the part of Mr. Garrow; but as the Baron was from there returning to his apartments, he was taken before the Mayor, and, on the oath of Mr. Garrow, that his life was in danger, he was held to bail to keep the peace towards Mr. Garrow.

From circumstances that have occurred in consequence, the Baron having reason to suspect that a *suitable* apology would have been made to him, he had hitherto abstained from any publication on the subject; nay, he had carried his forbearance so far as to express himself ready to submit the case to referees; but upon this Mr. Garrow having refused, apprehensive of an arbitration which his conscience boded must decide against him, the Baron can but recite the stated facts, and (without entering further into newspaper discussion) finally laments that the respect he has for the laws, prevents him from inflicting the merited chastisement on one who, wantonly wounding a

gentleman's feelings, deserves and tamely receives the lie, and meanly sheltering himself under the protection of the law, what he has incurred by his slanderous falsehoods endeavours to elude by his cowardice.

The following pun subsequently appeared in the *Morning Post*, and which we publish for no other purpose than to explain the letter that succeeds it, and which was inserted in the same paper of the 20th instant.

THE PUN.

The point of honour between Counsellor Garrow and Baron Hompesch having been proposed to be referred to two General Officers, the former replied, that he had no sort of objection, and begged leave to name, on his part, the Attorney and Solicitor *Generals*!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR—Observing in your paper of Saturday, a *ludicrous* allusion to the quarrel subsisting between Baron Hompesch and Mr. Garrow, I cannot refrain from offering you a few *serious* thoughts on a subject which deserves very different mention from a man of your liberal character, and from every Englishman, who, as you do, so uniformly and so zealously, knows how to appreciate the value of those brave Nobles who have made every sacrifice in the cause of honour and loyalty, and to distinguish extraordinary merit, though not of *English* growth.

When the name of the Nobleman in question is associated with those ideas, no military man acquainted with his exploits in the service of this country, will deny the suitableness of the association—

bravery and the name of Hompesch being ever assimilated. How much, therefore, Sir, does it behove you, under the present state of this country, to shew to Europe, that no advantage may be taken of such a character *merely because he is a foreigner*.

Although our connexion with the Continent be materially altered, yet it is to be hoped we are not to forfeit our character for candour and hospitality, and after inducing so many of the noblest and bravest heroes in various parts of Europe to embark in our cause, *now* that the common enemy rules with paramount sway, indulge in libellous and scandalous reflexions upon them, merely because they are *not English*.

I am led to those reflexions by a reference to the expressions used by Mr. Garrow on the trial which has caused the quarrel between two characters so much distinguished in their respective walks of life; viz. that "*No English gentleman would have acted as Baron Hompesch did.*" How painful, nay, how agonising to the feelings of a gallant soldier, who had on so many perilous occasions exposed his life in the service of this country, must such language have proved—language calculated to excite every vulgar prejudice and every base passion against him, on an occasion when his honour and character were immediately exposed to the influence of popular prejudice and passion.

Passing over the allusion to the duel in which Baron Hompesch was reluctantly engaged, and in which he acquitted himself with scrupulous regard to the most liberal rules of honour, any allusion to which was, by the bye (to use the technical phrase), *travelling out of the*

the record—the whole of Mr. Garrow's address to the Jury bore so hard upon the Baron's character, and so much outraged his feelings both as a Soldier and a Gentleman, that any expressions of resentment may be excused under such provocations. Surely, then, after a sufficient time has elapsed to permit reason to resume her sway, it may be hoped that the learned Gentleman will feel it a becoming duty to make a suitable reparation to the gallant Officer, in this case, which has occupied so much public conversation. Justice should be done to the aggrieved party.

PUBLICOLA.

COURT MARTIAL AT NEW-CASTLE,

ON LIEUTENANT MERCATI,
Of the Royal Cornwall Militia.

A General Court Martial (of which Colonel Lord Brooke, of the Warwickshire Militia, was President), sat at Newcastle, from the 9th to the 16th of September, for the trial of Lieutenant Anthony Mercati, of the Royal Cornwall Militia, upon the following charges preferred against him by Lieutenant Colonel Willems, of the same Regiment.

Charge First.—For behaving in an irregular and an unofficer-like manner, by tearing and defacing the name and certificate of Ensign Hambly, written on the morning report of the Company on the 26th August, in presence of several Officers of the same Regiment, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

Charge Second.—For having signed and delivered in to the Ad-

jutant of the Regiment, at the morning parade of the same day, for the information of the Commanding Officer, a report certifying that he, Lieutenant Mercati, had inspected the arms of the Company to which he was attached, knowing at the same time he had not inspected them, thereby tending to mislead and deceive the Commanding Officer, greatly to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, and tending to render nugatory all orders for the internal regulations of the Regiment.

Upon which charges the Court came to the following decision:—

"The Court having maturely and deliberately weighed and considered what has been offered on the part of the prosecution, as well as what has been brought forward in the prisoner's defence, is of opinion, that the prisoner, Lieutenant Mercati, is *not guilty* of the different charges alleged against him of the same.

"The Court cannot conclude its proceedings without animadverting on the *greatest and extraordinary severity* exercised towards Lieutenant Mercati. In support of this opinion, the Court humbly submits to his Majesty's most gracious consideration, that it appears in evidence that the Commanding Officer (Lieut.-Colonel Willems), had passed over a similar alleged breach of order in one Officer, without taking the smallest public notice of it, while he thought fit to order into close arrest, and prefer charges against another, by which he has been *unnecessarily, for the good order and regulation of the Regiment*, brought to a General Court Martial, charged with a breach of an order not promulgated to the Regiment according to the established

established customs of the service."

Approved by the King, and ordered to be read at the head of every Regiment in the service.

MR. MELLISH'S SALE,

AT THE LAST DONCASTER MEETING.

THE Stallion Lexon (9 yrs old), by Delpini, out of Violet, by Shark; to Mr. Howorth, for 255 guineas.

Luck's-All (4 yrs old), by Stamford, out of Marchioness, by Lurcher; for 340 guineas.

Young Hopeful (3 yrs old), by Expectation, out of Heiress, by Highflyer; to Mr. Leaton, for 90 guineas.

The Dam of Didler, Miss Buckle, Agnes, &c. (19 yrs old), by Highflyer, dam by Goldfinder, out of Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel; for 80 guineas.—Covered by Eagle.

Lady Brough (6 yrs old), by Stride, dam by Drone, out of Silvia, by Young Marsk; to Colonel Leigh, for 600 guineas.—Covered by Sancho.

The Dam of Flighty, own sister to Fidget (17 yrs old), by Florizel, out of a Match'em mare; to Mr. Prince, for 200g.—Covered by Sancho.

Miss Buckle (3 yrs old), by Precipitate, out of Didler's dam, for 50 guineas.—Covered by Sir Harry Dunsdale.

A Highflyer Mare (blind); to Mr. Clough, for 70 guineas.—Covered by Sancho.

Glory (5 yrs old), by Coriander, out of Fairy, by Highflyer; for 200 guineas.—Not covered.

A Brown Filly (3 yrs old), by Hambletonian, dam by Trumpator, out of Cinderella, by Dungannon;

to Dr. Branson, for 80 guineas.—Not covered.

A Bay Filly (1 yr old), by Delpini, dam by Drone; to Mr. Sitwell, for 150 guineas.

A Bay Colt Foal, by Eagle, out of Flighty's dam (with five engagements); to Lord Darlington, for 105 guineas.

A Bay Filly Foal, by Don Quixote, dam by Highflyer; for 115 guineas.

Staveley, Osier, Cock-Robin, Levant, Favourite, and eleven others, were not sold.

WANTON DESTRUCTION OF GAME.

MR. EDITOR,

A Thoughtless and unnecessary propensity exists among many, to destroy indiscriminately all the game that happens to fall in their way: now as these wanton outrages are highly injurious to true sporting, permit me to express a few remarks on the subject, through the medium of your excellent Magazine.

In my younger years; I was governed by the same maxim which now prevails amongst most young men, namely, "Another will kill what I do not." The spirit of murder encouraged by this motto, led me daily into the field, and I thought myself a considerable sportsman if, by killing a pregnant hare, I shot six or seven. I am now withheld from these, and other follies of my youth; by age and infirmities, and can easily conceive that the Great Dispenser of earthly blessings has given us every thing for our use, but nothing with the liberty of abusing it. Much game wantonly

wantonly killed, many fish caught in close nets, and at the time of spawning, are scandalous superfluities. The whole kingdom has cause to complain of such extravagance; and if these excesses continue, succeeding sportsmen will be very little obliged to their present predecessors.

Should these few observations tend to regulate any of the abuses complained of, much satisfaction will be felt by

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

A Match of Pigeon-shooting took place, on Wednesday, Sept. 16, in the neighbourhood of Virginia-water, between Mr. Thorn, a shot of celebrity and a sporting character, and Holmes, a gamekeeper, who won, a 50l. match, at Heston, a few weeks since. This was for 100 guineas, at 19 birds, from a trap at 21 yards distance. Each of the sportsmen missed his first bird; Mr. Thorn killed the 14 successive birds, missing his 15th, and the 16th, which was hit hard, fell out of the bounds, and the other three were brought to bag. Holmes missed his 4th and 16th birds, and the 19th bird, which, when dead, only made a tie of it, gave rise to a dispute, an out-scout having killed it within bounds, (100 yards distance from the trap) it having been hit hard by Holmes, but it would most likely have gone off. The parties agreed to refer the bird in dispute to the *Old Hats Club*: but they continued to shoot at single birds to decide the match, subject to the decision of the above club, regarding the dispute. Mr. Thorn killed three birds, and the keeper missed his third, which settled the match without a reference,

HUNTING IN COACHES.

A curious Extract from the Writings of Dr. Smollet.

IN the character of the French, considered as a people, there are, undoubtedly, many circumstances truly ridiculous. "You know," says Dr. Smollet, "the fashionable people, who go a hunting, are equipped with their jack-boots, bag-wigs, swords, and pistols; but I saw, the other day, a scene still more grotesque. On the road to Choisi, a *fiacre*, or hackney-coach, stopped, and out came five or six men, armed with muskets, who took post, each behind a separate tree. I asked our servant who they were, imagining they might be archers, or footpads of justice in pursuit of some malefactors. But guess my surprise, when our coachman told me they were gentlemen *a-la-chasse*. They were, in fact, come out from Paris in this equipage, to take the diversion of hare-hunting, that is, of shooting from behind a tree at the hares that chanced to pass. Indeed, if they had nothing more in view but to destroy the game, this was a very effectual method; for the hares are in such plenty in that neighbourhood, that I have seen a dozen together in the same field. I think this way of hunting in a coach or chariot might be properly adopted at London in favour of the Aldermen of that City, who are too unwieldy to follow the hounds on horseback."

This latter remark of our author is, however, grown stale; our Aldermen and wealthy Citizens are now growing men of fashion and spirit apace, and most of them can follow a pack of hounds, or course a hare, with the best-bred gentry in the kingdom.

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SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

AT the last Doncaster Meeting, Mr. E. L. Hodgson sold *Miltonia*, by Patriot, to Mr. Cave Browne, for 500gs; and Lord Darlington sold the Brother to Bumper, by St. George, to Mr. Sitwell.

At the Carlisle Meeting, which commenced on the 29th ult. Mr. William Hutchinson refused 1000gs for *Harmless*, by St. George, out of Mary, by Young Marsk.—*Harmless* has won, this year, 50l. at Beverley, 50l. at Preston, 55gs at Knutsford, 50l. at Ormskirk, the King's Plate and 100gs Plate at Carlisle.

HIS R. H. the Prince of Wales's *Orville* has proved himself the best aged horse in the kingdom:—He was the first of Bevingbrough's, get that started, and is now eight years old.—He was bred by Lord Fitzwilliam; his dam, called *Evelina*, by Highflyer, out of *Termagant*, by Tantrum, son of Cripple, sire of the famous Gimcrack.—*Termagant* was also the dam of *Pewett*, that bred the two noted runners *Sir Paul* and *Paulina*. *Cripple* was own brother to *Creep* and *Cygn*, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian; dam, Mr. Pantons's *Blossom*, by Crab, Childers, out of Miss *Belvoir*, by Grantham.—*Cygn* got the dam of *Flinnap*, *Florizel*, *Bordeaux*, *Sting*, &c.—*Termagant's* dam, was *Cantatrice*, by Sampson, *Regulus*, out of Old Marsk's dam, by Mr. Hatton's *Blacklegs*.

On Friday the 2d instant, the annual Hunt Ball took place at

Chepstow, which was attended by the principal nobility and gentry of the country; we scarcely recollect to have ever seen so much beauty assembled on any similar occasion. The ball was opened by Captain Lewis, of St. Pierre (the Comptroller), and the beautiful and elegant Lady Errol, who was followed by her lovely sister; about fifteen couple succeeded, but the numbers increasing rapidly, made it necessary to divide into two sets.—About one o'clock, the company, consisting of above one hundred persons, sat down to a supper composed of every delicacy of the season, provided by the members of the hunt: Pines and grapes were liberally supplied by the hospitable owner of *Piercefield*. After supper the merry dance was resumed, and the company reluctantly separated about four, highly gratified with the amusement afforded them by the gentlemen of the hunt, and every tongue loud in praise of the order and regularity maintained by the Comptroller.

Among the company we noticed—

Lord Arthur Somerset and Sir Charles Morgan, the members for the county; Lord and Lady Errol; Mr. Wells, of *Piercefield*, with his lovely and interesting Lady; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, and family, of St. Pierre; Mrs. Bragge Bathurst; Sir Robert and the Misses Salusbury; Sir Henry and Lady Cosby; Mr. and Mrs. Lettson, of the Mount; Captain and Mrs. Pullen; Mr. and the Miss Buckles, and a long *et cetera* of beauty and fashion, which we regret

regret our limits will not permit us to enumerate.

PERTHSHIRE HUNT.—The Annual Meeting of this Hunt commenced on Wednesday, the 30th ult. when the town experienced an influx of genteel company; among whom were; the Duke of Athol; the Earl of Mansfield, Lord James Murray, Lord Kinnaird, the Hon. Mr. Macdonald, Sir Patrick Murray, &c. &c.—On Thursday and Friday there were hack races, which afforded some sport. The last day, a most unfortunate accident happened; the scaffold erected on the race-course for the accommodation of the Stewards of the Hunt, gave way soon after the horses had started, and all the spectators upon it, among whom were his Grace the Duke of Athol and some other persons of distinction, were precipitated to the ground. A scene of great confusion was exhibited for some minutes; but we are happy to state, that only two persons were seriously hurt. We understand the gentry of the Hunt collected above 30*l.* the same evening, for the relief of the sufferers.

Last month, a fine horse, the property of Mr. Elen, of Gaddesden, Herts, was stung to death by hornets. The animal was loose in a field, and to shade himself from the heat of the sun, had retired under the branches of a tree, in which was a hornet's nest.—It is supposed he had, from being teized with flies, disturbed their habitation, and that the whole swarm had attacked him at the same time. The poor beast was discovered the following morning lying on the ground, in a very debilitated state, and a number of these revengeful insects flying about him. There was little prospect of his recovery,

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and as no one had sufficient temerity to venture near him, he was suffered to remain till night, when the hornets left him dead. It is impossible to describe the dreadful havoc they had made on every part of the animal.

A PONEY race, of 15 miles for 60 guineas, took place on the 16th of September, on the Bagshot road. The animals belonged to Captain Barnard, of the 7th regiment, and a Mr. Nook, of Eversley. The poney belonging to the former, named Talleyrand, was the favourite; but Bagpipe, belonging to the latter gentleman, won. The winner did the match in one hour and three minutes. Six to four was the betting at starting.

On Friday, Sept. 18, was run on Parkhurst race-ground, in the Isle of Wight, a match between Mr. Booty's bay mare Dublin Sal, *alias* Goldfinder; and Mr. Sanders's chestnut horse Never Win, for 100 guineas, which was won by the former, and by which the knowing ones were eased of a few hundreds.

At Falconer's Hall, Yorkshire, the following extraordinary circumstance lately took place. A litter of beagles, three couple, sucking their dam, were missing for about half an hour; no account could be obtained of them, when some passengers said they had seen a hare, and that some little hounds were following her track not far from the road, in the way to Sherborne. They were followed by some gentlemen and servants, and actually found about two miles off, giving tongue like old hounds. It is to be observed, that they were littered close to a whin bed; indeed it nearly surrounded them, and where hares abound. The blood of this

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litter.

litter, we understand, is well known to the first sportsmen in England. Their sire is the noted Merryman: their dam Dido, held as invaluable as Lord Whitworth's Pack, which Colonel Thornton purchased.

On Saturday, the 26th ult. there was racing on Soberton Down, when, Captain Harding's roan gelding beat Major Legertwood's grey gelding, for fifty guineas.—Captain Harding's brown gelding beat Captain Parker's grey gelding, for fifty guineas.—Captain Cooper's bay gelding beat Major Legertwood's bay gelding, for fifty guineas.

At Beccles Races, the gentlemen's plate of 50l. was won by Captain Macnamara's Regulator, beating Mr. Ladbroke's Peregrine. A sweepstakes of 50l. was won by Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Spy, beating Major Wilson's brother to Lucan, and four others; but in consequence of the entrance money not having been paid before starting, the stakes were allotted to Major Wilson's colt. The sport on the first day (Wednesday) was excellent; but owing to the rain, there was but a thin attendance of company. The fineness of the weather, however, on the following day, attracted to the race-ground a concourse of spectators almost unprecedented, both as to number and fashion.—The sweepstakes of 50gs. each, was won by Major Wilson's colt by Whiskey, beating Mr. Emden's b. f. Highland-Lass.—A match of 50gs. was also run for and won by Mr. Emden's Miss Prince, beating Major Wilson's brother to Lucan.—The town plate of 50l. was not run for, but a match between Captain Bacon's Little Sally and Mr. Emden's Pantaloon, was won by the former, by half a neck.

ANOTHER match of Single-stick Playing took place, on Monday the 28th ult. in the eastern part of Hampshire, at the village of Crossgate, between a couple of celebrated professors from Somersetshire and a couple from Wilts, for a prize of ten guineas. After a great deal of sanguinary diversion had been displayed, Ward and Cox, men from each county, became the victors, having vanquished Woodcock and Gilmore. A second match followed, between two men from Hampshire against two from Gloucestershire, which was won by Davis and Hunt, belonging to the former county, after an obstinate contention on both sides. The winners, men from Wiltshire and Somersetshire, postponed the day when the trial for the honour of their counties should take place.—It was, on the whole, better playing than at Botley.

OUR readers will be enabled to form a more competent idea of the late battle at Newmarket, when we assure them, from unquestionable authority, that for some minutes previous to the termination of the contest, the amateurs present could not bear to look upon the miserable victims of their sport, and that Belcher, the celebrated professor, to use the words of our informant, "cried like a child!"

THE spirit of pugilism is now strongly prevalent among the lower class of females. On Saturday the 17th instant, two *poissardes* fought a pitched battle in Newport Market for a quart of cordial. After the demolition of caps and hats, several butchers humanely interfered, parted the heroines, and partook of the *généva*, the money for which had been previously deposited.

ASTONISHING SPEED.—Curley, the Brighton shepherd, undertook the beginning of this month, for a wager of twenty guineas, to run a mile in four minutes, as it was given out, in Hyde Park; but the race took place on Clapham Common, to the disappointment of some hundreds of persons, who assembled in the Park. The pedestrian was to perform the mile at four starts, in the space of three hours. He went the first quarter of a mile in a minute, and after taking some rest, he performed alternately the other quarters in less than three minutes, having won the match by a few seconds. He reserved a few seconds over the time for the last quarter of a mile, having done the third with astonishing speed. The odds were on the performance before starting.

A **DOUBLE** kind of foot-race was run, on Wednesday the 30th ult. at Newington, between Mr. Wyatt, a gentleman of fortune, who resides in the New Road, Mary-le-bone, and Mr. Humphreys, of Acton.—The distance was two miles, for 25 guineas, and another 25 guineas was betted by Mr. Wyatt, that he performed the distance in thirteen minutes. The couple ran well together for a mile, Mr. Humphreys having taken the lead, closely followed by his adversary. The mile was performed in a few seconds under the six minutes, and whilst running the last mile, Mr. Wyatt pushed, and took the lead, which he kept, and won the race easily. Mr. Humphreys having found it impossible for him to pass his opponent, resigned the match whilst going the last half mile. The winner of the race beat time also, by half a minute.

MATCH against Time.—It has

been stated, that a Mr. Jaques undertook, for a wager of 100 guineas, to go the distance of 50 miles in eight hours and ten minutes, and that Saturday, October 3, was appointed for the performance. At about five o'clock in the morning of that day, Mr. J. commenced his journey, on a piece of ground leading from the back of the third Hounslow Heath towards Bedfont, on which he was to perform the fifty miles on a circumference of about three miles. He, however, from the wetness of the night preceding, did the quarter of his journey on more solid ground, by making his tour six miles out. He went nearly seven miles the first hour, 13 in two hours, and 20 in three hours; and half the distance was performed in three hours and 50 minutes, which was 15 minutes less than half the time. The pedestrian here drank some mulled wine, and rested, having still 12 miles to perform in two hours and 20 minutes, which he accomplished. Mr. Jaques appeared a little fatigued after having gone 30 miles, but he won, quite fresh, and had ten minutes to spare.

THURSDAY night, the 7th instant, about eleven o'clock, a race was run on the new military road, between Mr. P—e and Mr. N—m, both of Chatham. Mr. P. was to run 50 yards, carrying a sack of oats, while Mr. N. was to run 100 yards, unincumbered by any load. The race was won by the former.

ON Sunday, the 10th instant, a man of the name of Keeley, aged 54, undertook, for a wager of five guineas, to go on foot, from Shore-ditch Church to Ponder's-end, and back again, in two hours. He started at six o'clock in the morning, reached Ponder's-end at six minutes

minutes before seven, stopped ten minutes to refresh, when he started, and arrived in three minutes less than the time allowed; the whole distance being seventeen miles.

On Tuesday, the 13th instant, a foot-match of ten miles was run on the Norwich-road, near Newmarket, between Mr. W. E. junior, of Newmarket, and Mr. W. W. of the same place, for twenty guineas a side, which was won by the latter, who ran the distance in one hour and thirteen minutes, the former having declined the contest at the end of the first seven miles.—The Saturday following, Mr. W. W. also ran four miles against four men, one mile each, which proved a dead heat. Mr. W. W. is going into training under Captain Barclay, being a very promising pedestrian.

The same day, at Worthing, in Sussex, a boy, only nine years old, for a tripling wager, undertook to run a mile in six minutes, on the road between Worthing and Broadwater. After having run the whole distance, a dispute took place between the parties, one of them stating that he was six minutes and a half in performing it. The boy, however, to settle the dispute, ran it over again, and won by a few seconds. After which, a gentleman present offered to bet a considerable sum, that he would run two miles in fourteen minutes, but the bet was not accepted.

On Monday, the 18th instant, a foot-race, for ten guineas, was run near Manchester, between a cotton-spinner and a hatter of that town; when (shameful to say) the former being the best runner, was stopped, at about a quarter of a mile after starting, by a friend of the latter.—The spinner, however, knocking down the invader, fell over him,

rose again, and actually beat his antagonist by upwards of 40 yards, the whole being one mile, and which the winner ran in four minutes and an half.

On Tuesday, October 26, a race was run on Kennington Common, between a master butcher and a publican, both of St. Mary's Newington; the butcher to carry a bullock-driver on his back, of 12 stone, 50 yards, while the publican ran 100 yards. The race was won with great ease by the former.

Game has been so abundant in the neighbourhood of Petworth and Midhurst, that one gentleman near the latter place had killed, in the first three weeks of September, upwards of 120 brace of partridges! The same gentleman has this season killed in one day more pheasants than he could spread in his kitchen, which is a large room, without laying them one upon another.

Mr. M——, who by the death of an uncle became possessed of a princely fortune, is said to have lost no less a sum than 40,000*l.* by play, in the course of the two preceding winters. His gentlemanly habits and good sense, aided by such dear-bought experience, must teach him the propriety of being no longer the dupe of the *needy* and *designing*.

Wonderful instance of Fecundity.—Mr. Cooper, of Bressingham, Norfolk, killed a hare on the 30th of September, of a very large size; upon hulking her, she proved to have four brace and a half of leverets, all of equal full size, and within a day or two of casting.

At Dunningworth-Hall Auction, Suffolk, cart horses sold at unprecedented high prices; the first team, of five, fetched 27*l.* 17*s.* and a brood mare with foal at foot, 70*l.* 7*s.*

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE HARE'S ELEGY,

TAKEN FROM HER OWN MOUTH.

To the Publisher of the Sporting Magazine.

TO-MORROW I shall send you, by the *Bury Coach*, a Hare: she will present you with some stanzas, called *The Hare's Elegy*, taken from her own mouth by the *haid* of the *Publisher*.—You will then please to remember to examine her inside, and though dumb, she will yield you the following mute language of her own.

AT ease, in health and vigour, yesterday,
Squat on my form, I took a short repose;
Secur'd from sight, I thought I safely lay,
Slept half an hour, nor dream'd of mortal foes.

Smooth was my couch, well shelter'd over head,
A sloping bank the western side protects,
Small wood and rushes palisade the bed,
The winding doorway to the east projects.

My friends were all upon a neighb'ring bank,
I nightly saw, and gambol'd by their side;
Young Jack, a hare of spirit, birth, and rank,
Meant soon to take me for his bonny bride.

What pleasing scenes revolv'd within my mind,
Of past escapes, of future bliss in store;
The field of herbs, where I might shortly find

Delicious food, and seated near my door!

When rustling sounds arous'd my wakeful cars—

'Twas fawning Sylvia, frisking near my side;
Her tell-tale tongue alarm'd my native fears:

No longer dar'd I on my form abide.

I jump'd, I flew, from my disturb'd retreat,

Nor cast one anxious, longing look behind;

Safety, I thought, was still within my feet,

So off I went, fleet as the passing wind.

Delusive hopes! vain efforts of my speed!

The sportsman, ready arm'd, stood in the rear;

Death, in a moment, did my flight impede,

Ere my keen ears the fatal sound could hear.

Exultingly he cry'd, thy race is run,

And, pleas'd, applauds his well-known steady aim;

He took me up, re-charg'd the murderous gun,

And Sylvia sent to start some other game.

The day declines, he homeward bends his way,

And there displays the triumphs of his toll;

His bosom friend says, "Great's your luck to-day,"

And well rewards him with a gracious smile.

Of me, a present both agreed to make
To their poor neighbour, rich in such a friend;

They

They call'd the boy, my stiff'ning form
to take
To the thatch'd cottage at their garden's
end.

Cool as a grotto is the humble cell,
Of little has the poor recluse to boast ;
That little gives content, and he does
well,
Tho' seldom smokes his board with
boil'd or roast.

How like a useless alien did I look!—
The fire scarce smok'd, the chimney
has no jack,
And what's far worse, poor man, he had
no cook,
To truss me seemly with a spreading
back.

Yet still a kind reception did I meet
From the recluse, who call'd me snug
and pretty ;
“ Poor puss,” said he, “ I will direct
your fact
To London great, imperial, trading
City,

There lives a friend, whose hospitable
door
Stands ready open to receive each guest;
There men of business, or distress'd and
poor,
Do daily find an easy, free access.

See I'm arriv'd, attending on your will ;
Am all submission, make me what
you please ;
I'll help your table any day to fill—
Nought shall offend, or once disturb
my ease.

Let cook fine bread with sav'ry spices
mix
And temper well, my empty frame to
fill ;
My outstretch'd limbs in their due order
fix,
And stay my head and neck with care
and skill.

In taste and style: genteel let me be
dress'd,
And plac'd on dish in order just and
meet ;
While smoking gravy, flowing of the best,
Shall tempt each friend of my remains
to eat.

When I'm dissected, you'll my parts dis-
perce—
To one a slice, or to the next a leg ;

Then eat yourself, while they my praise
rehearse ;
But let some Wit have head and brain,
I beg.

There he may trace the labyrinths of
thought,
The mazy foldings of the pliant brains ;
Think, pick, and pore—but while such
treasure's sought,
He'll find at last there's little for his
pains.

Still man was born to think as well as
eat,
And therefore nicely nature's works
should scan :
Mark how the senses ramify and meet
In the poor hare, as in the mighty
man !

The cloth remov'd, some stayed and so-
cial friend,
Of conversation neither vain nor loose,
May modestly my qualities commend,
And drink one glass of gen'rous port,
to Puss.

A. BROWN.

Stambourn, Oct. 15, 1807.

THE DISCONTENTED RABBIT.

A Tale.

A Rabbit, who had all his life been pent
Within a hutch, at length grew dis-
content ;
And having nothing else to do,
Amus'd himself in meditation
On a poor rabbit's luckless situation,
Compar'd with other animals he knew.

“ Alas ! (he cried) how many ills I bear,
And what a happy dog is yonder hare !
He roves through wood or field, content-
ed, free ;

He has no cares or troubles, none at
all ;
He can see life, enjoy society,
And when he pleases give his friends a
call.

For food, no human tyrant's aid he needs,
But as, through gardens, in and out he
pops,
On what best suits his taste he freely
feeds—

On

On cabbage now, and now on turnip-tops:
Whilst I, with these infernal bars beset,
Must be content with any thing I get.

Yet why should I
Thus tamely bear the loss of liberty,
Whom nature has as proper to be free
As he?
It surely never was by nature meant
That I in this vile prison should be
cramm'd:

I'll not endure it—no, if I consent
To bear it any longer, I'll be d—d!
But how shall I escape my keeper's
clutch?

I have it—when he opens next my hutch,
Instead of sitting tamely as a dolt,
I'll slyly make a spring, and out I'll bolt."
The opportunity occur'd,
And Bunny really kept his word.

And now, from all restraint set free,
He frisk'd about with wond'rous glee,
Till with his exercise he hungry grew;
Then food he sought, and found enough,
But found it very sorry stuff
To what he'd been accusom'd to.
To grumble now, however, 'twas too late,

So quietly he ate.—
Just so the rake in holy fable,
Who us'd in style to sit at table,
And off all sorts of dainties dine,
Till he turn'd wicked sinner,
And then was forc'd to mess with filthy
swine,
Or go, as he deserv'd, without his dinner.

At last he met the envied Hare,
And, vaunting, told the whole affair
Of his escape, no doubt expecting praise,
And begg'd to know how best to spend
his days;

Requesting, too, his kind advice,
If he again should stand in need of food,
As 'twas most probable he shou'd,
Where he might get a bit of something
nice.

Puss shook his head—"The scheme
you'll rue,"

Says he, "or I am much mistaken,
Of having a good home forsaken,
To try a life, of which you nothing knew.
How could you such a thing design?
You foolish fellow! how imagine
That you were suited to engage in
A state so arduous as mine.

A thousand terrors, guns, hounds,
snares,
Against us Hares,

Are by the human race employ'd,
Which you ne'er learnt the cunning to
avoid.

"Besides, you are not to be told,
It soon will grow confounded cold,
And you can ne'er your tender hide ex-
pose
To frost and snows.

Upon my soul, I fear you'll feel it much;
For you must be unseason'd to the
blast,

You who have all your winters pass'd
Within a nice warm comfortable hutch.

"The while you may, my counsel take,
And to your keeper straight go back,
His pardon humbly to implore,
And tell him you'll do so no more."
He scarce had ended, when the sudden
cry

Of a loud yelping pack,
Approaching briskly at his back,
Oblig'd him hastily to fly.

Puss, doubtless, tipp'd them all the dou-
ble,
Or gave, at least, the hounds some trou-
ble;
But finding such an easy prey,
They snapp'd up Bunny in their way.

A two-fold moral is convey'd,
That should with double praise be paid,
Imprimis, you are made to learn
How folks, of discontented turn,
Of ev'ry state they have not tried
Can only see the pleasant side.
You next are taught, by Bunny's fate,
Your powers not to over-rate:
He vainly thought himself a Hare—
Think yourself only—what you are.

THE SPORTSMAN'S ACCUSATION, AND APOLOGY.

HARK! I hear the murd'rous gun;
Now the sport of death is done.
Say, can the man that hath pretence
To reason's proud pre-eminence,
For whom all bounteous Nature pours
Pure pleasure from her varied stores,
Thus glut his soul with savage joy,
And boast the pleasure to destroy?
Brother Sportsman, gentle friend,
If thou canst, thy sport defend.

SPORTS.

SPORTSMAN'S REPLY.

I would not summon sophistry
To plead for cold barbarity;
But deem me not to pity dead,
If truth in this defence be said.
With gen'ral voice let sportsmen trace
The keenest raptures of the chase;
'Tis not the agony of death,
The trembling limbs, and struggling
 breath,
The panting pangs of sad despair,
The last poor efforts of the hare;
Or when the partridge on the ground
Lies flut'ring with his fatal wound;
At which the Sportsman's raptures rise,
At which the woods return his cries;—
But 'tis that health redoubled glows,
When life's warma blood more freely
 flows;

'Tis that his nerves are brac'd with toil,
Unfelt whilst eager for his spoil:
His active motions then declare
His spirits light as morning air.
'Tis in the curious pleasure found
To mark the keen sagacious hound,
And oft his clam'rous joy to hear,
Whene'er the scented game is near.
'Tis to direct the dext'rous aim,
More swift than flight of swiftest game.
It is to feel th' impatient steed
Spurn the plain with eager speed.
It is to hear the echoing horn.
Gaily rouse the slumb'ring morn.
'Tis to join the cheerful cry,
Whilst in the hot pursuit we fly,
And I see the pack their joy betray
When darting on their captive prey.
Then, home returning, share the feast
To which sharp hunger gives a zest;
Yet more, that ardent sympathies
Then warm in every bosom rise,
With glow instinctive of delight,
Which bids all artless hearts unite;
And drives away the cares of state,
And fretful pangs, and envious hate;
Makes each tumultuous passion rest:—
Such peace of soul is surely blest!

AN IRISH AUCTION BILL.

TO be sold by public cant,
A picture of my Aunt,
In a worm-eaten frame
(A comical dame).—
A jug with one ear;
Not certain it can hear.—
Three bottles of whiskey,
But they won't make you frisky.

For they're empty, alas!
Such things come to pass:
If full of good liquor,
I know they'd sell quicker.—
A good feather-bed,
As weighty as lead.—
A table with a wooden leg,
Just ready to beg.—
An old copper kettle,
Made, I think, of bell-metal.—
A clock without a flaw;
Bound over to the law,
For it never dare strike:
You cannot see the like.—
With a thousand things beside,
For convenience and pride,
Full worthy of attention,
Which at present we can't mention.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MISS LONG, A LIT-
TLE LADY.

WHERE any thing abounds, we find
That nobody will have it:
But when there's *little* of the kind
Don't all the people crave it?

The God of Love's a *little* wight,
But beautiful as thought:
Thou, too, art *little*—fair as light,
And ev'ry thing in *short*.

O! happy girl! I think thee so,
For mark the poet's song—
"Man wants but *little* here below,
And wants that little *Long*."

THE CHARIOTEER.

AN EPIGRAM.

— melaque servidis
Ecce ego notis. HQqq

IN Park to drive, with dashing stroke,
His chariot till the wheels quiet make,
Rapid to turn each corner clear,
And make the *Sunday-folk* all stare,
Is Squire *Sapsuccull's* chief ambition,
And highest point of all fruition.

"Jack—while I'm driving with such
 fire,
Listen to hear the folk's discourses."—
"I do, Sir, and they all admire
Your honour's carriage and the horses."

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS
OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT,

NOVEMBER, 1807.

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Embellished with—I, A beautiful Engraving of Giles, from Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.
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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPEL, 66, Pall-mall;

J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND-PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;

AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MANY articles stand over until next month, and among them several Trials at Law connected with Sporting, the accounts of various Hunts and numerous other incidental communications, all of which shall have a previous revisal, and appear as now promised.

In answer to the enquiry after our celebrated Horse Painters, we fancy Mr. Marshall is enjoying the company of his old friend, that truly facetious *little* gentleman, Mr. Lambert, at Leicester, with occasionally exercising his almost unrivalled pencil in the way of his profession.

Mr. Chalon is at present at Newmarket, painting *Barbarossa*, *Selim*, Sir David, and Orvil, the property of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Sartorius, jun. we presume, is upon some capital Paintings in the Sporting Line, but of him we have heard nothing of late.

Reinagle's recent works are mentioned at full in this month's Magazine, and we hope will prove a profitable speculation to him.

Mr. Scott, the engraver, is upon two capital Pictures for large Plates, one of them Gilpin's *Death of the Fox*. He has likewise a horse in hand, from Stubbs, for our Magazine.

Our old Correspondent will excuse us for omitting a whole day's sport in a Fox-chase.—The description of the dinner may be admissible; but after Somerville, the rest would be insipid.

ERRATUM.—In our Sporting Intelligence of this Number, Page 90, sixth article, respecting the Race between Cerberus and Bustard, at Newmarket, Bustard is by mistake, stated to be the winner instead of Cerberus.—*Vide* our Racing Calendar.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

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Published Nov. 1. 1807, by J. Whedle Warwick Square.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
FOR NOVEMBER, 1807.

GILES.

A beautiful Print to face this Page.

THIS engraving is from a picture of Mr. Green, which was exhibited last year at the British Institution, where it was so much admired for the richness and harmony of its colouring, the tastefulness of the design, and the sweet expression in the countenance of the boy.—Being offered for our Miscellany, the beauty of the picture will be a sufficient apology for our embracing it, though unconnected with Sporting.—It is taken from the Poem of the Farmer's Boy, by Mr. Bloomfield, of which the following is an extract:—

“ Shot up from broad-rank blades that
 droop below,
The nodding wheat-car forms a graceful
 bow.
With milky kernels starting full weigh'd
 down,
Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with
 brown;
There thousands in a flock, for ever-gay,
Loud chirping sparrows welcome in the
 day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.
Giles, with a pole, assails their close re-
 treats,
And round the grass-grown dewy border
 beats,
On either side completely overspread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops
 his head.
Green covert, hail! for through the vary-
 ing year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so
 dear.

Here wisdom's placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,
Just kindling there her never-dying fires,
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven-directed thought his bosom
 warms.

Just where the parting boughs' light sha-
 dows play,
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching
 day,
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled
 bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his
 head.”

Farmer's Boy.

CAPTAIN BENNETT,
AND HIS WAGER.

THE article in page 87 of this month's Magazine was taken from the papers of the day; it was likewise copied into that celebrated and useful Journal the *County Chronicle*, by the Editor of which the following letter has since been received, and which will here serve to correct the erroneous statement above-mentioned:—

*To the Editor of the County
Chronicle.*

Felix Cottage, Ongar,
26th Nov. 1807.

DEAR SIR,—I find in your pa-
per you have said I performed the
distance I undertook to trundle, or,
in other words, beat a hoop along,
such within time, and that I went

G 2 ten

ten miles in one hour and twenty minutes, all of which is wrong; I was at least ninety-one minutes going the first ten miles, and when I had arrived within three miles of the whole distance I was to have gone to have won my wager, I was obliged to give in, and be conveyed home in the chaise which attended me all the way. But I have offered another bet of 200l. to 300l. that I trundle a hoop, in the same manner, twenty-four miles in four hours and four minutes, and the parties betting with me to compel me to stop the four minutes, but not longer, without I shall think it necessary myself. I have reason to think my offer will be accepted; if so, it is my intention to sport another 200l. with any one or more gentlemen who may feel themselves inclined to bet with me, on the same terms. Had it not been for the error in your paper, I should have not troubled you with this, and you are at full liberty to make what use of this information you shall think proper.

Your obedient servant,
J. BENNETT.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY AND WOOD'S FOOT-RACE.

*To the Editor of the Sporting
Magazine.*

SIR, York, Nov. 24.

I Observe, in your last Magazine, a statement of the race between Wood and Barclay; but the disputes concerning bets on that head (which appear to be copied from the newspapers) are very far from being satisfactory to sporting men,

who expected something decisive from your last publication.

In the first place you say, it was manifest there was no collusion between Barclay and Wood, and it was the opinion of two surgeons, that Wood could not have gone many more miles: and in another place you say, that Wood was doubtless the innocent dupe of his associates:—then why should the London people refuse to pay their bets? Nobody seems to blame but the person who gave him the laudanum, who, I think, would have been prosecuted had it been true. If, from one person's misconduct, all bets can be made void, there would always be some villain found to do it where great sums were depending. It appears that Sir Charles Bunbury, and the regular frequenters of Newmarket, said the bets ought to be paid: you say the London sportsmen protested against it, and declared off their bets, but still agreed with their Newmarket brethren, that crosses should be paid amongst them at all times, or it would stagnate the system. How can this conduct be reconciled with their not paying? Again you say, these disputes were finally settled at Tattersall's on the 12th,* the same day the race was run. This is what has caused the most dispute among us. You say the majority of the company were of opinion the bets ought not to be paid: this is no decision at all; perhaps the majority of that company had lost their money on the match—you don't say who they were that decided it, nor what authority they had.

I have seen several sporting men who were at Newmarket at the same time, and upon whose vera-

* A mistake—it must have been on a subsequent day.

city I can rely—they declare that bets were regularly paid and received amongst sporting men, and that the disputes arose from those who were not in the habit of sporting. Nobody refuses to pay with us but such people as those; who are waiting for some further decision: I am informed it was one B——, a hair-dresser, that first caused the dispute, but afterwards paid by order of Sir C. Bunbury.

I expect no further decision but what can come from your Magazine. I hope you will be so kind as to insert in your next, how these disputes are settled, and from what authority; and you will highly oblige

YOUR SPORTING FRIENDS.

FROM THE EDITORS.

We have had no communication with the worthy Baronet named in the foregoing letter; but as no one has attempted to controvert his opinion, we give it as conclusive, that the bets lost on the match between Capt. Barclay and Wood, at Newmarket, on the 12th of October, SHOULD BE PAID.

COURSING.

MALTON COURSING MEETING.

NOV. 2, 1807.

THIS meeting, so celebrated for its pleasant, and which always assembles such a number of real sportsmen, began on Monday last, when the Confederated Foxhounds found in Linton Whin, and after running the fox in a very gallant style over the high wolds to Sledmere, they there ran into him, and killed him. The number of sportsmen was very great.

Tuesday.

The first public coursing day had the following matches:

Two Post Matches, *bonâ fide*.—Mr. Best won from Mr. Plumer, and one undecided.

Four Post Matches.—Sir M. M. Sykes against Sir T. Slingsby. Sir Thomas won two and lost two.

A Post Match between Major Topham and Mr. Treacher—undecided.

Mr. Hawker forfeited to Sir M. M. Sykes,

Mr. Torre forfeited two Post Matches to Mr. Plumer.

Mr. Denison forfeited two Post Matches to Mr. Best.

The weather bad. A thick fog prevented further sport. The hares, which were very numerous, ran so uncommonly stout, that only two were killed.

Wednesday.

This day presented nothing but an incessant rain.

Thursday.

Which is now fixed as the day of running for the Prize Cup, formerly the first thing of the meeting, had the following dogs start for it, the property of members, who alone are allowed to do so; the dogs came in as under:

Sir T. Slingsby's blue bitch Myrtle 1
Mr. Lowther's dog, Firelock, by

Young Snowball 2
Maj. Topham's white dog, Snake, got by Wonder, out of Susan, (Snowball blood) 3

The course was an uncommonly fine one, though run in the midst of a shower of snow, in which the hare had the advantage of the greyhounds, and made the course much more difficult to decide, from the difficulty of seeing distinctly. After

ter the decision of the Prize Cup, notwithstanding the incessant storms of snow and hail which attacked the sportsmen, and made riding, and even seeing, occasionally impossible over the high Wolds, 14 matches were run up.

Out of five matches against Mr. Mellish, with the Newmarket blood, Major Topham won four, with the blood of Snowball.

After a very severe course, a bitch of Mr. Starkie's, (a Post Match) beat Major Topham's Derbyshire dog, Galliard. Betting much in favour of Galliard.

Amongst the best dogs of the meeting, Mr. Lowther's dog, who run for the Cup, and Mr. Best's dog, Snowdrop, were held to be the best; who, though seven years old, still maintained the reputation of Old Snowball.

The meeting, though not numerous attended, was a very pleasant one, and numerous matches were made for the meeting in February next.

STAFFHAM COURSING MEETING, NOV. 8, 1807.

Monday.—Ighorrough Field.

Mr. Moseley's Bachelor beat Mr. Hamond's Wormwood; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Tuesday.—1st Westacre Field.

Matches for the Cup.

1. Mr. Redhead's Lively beat Mr. Lovelace's Manby.

2. Mr. Hamond's Quaker beat Sir Wm. Clayton's Ursula.

Matches after the Cup.

Mr. Redhead's Leda beat Mr. Lovelace's Mary; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr. Hamond's Wormwood rec. fr. from Mr. Redhead's Lightfoot; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr. Johnson's Lady Nelson beat Mr. F. Hamond's Woodbine; 1g. and 2gs. bye.

Sir Wm. Clayton's Una rec. fr. from Mr. Lovelace's Mary; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr. Dover's Drone beat Mr. F. Hamond's Wren, 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr. Lovelace's Madge beat Mr. Redhead's Lady, 1g.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wydford beat Mr. Redhead's Lovely; 1g. and 2gs. bye.

Wednesday.—Smoe.

Major Wilson's Xanthus beat Mr. Dover's Dick; 1g.

Mr. Moseley's (Mr. Gurney's) Broom against Mr. Lovelace's Myrtle (undecided); 1g. and 1g. bye.

Four matches were off on account of the rain.

Thursday.—Cley Field.

Mr. Lovelace's Mary beat Sir Wm. Clayton's Una; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wormwood beat Mr. Johnson's (Mr. Gurney's) Nina; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Sir William Clayton's Uriah beat Mr. Moseley's Bachelor; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Sir William Clayton's Umpire beat Mr. Vernon's Eliza; 1g.

Mr. Lovelace's Mademoiselle beat Major Wilson's Xantippe; 1g.

Major Wilson's Xantippe against Mr. Hamond's Whitenose; 1g. (undecided.)

Mr. Johnson's (Mr. Knudson's) Naughty agst Mr. F. Hamond's Walsh; 1g. (undecided.)

(Two matches off.)

Friday.—2d Westacre Field.

Mr. Lovelace's Mides beat Mr. Johnson's (Mr. Knudson's) Naughty, first up to the hare, 1g.

Match

Match for the Cup.

Mr. Readhead's Lively beat Mr. Hamond's Quaker. (Lively won the Cup.)

Mr. Lovelace's Mouse beat Mr. Mellish's (Mr. R. Wilson's) Irene; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr. Lovelace's Madge beat Mr. Caldwell's Kitty; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr. Hamond's Quash beat Mr. F. Hamond's Wren; 1g.

Mr. Moseley's (Mr. Gurney's) Broom beat Mr. Lovelace's Myrtle; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Sir W. Clayton's Una beat Mr. Breton's Sophia; 1g.

Mr. Mellish's (Mr. Gurney's) Isabella p. beat Mr. Hamond's p. Quiddunc; 1g.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wydford beat Sir Wm. Clayton's Umpire; 1g. and 4gs. bye.

Mr. Hamond's Queen beat Mr. Lovelace's Magic; 1g.

Sir Wm. Clayton's Ursula agst Mr. Breton's (Mr. Davey's) Snake; 1g. undecided.

TEMPLE BELLWOOD.

On Thursday, the 5th instant; the annual Coursing Meeting at Temple Belwood, in the Isle of Axholm, was run for over North Moor, for a pair of elegant Silver Cups, value 15l. 15s.

First round.—Mr. Hansley's bitch Nettle, beating Mr. Girdham's dog Rolla. Mr. Littlewood's dog Mungo, beating Mr. Gibson's dog Sancho. Mr. Johnson's dog Temple, beating Mr. Hansley's dog Nelson. Mr. Johnson's dog Nelson, beating Mr. Johnson's bitch Duchess.

Second round.—Mr. Johnson's dog Nelson, beating Mr. Johnson's dog Temple. Mr. Hansley's bitch Nettle, beating Mr. Littlewood's Mungo.

Third round.—Mr. Hansley's bitch Nettle beating Mr. Johnson's dog Nelson; which ended the race for the Cups in favour of Mr. Hansley's bitch Nettle.

INTELLIGENCE TO BREEDERS, &c.

WE perceive, from the *York Herald*, that the undermentioned celebrated Stallions are already announced for the ensuing season, in that justly-esteemed publication; a paper much in repute for giving, as ONE of its departments, early and correct intelligence in Racing, Fox and Hare-Hunting, Greyhound Coursing, Cocking, &c. We believe that during the season, there are more Stallions advertised to cover in the *York Herald* than in all the other papers in the kingdom. Indeed, it seems a general Repository for the breeder and sportsman.

Beningbrough	Sancho
Delpini	Trifalgar (son of
Diamond	Sir Peter)
Evander	Young Wood-
Golumpus	pecker
Paynator	Zachariah.

Illustrative of, and in addition to the foregoing, we have the following articles from correspondents:—

Gohanna (sire of Trafalgar, Wretch, Hedley, Canopus, Cardinal Beaufort, Quail, Corsican Fairy, Coriolanus, Cerberus, Jerboa; Receiver, &c. &c.) is advertised to cover next season, at Petworth, Sussex, at 50gs. a mare, and 2gs. the groom; a higher price than any horse ever yet covered at, except Match'em, who covered at 50gs. and Marsk, who covered at 100gs. and one season at 200gs.

That

That excellent stallion Bening-though is advertised to cover forty mares besides three of his owner's, at 25gs each.—He is sire of Orville, Ashton, Fortuna, Lady Mary, Rosette, Scud, Windle, Thorn, Maida, Phlebotomist, Mr. Garforth's colt out of Caroline, and several other good runners.

Mr. Watts has hired Lord Sackville's celebrated racer Dick Andrews for the season 1801, to co-

ver at 10gs. at Bishop-Burton, near Beverly.—Mr. W. has an excellent stud of brood mares, a dozen or more, and a fine stable of hunters in the highest condition possible.

Lord Grosvenor has hired that well-known good runner, and celebrated Stallion, Diamond, for the season 1808, and means to put the whole, or at least the greatest part, of his brood-mares to him.

MR. COKE'S SHOOTING PARTY.

AT the latter end of October, Mr. Coke had a shooting party at Holkham, when the party killed as follows :

OCTOBER 27.

Mr. Coke	60	Mr. William Fitzroy	36
Lord Albemarle	55	Lord Spencer	29
Mr. Churchill	45	General Keppel	29
Mr. Collet	45	Lord Anson	20
Lord Tavistock	41	Lord Bradford	18
Mr. Wilbraham	41	Lord Althorpe	16
General Walpole	32	Colonel Keppel	14

OCTOBER 29.

Mr. Coke	66	Lord Anson	30	Total 531
Sir John Shelly	62	General Walpole	30	
Lord Tavistock	50	Lord Spencer	26	
Mr. William Churchill	38	Mr. William Fitzroy	24	
Mr. Wilbraham	37	General Keppel	24	
Lord Albemarle	36	Colonel Keppel	16	

OCTOBER 31.

Mr. Coke	71	General Walpole	27	Total 473
Sir John Shelley	60	Mr. Wilbraham	27	
Lord Tavistock	55	General Keppel	21	
Mr. William Churchill	50	Mr. William Fitzroy	20	
Lord Albemarle	37	Mr. Smith	11	
Lord Anson	28	Mr. William Smith	2	

Total 453

Part.	Phea.	Hares.	Rabbits.	W. Cock.	Var.	Total.
16	69	266	171	8	1	531
25	49	205	183	9	2	473
5	32	160	242	12	2	453
46	150	631	596	29	5	1457

THE

THE
PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.

No. III.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason—man is not a fly.

Pope.

WHAT volumes of learned literature have been written, to shew and to prove what has never been shewn, and what will never be proved, namely, that animals of the brute species are mere machines, and that they do not act from reason and premeditation, but that all those actions of theirs, which appear so strikingly ingenious, so proper, and well adapted to their wants and situations, are the mere effects of instinct. This being a disquisition wholly unworthy of, and beneath the rational sportsman, I shall drop it at once, to make a few observations on two or three different kinds of animals, whose appearance of reason, and whose industry and ingenuity, may be seen and observed by every one; but I beg leave, first, to be indulged in making a short declamation.

Man may boast of his reason; he ought to boast of it; and to value and pride himself upon it, since reason is the noblest, the most exalted, the most valuable endowment of nature; it is the spring from whence flows every thing great and good; it is the master wheel that puts in motion and governs ten thousand times ten thousand others. Let him boast as long and largely as he pleases, let him arrogate to himself the sole peculiar gift of reason, let him place himself next in order to those superior beings that govern worlds,—yet for all this vain extolment and arrogation, his own perceptive faculties

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may and will convince him, and compel him to declare, that he is in some things, much inferior to those orders of beings over which he is lord and governor, those innumerable animals which he so lightly regards, and so greatly degrades with a total exemption of his own exalted prerogative and greatest excellence, reason, premeditation, and design.—He has not a microscopic eye;—why should he? he wants it not, nor does the fly need an eye like to man's, to see and comprehend the form and dimensions of vast objects. The fly has as much cause to complain and lament its want of microscopic eyes as a man, since we may believe that there are particles of matter so very minute as to escape even their optics, and which are of an equal importance to them to see and examine, as it is to man to see and examine those which are common and familiar to the fly.

It seems there are, and no doubt there must be, particular consequences annexed and pertaining to every order and species of beings; according to their form and size, as well as to their rise and design. Each animal partakes of the five senses; they see, hear, feel, taste, and smell; yet each animal appears to have a peculiar degree of excellence in one or more of the senses; according to its form, order, and size. Great and small animals must necessarily have a wide disparity in one or two of the senses; the minute animal cannot attain to any clear and distinct comprehension of great objects, nor can the large have any distinct perception of those objects which are very small. Situation may have some effect upon the senses, but custom has more. An old man, almost worn out, and nearly feeble, who

H

has

has long been accustomed to handle small and slight objects, as fine thread or silk, will handle and manage them much more adroitly and better, have a clearer perception of them, than a young and active man, who has never been accustomed to handle them. With what quickness and dexterity does the ingenious spider handle its web? man has not, nor is it possible for him, ever to attain to that acute and nice sense of feeling.

If the spider be examined with respect to reason, it will appear no less wonderful. It seems to possess not only ingenuity and cunning, but to have a premeditated design in its works and actions. There appear to be a plan and design in its web to answer several contingent purposes that may occur. It is curious and amusing to see it at work, and to observe with what art and design it proceeds in framing and completing the object of its labour, supplying whatever is necessary to make it answerable to its designs, as strong as its materials will allow, and tight enough for itself to move upon without wavering. If the work be too slack, it strikes an oblique line to some other stay, drawing it tight, and fixing it there-to, and on the opposite another, by which means the web is tightened and stayed; the whole may be seen to have a design, to be executed with judgment, part answering to part; the whole taken together making a complete work of its kind. When the work is injured by strong winds, or large insects coming in contact with it, but not so materially as to render it entirely useless, how industriously and carefully does the little architect make good its breaches, repairing it wherever needful. The sense of feeling must be extremely acute

and nice in the spider, nor does its understanding and management appear less conspicuous. A formidable enemy it approaches and engages with all the wariness, cunning, and circumspection of an experienced warrior; prepares every thing in order and readiness against an attack; it approaches, retreats, renews the attack, and is in general a conqueror, unless the enemy breaks its works, and escapes by flight.

I was much entertained last summer in observing a large spider forming its outworks over my window. Its industry and management in preparing the ambuscade were admirable; at evening she carefully made good the injuries her works had sustained in the day. A middling-sized fly got entangled one Sunday about noon, as I was standing by within. The instant the fly was hampered, the watchful spider descended as quick as thought; the poor captive had not time to break its bondage by struggling, for she had hold of it, and by degrees drew it to the centre of the net, where she had hung a small circle, about the circumference of a shilling, of very fine and closely-wrought web. I had observed this circle before, but knew not its use or design till that moment; she carefully dragged her prey to this circle, which having accomplished, she stretched forth her hands to its upper side, drew it down over the fly, rolling it up therein with such quickness and dexterity as surprised and pleased me; the poor captive, thus rolled up in bandages, could no longer struggle, nor stretch out its legs to hang by the web; she was then able to manage it as she pleased with ease, and she carried it up to hang above with as much ease as a cat carries a mouse. In the evening I saw her at work, making a similar net in the

the centre of her out-works, to answer a similar purpose the next day, if occasion offered. On the execution of this small work her motions are but just perceptible.

As the ingenuity, industry, society, government, &c. of those little winged insects called bees are so well known to most men, and are so striking as to have escaped few people's admiration and attention, it would be trifling to make many remarks on them. It may not however be deemed impertinent to observe, that bees are a warlike race, and that they seem to proportion the measure of their revenge in some degree to the magnitude of the injury they have sustained. When a horse kicks down a bee-house or shed, they arm one and all, and sally forth to take revenge on the depredator; nor will they desist or quit him till they have given him so many severely pungent wounds, that his death inevitably ensues soon after. Had the injury been less serious, they would probably have suffered him to have made his escape with wounds recoverable; or were an unthinking wanton boy to do them the like injury, they would wound him severely, undoubtedly; but I greatly question whether they would wound him so as to cause his death.

When a bee-house or shed is placed near to objects which are highly disagreeable to them, and a nuisance to their colony, they are not seen or known to wage war or take up arms against it; they are too sensible to attempt seeking revenge against things inanimate, and consequently insensible of what they can inflict. If the offensive object or nuisance be not removed, they

either bear it patiently, or fly away, and seek a habitation in some old wall or hollow tree, which the swarms in general do in the spring, leaving the old stocks, which are less active and enterprising, to linger out their few remaining days in a disagreeable situation.

Bees likewise seem to have an affection for those their owners who have an affection and regard for them; they suffer themselves to be approached and sometimes handled by such owners, and they will not injure them, nor put them in apprehension of injury, by menacing sounds and motions. They will not readily do injury to, or alarm any thing, which is calm and quiet. A dog may lie near them and sleep in safety, but if he snaps at every bee which passes near him, they will soon make him glad to remove farther. If a dog be confined near them, and he is restless, snaps at, and greatly annoy and disturb them, by his motions, barking, and howlings, if this continues long, it is ten to one that they seek revenge on their noisy, troublesome, ill-natured neighbour, and sting him to death. Yet before they proceed to such extremity with a confined dog, they generally give some alarm, and their intention may be perceived by the people about, so that the dog may be removed; if he be not, they commence war against him, and put him to a painful death.

It may be expected in this place to find some remarks on the higher orders of animals, horses, dogs, &c.; but as these would open too wide a field of discussion for the present numbers, the author postpones it to a future day.

M.

SPORTSMAN'S GALLERY.

Under Patronage of the Nobility and Gentlemen Sportsmen of England.

MESSRS. Random and Sneath, of Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square, have just opened a Public Gallery of Sporting Pictures, taken from the life, by P. Reinagle, A. R. A. by whom those much-admired subjects for the Sportsman's Cabinet were executed; an artist, whose celebrity in his own line is sufficiently established as not to need further encomium.

From these pictures, plates are engraving by the most approved artists, to embellish the cabinets of the naturalist and the sportsman; which, when completed, will form a series of faithful delineations from those game birds and quadrupeds, particularly delightful to the British sportsman,

"When the hoarse sounding horn
Invites him to the chase, the sport of
kings,
Image of war, without its guile."

No. I.—DUCK SHOOTING.

Portraits of two ancient Spaniels, the property of Col. Thornton.

"The fatal shot, the gaudy Mallard feels;
Now o'er the lake the fainting victim
wheels:

Well pleas'd, the Sportsman eyes him
from the shore,

His head reclines, he drops to rise no
more;

The well-train'd Spaniel seeks the float-
ing prize,

And bears it bleeding where the sedges
rise."

No. II.—PARTRIDGES AND THEIR BROOD.

The cock bird and its attitude finely described; the distance correct, the warm sky appropriate to the season, and the herbage extremely beautiful.

No. III.—PTERMIGANS OR WHITE GROUSE.

Birds seldom seen in England; the northern parts abound with them on the wild heaths, among the heather, particularly on the estate of his Grace the Duke of Athol. Burns, the Scotch poet, has celebrated the shyness of the Ptermigan, thus—

To solitudes I steal
And take my meal,
Where the pale grouse, shy,
Of time peer by,
Lest human craft,
Should send the shaft,
From murdering steel."

No. IV.—COURSING.

The distance, the sky, and the fern, have all the high finishing of the master; the dark dog is the portrait of a Hound, the property of Captain Hulbert, of the true ancient Irish breed, and very rarely to be met with. The Hare equals any thing of the kind since the days of Snyder.

"And now in open view,
See! see! she flies! each eager hound
exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches every
nerve."

No. V.—SNIPE SHOOTING.

The scene is at the commencement of a thaw, and the fresh blades of grass appearing through the dissolving snow, have a very prime effect. The ice is uncommonly fine, and nature seems better imitated here than in any thing we have seen before. The sportsmen at a distance have a charming effect, and call to our recollection the song of Somerville.

"Soon from the uplifted tube
The mimic thunder bursts; the leaden
death
O'ertakes him, and with many a giddy
whirl,
To earth he falls, and at my feet expires."

No.

No. VI.—A FOX BREAKING COVER.

The first cover perhaps ever painted; the horse and figures finely grouped, and the breaking of the morn delectable.

"Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far echoing voice alarm the pack.

Then to the copse,
Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds."

No. VII.—WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

Here Mr. Reinagle has done wonders; the manner in which the birds fall, if I may be allowed the expression, beautifully describes death.

No. VIII.—MOOR SHOOTING.

The Setters are portraits, taken from a breed between the Pointer and the Spaniel, in which the points in both species are so finely blended, as to form two of the most beautiful creatures of the canine genus. The heather is in bloom and delicious; the bird skimming from its cover charmingly managed.

No. IX.—TWO ROE-BUCKS.

This picture is acknowledged equal to any painting of the master; there is something in grouping the dead animals peculiarly excellent.

The dogs are portraits from a preserved breed, famous for this particular sport; the shrubbery and the whole back ground very delightful.

No. X.—RED GROUSE.

A brilliant picture, highly gratifying to the sportsman.

No. XI.—PHEASANT SHOOTING.

Here the Painter has chosen a very difficult situation for the exercise of his talent. The scene of action is on a glade within a wood, where the strong light of the sun shews the sportsman through the cover in the front ground. The dogs are well disposed, and the pheasant rises majestically.

No. XII.—HARRIERS

In pursuit of a Hare; uncommonly close to nature in all its parts. The more we look on this picture the more we admire, and the firmer it rivets in our opinion the possibility of that enchantment described by the Sportsman's poet, Somerville, when he sings of the hare flying before the pack.

"Afflictive birch,
No more the school-boy dreads; his prison broke
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs the adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfinished furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy! men, boys, and girls,
Desert th' unpeopled village; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd."

These twelve pictures are already finished, and several of them engraved and delivered to the subscribers; the remaining part is in great forwardness; and when the series is completed, I shall visit the Sportsman's Gallery again, and communicate through the pages of your entertaining Magazine, my candid remarks on scenes faithfully representing pleasures.

"Which

"Which take from Carr his grief and
pallid hue,
And make his spirits mount with health
and joy."

I am, your's, &c.

T. N.

Upon this subject, another correspondent observes:—

As an attention to the Fine Arts becomes more general, and a knowledge of the principles of painting somewhat more universal, a degree of taste is diffused among the country gentlemen; and it naturally follows, that when there is a demand for prints of any particular description, they will be multiplied, and numbers excite emulation; the effects appear in the engravings of this class, lately published, which are very superior indeed to the old class of *Tally Ho*! misrepresentations, that were wont to decorate the parlours of our country squires. They are engraved in a mixed manner of dotting and aquatint, and are showy, and suitable furniture-prints for the Nimrods and coursers of the present age.

It is proposed to publish by subscription, early in January, 1808, (to be paid for on delivery) four plates, representing the most celebrated Race-horses of the day, with portraits of Chiffney and Buckle, after Chalon, horse-painter to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, viz. Sir David, with Groom; the property of the Prince. Brainworm, with Groom, the property of Arthur Shakespeare, esq. Violante, with Buckle; the property of Lord Grosvenor. Pavillion, with Chiffney; the property of Lord Darlington.

The plates are to be engraved in mezzotint, by Ward and Finsley,

twenty-two inches by eighteen. Prints, ten shillings and six-pence each, or in colours, one pound one shilling each.

AMUSEMENTS AT VIENNA, HORSE-MANIA, &c.

EVERY body is acquainted with the anecdote of a young Parisian marquis, who being asked which he loved most, his girls or his horses, replied, *J'aime plus mes filles, mais j'estime plus mes chevaux*. This was a pretty plain acknowledgment of his sentiments, and such, too, are the sentiments of a large portion of the inhabitants of Vienna.

The partiality for these animals is actually carried to extravagance. People pay an enormous price for them, keep an astonishing number, attend, feed, and caress them, with an attachment bordering on madness.

The number of horses has by no means diminished, but, on the contrary, considerably increased at Vienna, within these ten years; for the middling class of citizens and civil officers must now keep their carriages in imitation of their superiors. There are now about ten thousand of those animals in this city. The total cost of the oats, hay, and straw, consumed by them in 1802, must have amounted to four millions and a half of florins. A stable for two horses in the city now costs from one hundred and ninety to two hundred and twenty florins; and a carriage with two horses cannot be kept for less than one thousand, two hundred florins per annum.

While we are upon the subject, we must not forget the old minister Kaunitz, who ranked among the first

First of these *dilettanti*. He piqued himself on being the best horseman in Vienna, and he certainly was a first-rate scientific equestrian. He had horses from almost every region of the globe: Spanish, Neapolitan, Ukraine, Polish, Transylvanian, Moldavian, Turkish, Arabian, Tripolitan, Persian, but not a single one of English breed. His favourites were, an Arabian poney and a pie-balled horse, bred by Count Trautmanzdorf, in Bohemia. I know not if many horses have been conveyed by the extra post, but the celebrated Prince of Nassau once sent one from Warsaw by the post to Prince Kaunitz, at Vienna, in a carriage constructed for the purpose. It was a grey Persjan, of which the Prince had boasted so much, that Kaunitz was desirous of having him as speedy as possible. The foreign ministers who went to his table, or sought his company to hear his sentiments on political affairs, often said the following day, with evident signs of disappointment, to their colleagues, "The Prince talked of nothing but horses and pictures."

To this subject belongs also the following characteristic anecdote: Kaunitz was once conversing with Stoll, his physician, about horses, and asked him what was the most ancient book in which horses were mentioned. Stoll replied, that in his opinion the book of Job was. The Prince immediately rung for one of his attendants, and directed him to purchase a Bible. The bookseller did not fail to talk of this unexpected purchase, which excited no small degree of astonishment in various companies. Some pious old ladies, who had no high opinion of the Prince's orthodoxy, triumphed not a little over the circumstance of his procuring a

Bible, though in fact his only object was to seek in the book of Job for the earliest records relative to the race of horses.

To be continued.

SAGACIOUS DOGS.

THE following remarkable anecdotes of dogs are related by an anonymous writer, in the *Athenæum*, who says of himself, that whenever he copies, he is scrupulously accurate, and whenever he speaks in the first person, his word is as the affirmation of a quaker.

"That animals should be found to possess in perfection every faculty which is necessary for their well-being, is nothing wonderful; the wonder would be, if they did not: but they sometimes display a reach of intellect beyond this.

"For instance—dogs have a sense of time, so as to count the days of the week. My grandfather had one, which trudged two miles every Saturday to a market, to cater for himself in the shambles. I know another more extraordinary and well-authenticated example: a dog which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food upon a Friday: the Irishman had made him as good a catholic as he was himself. This dog never forsook the sick bed of his last master, and, when he was dead, refused to eat, and died also.

"A dog of my acquaintance found a bitch in the streets which had lost her master, and was ready to whelp; he brought her home, put her in possession of his kennel, and regularly carried his food to her, which it may be supposed he was not suffered to want during her con-

confinement. For his gallantry, his name deserves to be mentioned:— it was Pincher. Some of his other acquaintance may remember him: Whenever Pincher saw a trunk packing up in the house, he absconded for the next four-and-twenty hours. He was of opinion that home was the best place."— A sensible dog!—

T. B.

MADAME BONAPARTE'S

EAGLE.

THERE has been some time in the Garden of Plants an eagle, which her Majesty the Empress sent thither, and which is as much distinguished by his beauty as by a silver ring, which he carries in one of his talons. It is the same that has been talked of some time, and that was originally domesticated with an English game cock, which has at last served him for food. It is not known whether the death of the game cock was provoked by his own fierceness, by some movement of anger, or, indeed, by the hunger of the eagle. The public will not be averse to know the history of the latter bird since he lost his liberty. He was taken in the forests of Fontainebleau, in a trap set for foxes, and of which the spring broke his claw. But under the care of Doctor Pautet, his cure has been long, and attended with a painful operation. This the eagle has supported with a patience which it would be difficult to find in man. During the operation his head only was at liberty, and of this he did not avail himself to oppose the dressing of his wound, from which several splinters were taken, nor to

the apparatus which the fracture required. Swathed in a napkin, and laid on one side, he has passed the whole night upon straw, without the least motion. The next day, when all the bandages were unwrapped, he lodged himself upon a screen, where he passed twelve whole hours, without resting upon the unsound foot. During all that time he made no attempt to escape, though the windows were open; and he refused all nourishment. It was not till the thirteenth day that he tried his appetite upon a rabbit, which was given to him. He seized it with his claw that was not injured, and killed it with a stroke of his beak, between the first vertebra of the neck and the head. After having devoured it, he resumed his place upon the screen, from whence he stirred no more till the 21st day after his accident. Then he began to try the wounded limb, and without deranging in the least the ligature by which it was bound, he has regained the use of it by moderate and reasonable exercise. This interesting creature has passed three months in the room of a servant who attended to him. As soon as the fire was lighted he came up to it, and suffered himself to be caressed; at bed time he mounted his screen, as close as possible to his attendant's bed, and removed to the opposite extremity as soon as the lamp went out. The confidence in his own power appeared to exempt him from every kind of distrust. It is impossible to shew more resignation, more courage, and one might almost be tempted to say, more reason, during the long continuance of his illness. He is of the most beautiful kind, and does not feel the least weakness from the accident which robbed him of his liberty.

CATS

CATS AND OLD MAIDS.

A Gentleman in the city, having called at his poulterer's, in Leadenhall market, last week, observed a respectable-looking female, under 30, enter, preceded by a servant carrying something in a bag: the lady was in mourning; her aspect wore all the characteristics of heart-felt woe—and she appeared “like *Niobe*, all tears.” She whispered something to the poulterer, pointed to the bag, promised to call next day, intreated he would not disappoint her, as the *coffin* should then be brought:—and again casting a look of ineffable distress at the bag, raised her snow-white handkerchief to her eyes, and departed, sobbing in broken accents, “*My poor,—dear,—darling,—Tommy!*”

Curiosity prompted the gentleman, who imagined nothing less than the sudden death of a darling infant to be the cause of the lady's woe: he became importunate with the poulterer to develop the mystery, and the latter, after much entreaty, fairly “*let the cat out of the bag*,” for, upon exploring the contents of the precious packet committed to his care, forth came the dead body of a *huge tabby Tom cat*, weighing no less than twelve pounds and a half. This development served but to whet anew the curiosity of the inquisitive gentleman; and he learned that the lady, who had just departed, was the housekeeper of a respectable elderly merchant, and that the deceased *grimalkin* had been for several years her companion and favourite; was daily fed upon her lap, was beloved and pampered by the cook, the house-maid, the footman, and every servant who wished to keep in the good graces of the house-

keeper, so necessary to the retention of their places. The *furred favourite* at length, by dint of pampering and luxury, attained a *personal magnitude* that would have rendered him an ornament to the *Mansion-house*; but, alas! death is no respecter of greatness:—and poor *grimalkin*, like many a great personage before him, fell the victim of *luxury*.

The transfer of his dead body to the family poulterer was yet a mystery that remained to be expounded: and some slight suspicion began to arise, that even yet the deceased *grimalkin* had not fulfilled the noblest of his destinies; but was fated to make his appearance *full dressed* at some civic feast in the character of a *hare*, or *huge rabbit*, or cut a figure in some *Frenchified fricasee*, or *ragout*. But, not so: the body of *grimalkin* was consigned to the poulterer for the purpose of having his skin nicely taken off, and skilfully stuffed, as a precious monument of his person, for the closet of his grief-fraught mistress; and the promised *coffin*, to be sent on the morrow, was to receive the residue of his mortal remains, and convey them “*to the family vault of all the Capulets*.”

A GENUINE HIBERNIAN
EPISTLE

FROM an Irishman who lately deserted his wife, an arrant scold and whiskey-bibber, whom he wished to believe him dead.

“*Mother O'Donnaghue!*”

“Och! would the devil had flown away with Father Collooney ere he gave my honest name to such an infernal catamaran, and yoked us together

together for life. By the powers ! you never would be *aisy* but when you kept scolding and brawling, and tippling and swilling the *dear crature* called whiskey, and be d——'d to you. So, to be sure, in spite of both you and the clumsy spalpeen of a brother of yours, I tipt you the double one dark night about three o'clock in the morning when it was moonlight, with all my clothes on my back, and the rest tied up in a new Barcelona, excepted the new coat which I meant to buy at our next fair.

"It will be in vain for you to attempt to find me out, *becase*, while I stay in London, I will never set my foot in Old Ireland, nor shall a living soul know what part of the world I reside in. You know very well that you swallowed more whiskey every day than you could get at, and got as drunk and dirty as the swine of any brewer in all Drogheda. The devil a bit did your d——'d shelelah of a tongue ever lie still while it kept wagging all day like the clapper of Barney McGuire's corn mill.

"Faith and to be sure, it was a sad mortifying thing to be forced to *lave* one's native country willingly as I did ; but whilst I was sailing over the mighty herring lake in a big wooden vehicle, toss'd about like a large tub in a flood, I could not help laughing at my own melancholy. Och ! botheration and bad luck to all whores and rogues : for they have almost crack'd the heart-strings of poor Teddy O'Donnaghue. As I was walking this morning down Fleet-street, all alone by myself, along with a grate crowd of folks, who the devil should I meet but Paddy O'Callaghan. "And what are you thinking on ?" says Paddy. "Nothing at all at all," says I. "Arrah then,"

says Paddy, "if you will be *after* *trating* me with a dram of whiskey, sure I can let you into a *grate sacret*, which the devil a living *crature* knows any thing about but myself and Mother Brady, and she heard it in a whiskey shop at Drogheda." "Sure and so I will," says I ; and so in we popt, cheek by jowl, to a whiskey-draper's, myself before, and Paddy behind me. I ordered a drop of the *dear crature*, tipt off a *clane* empty glass full of it, and Paddy whipt down another. "Would you *belave* it ?" says Paddy, as grave as an old bawd at a christening ; "Mother O'Donnaghue and Father Colooney now live together at Drogheda quite snug and comfortable, like two pigs in a sty, fighting and scolding all day long, *becase* they can't agree." "Och ! by the powers," says I, "and do they sleep together ?" I cannot swear that," says Paddy, "but the devil a bed but one there's between them, and that's an old wooden sophy made of leather, without any stuffing." "By the holy poker," says I, "but I'm glad the strumpet has proved herself a whore at last." So as it was not quite convenient to stay any longer, we thought we might as well be after going ; and as Paddy walked in *behind* me *before*, I thought but fair that he should walk out *first* at *last* ; so we slipt away side by side, and quite forgot to pay the shot, that being the farthest thing from my mind, for the devil a brass farthing had either of us.

"Sure now, Mother O'Donnaghue, if you don't *lave* off your tricks and tippling whiskey with Father Colooney, 'pon my conscience your poor soul will be bartered to the Devil, and you'll never get through Purgatory without sticking fast in the middle of it.

"Och !

"Och! by the powers! I must not forget to tell you of the hair-breadth escape I had from being drowned on the dry land. When our *grate* wooden *convanience* had got safe into the harbour, it struck upon what they call a sand bank in the sea, and every mother's son of us, men, women, and children, including cows, bullocks, and pigs, were forced to jump *clane* upon the shore up to the necks in water, and were every soul saved except those that were drowned.

"Och! Mother O'Donnaghue! why wouldn't you be *aisy*, and not be after forcing poor Teddy to quit Old Ireland, for then he might have been still in the land of the living. Last night, just after the church clock had chimed one in the morning, and while I was bothering my brains over this letter, a terrible fire broke out in the very house where I now write this, which burnt the whole into coal cinders; and would you *belave* it? though I was only a lodger, every living creature was burnt to death, with your poor unfortunate Teddy amongst the rest. So you must not expect to hear any more from your late husband,

TEDDY O'DONNAGHUE.

P. S. If this letter should unfortunately miscarry, be sure to enquire for it at the Post-Office; but I fear they will not deliver it to you if it does not come to hand, and I wish you to hear of my unhappy death, *because* it will do your heart good.

T. O'D.

MEMORY IN A HORSE.

ABOUT three years ago a gentleman of Bristol purchased a horse from the stables of Mr. Sad-

ler; it was soon after stolen, and was not since heard of till lately. About a month ago, a horse, with a saddle or bridle, galloped into Mr. Sadler's stable, and forced his way into the very stall in which he had been formerly fed. The ostler recognised him, saying "that's the very horse that was stolen from Mr. M——." Immediately a boy pursued the horse, and said it had run away with him while he was driving it to water. This was literally the case, for on inquiry it was found that a gentleman had left it at his master's stables. The original purchaser was made acquainted with the circumstance, and the last owner stated that he had purchased it at Birmingham a year and half ago, had kept it in his possession ever since, and rode it to Bristol the preceding night. The horse was of course recovered by his legal owner.

STIRRUP IRONS.

Mr. Editor,

I Beg leave to propose to your numerous readers, and to makers in particular, what I believe to be the "something wanting" in this article; it is simply this:—let the sides of the ring come full to the inside at the bottom, or let the space between the bars at bottom come quite up to the sides, so as to leave no corners, as it is there the edge of the sole of the boot gets fast, and prevents the foot of an unhorsed man from slipping out. I have used a pair made as before directed, for some time, both on the road; and in the field, and have never found my foot in the least fast. I always ride with a full stirrup. The hussar stirrup; and all others

others with no square corners, are equally safe, but not so pleasant for the feet, and objectionable for the singularity of the shape. The shape I recommend has been universally admired for its neatness. Any iron may be made to answer the purpose by filing the space at bottom, up to the sides. Should these plain hints meet an early insertion in your useful Magazine, you will much oblige your Correspondent,

READINENSIS.

Aug. 22, 1807.

POLITICAL JOCKEYSHIP.

IN THE FORM OF A LETTER.

To —, Esq. Denmark-hill.

My Dear Friend,

I Have just received your letter, in which you affect to complain ~~very grievously of my servants~~, because a few nights ago they broke open your stables, and took away all your horses. Your complaint is surely very unreasonable, and you must be convinced that it is so, when you see how calmly I can argue the matter with you. You cannot but know that there has been for some time a desperate gang of horse-stealers and house-breakers in your neighbourhood; and I had very good information (though I don't choose to say from whom) that they meant to steal your horses on the first opportunity. I thought, therefore, that the best thing I could do, was to be beforehand with them, because, had they been taken away by these fellows, you know, my good friend, they would by this time have been endeavouring to commit trespasses on my premises. As to your ostlers,

stable-boys, and postillions, having been beat about the head by some of my men, it was all owing to their own obstinacy in pretending to stop up that narrow lane that leads to your house, and particularly in not opening the stable-doors the moment my people desired them, and I am sure they desired them to do so very civilly. The same obstinacy must account for a few stacks of hay having been burnt, some of your windows broken, and a cottage or two thrown down in the hurry of bringing things away.

You complain also, that we have taken away all the corn, hay, oats, and beans, all the water-troughs, and all the bridles, saddles, stirrups, &c. that we could find. But my dear Sir, be pleased to consider for a moment, of what use were these things when you had no horses? Had we left all these materials (of which, by the way, there is no such vast quantity,) the gang might have brought their own horses, and fed upon them, for I am told they are dreadfully in want of good fodder. So that you see, my dear Sir, all I did was out of pure self-defence and friendship for you; for had these fellows come first, depend upon it they would have done just as I have.

And let me add, that if you will ~~be but civil~~, and argue the matter calmly, you cannot, I am sure, be in the least offended at the trifling liberty I have taken in removing your horses. If the leader of the gang had got them, they might have been of some consequence to him, as he has lost a great many lately. But as for yourself, there they were in your stables, eating their heads off, as the saying is, and doing nothing to pay for their keep. Besides, you know, my dear friend, that

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that you never was a clever horse-man, and your walking on foot will do just as well, while every body knows that riding is my *forte*.

With respect to what I have brought away, it is true I did not much want them, and now I have seen the poor beasts, I am surprised that I should ever have been afraid of whatever hands they might have fallen into; but then, my dear friend, this shews my disinterestedness. Between ourselves, they are but very so-so cattle—some of them old and broken-winded, and some seem to have got the spavin, and some the staggers; I would not give one of my racers for a dozen such; besides, I can spare very few boys to look after them, my own stud requiring all the hands I can procure. So that, my dear friend, if you think you have lost much, you may console yourself that I have gained little.

I own all this has the appearance of an unneighborly action; but while the leader of the gang makes no scruple to do such things, I really don't see why I should not meet him in his own way. The beasts are safe with me now, and as soon as we can get the gang dispersed, I promise you shall have them all back, and every saddle, bridle, and bit, faithfully accounted for; that is to say, provided that you make no more work about this affair, and provided I hear no more of your intending to join the gang. Should any thing like this take place, only think of the consequences! Why, I shall never have it in my power to shew you such another proof of my friendship.

My respects to your wife and family, who, I hope, were not disturbed by this little *fracas*, and I remain,—Your's affectionately, &c.

Little Britain, Old

THE TWO PUGILISTS, KREUGAS AND DAMOXENOS.

THE two pugilists, Kreugas and

Damoxenos, the work of Canova, the celebrated Italian sculptor,

are superior in point of execution.

Each stands on a different base, but

they form essentially one group,

because no object could be discovered

in the disposition they affect,

if they were separated. The history

of these two combatants is related

by Pausanias. Kreugas and

Damoxenos had fought for a whole

day without either of them being

beaten; to decide the contest, they

agreed that each should be at liberty

to give his adversary a blow where

ever he pleased. Kreugas discharged

his on the head of Damoxenos,

but without being able to knock

him down. The latter, in his turn,

required Kreugas to hold up his

left arm; and struck him so violent

a blow on the belly, which was

stretched by this position, as to

bury his fist in the entrails of his

unfortunate antagonist, who died on

the spot. The artist has taken the

moment in which Kreugas has

raised his arm to receive the blow

which Damoxenos is preparing to

give him; but it is obvious that the

circumstance is not happily chosen;

for Kreugas, who retains on his

left hand the band employed by

pugilists, seems rather to be the

assailant, than the party assailed.

The artist has fallen into one

principal error. From a wish to

give his combatants members pro-

portioned to the vigour which they

announce, the muscles are frequently

expressed with such strength,

that they seem rather indicative of

clumsiness than of power and agi-

lity.

Whatever faults may be discovered

in this group, so much is care

taken,

tain, that in none has Candva been so successful in the heroic style, if that term may be applied to the conflict of two pugilists.

THE FOX-HUNTER'S DINNER.

THE company have now reached the mansion of *Lord Tantivy*; and while the dogs, returned to their kennel, and the steeds to their stalls, receive the merited reward of their exertions, the sportsmen sit down to a repast befitting the well-known hospitality of his Lordship.

The enviable keenness of their appetite, excited by the fresh air and exercise, precludes for a while every subject that does not contribute to the allay of their hunger. Even that which, till the moment of their sitting down to the table, had engrossed every idea, and could alone be suppressed by the unexpressible calls of nature, finds vent only in broken sentences or exulting exclamations, till the first course is removed; the conversation then grows more extended.

Particular circumstances relative to the chase are recounted during the exchange of a plate, or the interval of *au hob* or *nob*. They are, however, stifled by the intervention of the wing of a wild-duck, or of a tart, custard, or whip-syllabub; so that it is not till dinner is ended, and the bottles, bowls, and glasses, are placed on the table, that the favourite topic is discussed. Now every minute incident is told and re-told—one boasts that his horse has cleared a gate of unusual height, with more ease than the common run of hunters would have gone over a stile.—Another

had taken a flying leap over a rivulet of greater extent than ever was cleared before—a third had left the whole field behind him. Not are the exploits of the fox left uncelebrated; his speed, his evasions, and his artifices, are described in glowing colours. In this manner they proceed, till, growing warm with the animating subject, each bores the other with his tale, and at length a kind of *Batellian* confusion takes place, in which there is no intermission, except when the noble chairman vociferates "Where stands the toast, gentlemen?"

All the toasts usually drank at a meeting of fox-hunters had been given; it remained only to repeat that which the highest exhilaration of spirits alone could do justice to. The brush of the animal who had furnished out the sport of the day, is again displayed—an extreme of joy now takes place. My Lord exalts the appropriated goblet, in which the brushy trophy of their success waves; every glass charged to the brim, is held up as high as the arm will extend, and the toast "Success to Fox-hunting," is given amidst a tripple peal of shouts and acclamations, which reverberate from every neighbouring wood and hill.—Not an oblation made by the priests of the jolly god would be performed with more ceremony, or inspire greater satisfaction.

Among the group are some who enter in a distinguished manner into the jollity of the occasion. The reverend dean, true to the rubric, had done so much honour to his patron, and to the sport, that he was unable to rise himself from his seat during the elevation of the brush, though the etiquette requires that all shall stand; his acclamations, however, were not less

less fervent, nor his shouts less vociferous, than those of the rest of the company.

Another, overet by the potency of the punch, lies sprawling on the floor; but notwithstanding his prostrate position, he takes care to preserve enough of the potent mixture in his glass, to do justice to the toast, and to demonstrate his zeal for the cause.

An indescribable scene of riot, noise, and confusion, from this time takes place, which midnight scarcely puts a stop to. The jolliest sportsmen, as well as the *dearest* friends, must part. Some mount their horses, and, trusting more to the sagacity of their beasts than their own steerage, find their way home, in spite of darkness and intricacy; while such as choose to stay, meet with a cordial welcome from the noble proprietor of the mansion. B.

Nov. 4th.

THE DOG'S FIRST SIGHT OF HIMSELF;

OR,

REMARKS ON CANINE AFFECTIONS.

With an Engraving (given in our last Number).

Mr. Editor,

THE observations I have frequently made on animal nature lead me to affirm, that there is not one predominating principle in the human body that does not belong to the canine quadruped; and that all the workings of his mind are as conspicuously described by the actions of his body, as are those movements within ourselves, called the passions or affections of the human soul. As well as the virtues, the dog, then, possesses the vices,

in common with his master; Love, Base Fears, Jealousy, Fidelity, Gratitude, Sagacity, Coveteousness, &c. &c. belong to him, as I shall presently shew by the few examples that may present themselves to my recollection; and the first is

COVETEUSNESS.

Æsopus, the Phrygian philosopher, has described the evil affection of coveteusness in the dog, though in the dress of fable, in a very interesting manner, and has wound up his subject with a divine moral. A dog (says Æsop) had taken a piece of flesh, and as he passed over a brook, beheld his own image reflected in the clear water below, when, coveting the fac-simile in the mouth of his resemblance, he worked himself into a fit of rage, and snapping at the tempting shadow, the covetous fool lost the substance.

FIDELITY,

In a very ample degree, has long been acknowledged to be one of the graces of his mind. A circumstance occurred in the year 1769, which will at once shew his faithfulness and sagacity, and how valuable this creature must be wherever he forms his attachments.

During a severe storm, a ship belonging to Newcastle was lost near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his mouth the Captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain endeavoured to take the book from him. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge, which in all probability was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leaped, and fawning against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, delivered

livered to him the pocket-book.—The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great attention for whatever came from the wrecked vessel, seizing every thing floating in his way, and endeavoured with all his strength to bring it to land.

HIS PRESCIENCE,

Or strength of observation, has sometimes been observed, to the great admiration of the thinking part of mankind; but in no respect has it been shewn more conspicuously than in the preservation of the celebrated Sir Henry Lee. This gentleman had for several years a mastiff about the house, of whom he took very little notice. Two of the Knight's servants had conspired to murder their master, to rob the mansion, and to make their escape with the property. To effect this villainy with as little alarm as possible, one of the rogues secreted himself under Sir Henry's bed.—The master coming home at a late hour, was making to the door of his sleeping chamber, where he found his entrance opposed in a surly way by this faithful creature, insomuch that Sir Henry was surprised, and determined to enquire out the cause: to that end, the servants were all called together, when, on opening the room door, the dog flew under the bed, and seizing the concealed villain, forced him to come forth: upon his knees he confessed his foul intention, described his accomplice, and they were both given up to the powers of justice. A remembrance of this fact is still preserved by a picture in the family, where the Knight is described at full length, with his hand on the head of his preserver, and some very appropriate lines in gold letters directly under the

portraiture of the mastiff. Surely here is something more than instinct—we are forbid to call it reason: what, then, can we call it less than prescience?

RAGE

I have seen exemplified in the dog in a manner most dreadful.—A poor woman of St. James's-back, Bristol, had the care of a prime dog, for whose keep she received a weekly pay, with the strongest injunction to defend it on all occasions. The dog was of the most surly temper, and the terror of the neighbourhood where he was fostered, attacking, when at liberty, every creature of his own species that unfortunately came in his way. At length meeting with his match, the poor woman endeavoured to separate the combatants, when the savage monster turned on his protectress, tore the flesh to the bones from her arms, and but for the interposition of the inhabitants, had destroyed her. Mr. Somerville, in his poem of the Chase, has described the effects of canine rage with the greatest correctness, and though the picture be of a sanguine complexion, it cannot fail to be pleasing to the sportsman that delights in harmonious descriptions,

“ But here, with watchful and observant
eye,
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er
thy head
Wave thy resounding whip; and, with
a voice
Fierce-menacing, o'er-rule the stern de-
bate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft
in sport
Begun, combat ensues; growling they
snarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant
they seize
Each other's throats; with teeth and
claws in gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till
on the ground,

Panting,

Painting, half dead, the conquer'd champion lies."

LOVE,

Another of the canine affections, has been beautifully delineated by Mr. Morland, in his picture of the three dogs called "Courtship," in possession of — Steers, Esq. of the Temple.

The spirit of the principal dog (a terrier) in addressing his favourite, is admirable, and the fire of the eye is so well expressed, that it equals every thing on the canvas.—The late Mr. Barry (and it was not common for that gentleman to compliment) observed, upon looking at this picture, that Morland had put a soul into this brute beyond the power of Snyder, and had he painted no other picture, this was sufficient to establish his fame both as a naturalist and a fine artist.

Some sacred impulse taught the frame to move,

While ev'ry feature spoke aloud—'twas Love.

Among the canine affections,

JEALOUSY

must not be forgot; a passion, however, that seldom makes its appearance with the nobler parts of the genus, and is only found to predominate with that beautiful little species best known by the name of *King Charles's breed*, always a favourite with the ladies, and indulged by our fair friends with too great a portion of their affections.

Mr. Russell, crayon painter to his Majesty, possessed a dog of this kind, and so jealous was he of his young master's caresses, that whenever Tray beheld them bestowed by little Charles upon any other domestic quadruped of the family, he would fly with the utmost impetuosity at the favoured object,

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nor could he be pacified until the cause of his resentment was removed. It was this jealous affection that once induced young Charles to shew Tray his own image in the mirror, while with the other hand he stroked the silken coat of his irascible favourite. The reflected action, as was expected, provoked once more the spirit of jealousy, till the dog flew at his own resemblance in the glass, and with such violence, that it was thrown to the ground and broken. It was on this occasion Mr. Russell employed his genius, and produced the fine picture from which (by permission) the engraving in our Magazine of last month was taken; and we doubt not that every lover of the fine arts, and every sportsman whose taste leads him to investigate the affections of animal nature, was gratified with the execution.

N.

TIME'S A TELL-TALE.

DRURY LANE.

THIS new Comedy, which has lately attracted such considerable audiences, was performed for the first time on Tuesday, the 27th ult. and is the avowed production of Mr. Henry Siddons.—That it is neither deficient in language, sentiment, or scenery, the account which follows, and the extract that concludes, will sufficiently evince: the scene of this piece is laid at a village in Surrey, and the Dramatis Personæ is as follows:—

Sir David Delmar, Mr. Raymond.
Blandford, Mr. Elliston.
Mr. Query, Mr. Mathews.
Hardacre, Mr. Dowton.
Philip Hardacre, .. Mr. De Camp.
Record, Mr. Palmer.

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Sir Arthur Tessel, Mr. Russell.
 William, Mr. Fisher.
 M'Gregor, Mr. Maddocks.
 Lady Delmar, Miss Mellon.
 Zelidy, Mrs. H. Siddons.
 Miss Venusha, Mrs. Sparks.
 Olivia Wyndham, Miss Duncan.

The following is a sketch of the plot:—

Sir David Delmar has quarrelled with his sister, and abandoned her and her husband on account of family pride; he afterwards marries himself, and is involved in many difficulties, from which he is at last relieved by the generosity of a neighbouring farmer, with whom he has had many previous disputes; the Baronet suspecting his humble neighbour of an intention of marrying his son to a rich young lady, who has been left under their joint guardianship. Blandford, nephew of Sir David, has taken many strong resolutions against matrimony, and resists the importunities of his uncle, who, (eager to secure the fortune of Olivia to the family) strongly presses him to marry her, but the gallant sailor is devoted to Zelidy, an orphan he has mysteriously rescued in childhood. Blandford, detecting the villainous designs of Sir Arthur Tessel, a profligate man of fashion, against the Farmer's son, his rival with Olivia, the old Farmer makes him acquainted with his story, by which it appears, that he is the abandoned husband of Sir David's sister, and that the child which Blandford had preserved was his own. After this discovery, the Farmer waits on Sir David, and, enforcing the moral duty of returning good for evil, the divided relatives are united in a family bond; Blandford marrying the orphan Zelidy, while Philip is united to Olivia, Sir David's ward.

The principal character, Captain Blandford, the Naval Benedict, has

found an able representative in Mr. Elliston; his resolution against marriage, contracted in a course of eight years of seafaring life, was, however, upset, by the sweet simplicity of a girl, whom he has saved from savages in a West-Indian insurrection. This young Lady (Zelidy) is represented by Mrs. H. Siddons, whose exertions in her husband's play are as powerful, as they are interesting. The principal comic character, which excited great mirth, was very humourously performed by Matthews; and Downton, in a most affecting scene, at the end of the fourth act, participated with Elliston in the universal and continued plaudits of the whole audience. In short, the play was from the first received throughout with the most flattering approbation, and has been repeated with unabated applause.

Instead of a regular extract, we present our readers with a few unconnected paragraphs from this comedy; viz.

MEN OF LEISURE.

Record.—Sir Arthur is what is called a man of leisure. (*sneering*.)

Sir David. What do you mean?

Record. I mean that your *men of leisure* do many things, that would startle a plain, drudging, plodding fellow like myself. The town is full of 'em. It is men of leisure fill the card-table and the gaming-table.—*Leisure* sends the senator to the horse-race, and the peer to the boxing-ring; the daughters of industry are *seduced by the men of leisure*; the sons of plain citizens are corrupted by men of leisure; and it is high time for you, my master, to exert yourself and give a proof, that spite of the prevalence of idleness and fashion, the *commercial genius of this country* shall

shall never be crushed by the vices, follies, and debaucheries of *men of leisure*.

NONSENSE.

Sir Arthur. Most of our fashionable conversations in London, are composed of those who talk nonsense, and nothing *but* nonsense. We take our *degrees*, and have our regular professors of the art. We have for instance, the scandalous nonsense, the slip-slop nonsense, and the philosophical nonsense.

Sir David. How—the philosophical nonsense?

Sir Arthur. Yes, Sir David; nothing can be more simple; the philosophical nonsense merely consists in *doubting* every thing. Trying to comprehend a system we find we cannot account for—the growth of a flower—what *we* don't understand we never admit possible—and so begin again, philosophising and *philosophising* in an agreeable see-saw of continual doubt and metaphysical uncertainty, till we are able at last to dispute the self-evident proposition of our own existence, and this is the true “darkness visible” which modern illuminés would wish to spread over our fashionable horizon.

GENEROSITY.

Sir David. I say, if you saw me surrounded by perils, encumbered by difficulties, would—would you not do *somewhat* to relieve me?

Blandford. The question hurts me. My element is a rough one, I own, but I never saw the *sinking enemy* to whom I would not stretch a helping hand; the *friend* who doubts me then, affronts my feelings as a *man*, a sailor, and a christian.

HONOUR.

Sir David. I have cause to imagine the poor girl loves you, and you are bound in honour—

Blandford. *Not to deceive her.* No, uncle, no! The scoundrel that, beneath *false colours*, captures a weaker vessel than his own, is a robber and a pirate, a villain, and a coward. What should I be if, professing to love *no* woman, I cheated *any*, with a hand without a heart.

Sir David. Hear me, George—

Blandford. No, uncle, try me any way but this. If I wrong a man he calls me to account; and none but a dastard will wound that sex, who have our own sensibilities to feel an injury, *though they may not have the same strength* to resent it.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Record. Colonel Wyndham was rich.—If you *served* him, how comes it that he left you none of his wealth?

Hardacre. I am an *oddity* I tell you, he *knew* I was so; he knew likewise that the services the heart renders, the *heart* and not the *hand* must repay—money can buy many things—but the *friend* that *money* can buy is hardly worth the purchasing.

REFINED SENSIBILITY.

Blandford to Zelidy. Here, here is some worthless ballast, of which it will be kind to lighten me. [*offers money.*]

Zelidy. Ah no! no! no! you hurt, you distress me. I have hitherto received your bounties in silence and without a blush—should they assume a pecuniary form, I could no longer accept them with other sensations than those of sorrow and uneasiness.

Blandford. Rather than so, may every guinea I possess be buried in the ocean where I earned it. I now find that to *give* is in the power of every stupid fellow—to give *properly* is a science—and we sailors generally understand the *liberal* arts much better than the *fine* ones.

THE BUSY BODY—ANSWERED.

Query. Always make myself *useful*. Any thing *lost*, I enquire—any reports going abroad; I enquire—any news stirring; I enquire—thus by little and little, I gather like a snow-ball; every body is glad to employ me, every body is glad to see me; and useful Ned *Query* can make his way into a drawing-room, nine times out of ten, when a poor poet, a celebrated general, or a man of family, is told, not at home, for *four-and-twenty times together*.

Blandford. Indeed! then I'm heartily glad, Ned, that it has been my good fortune to spend so much of my time at sea.

Query. Why so?

Blandford. Because, I should be sorry to see noise and impudence admitted to any house where genius, worth, and virtue, were kept waiting at the door.

COXCOMBS.

Sir Arthur. Oh no! no affront; I do quiz her a little to be sure, its a way we have in London.

Olivia. I know it, worthy Baronet, I know it. Quiz is an elegant term, which supplies, in your vain ideas, those superior qualifications you only ridicule because you cannot imitate.

Sir Arthur. Hold! hold! my dear Miss Wyndham, if you put on the armour of Minerva, I shall never venture to attack you.

Olivia. Nay, be not afraid, Sir Arthur; a choice spirit like yourself should never be alarmed at any thing; I have observed your whole fraternity in London, have waited hours in patient expectation of their lively sallies, and found them languid when not noisy, saying any thing for the mere purpose of saying any thing, and eager to gain the applauses of coxcombs, empty as themselves, though on such terms as would cover an honest man with confusion, or a delicate woman with blushes.—Oh fie! fie! Sir Arthur!

HOW TO PAY DEBTS WITHOUT MONEY.

Sir Arthur. Sir David tells me, that spite of the brilliant figure he has so long been making, he is worried to death by the demands of creditors—Strange! psha! not at all so, the thing is *common* enough in every circle in London, and were none *there* to ride in their own carriages but those who have paid for them, we might lounge down *Bond-street* with as much ease and as little difficulty, as we stroll through a church-yard in a country village.

Record. If you would encharge me with the money, sir, it would save much trouble.

Sir Arthur. Money! oh! never mind the money, my dear fellow; with us men of fashion, money is *neither here nor there*. When the creditors call, only let me know; and *FLATTERY*'s the word. You shall hear me praise the colouring of the painter, till instead of payment, he begs me to sit for the Exhibition; and tickle the wine-merchant over a bottle of his *own Champagne*, till he forgets what he came for, and begs a *fresh order*, with a bow down to the ground. This is the London style of living;
my

my old boy, and without it, we have a number of very dashing fellows who *would not know how to live at all.*

Record. I am astonished!

Sir Arthur. Are you? that's a sign you know very little of high life, then; any stupid fellow can manage these matters *with* money; the real art of the business is to settle them without it; only send them to me, and you shall see me put my theory in practice.

TOO FRIENDLY BY HALE.

COVENT GARDEN.

THIS new Farce, which was brought out on Thursday, the 29th ult. possesses a considerable portion of comic humour, and is interspersed with several happy incidents. Sir Matthew Meckle (Mr. Munden), who is anxious to give his advice to every body, endeavours to marry his nephew to Lady Wrangle (Mrs. Mattocks), while his nephew supposes he is to address her on account of his uncle. On this blunder the plot chiefly turns.—Munden and Mrs. Mattocks performed these two parts excellently, and the piece has been received with unbounded approbation.

TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

COVENT GARDEN.

ANew Opera was brought forward at this Theatre, on Tuesday night, the 17th instant, under the title of *Two Faces under a Hood.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Marquis Raimondi.....	Mr. Bellamy.
Count Ignacio.....	Mr. Jones.
Don Sebastian.....	Mr. Inledon.
Brazilio.....	Mr. Farley.
Martinique.....	Mr. Fawcett.
Governor.....	Mr. Thompson.
Jerónimo.....	Mr. Simmons.
Frederico.....	Mr. Taylor.
Hector.....	Mr. Liston.
Serjeant.....	Mr. King.
Lady Abbess.....	Mrs. Davenport.
Marchioness Raimondi.....	Mrs. Dibdin.
Claudine.....	Mrs. Dickons.
Donna Antonia.....	Miss Bolton.
Ursula.....	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Agatha.....	Mrs. Liston.

FABLE.

The Marquis Raimondi, having dissipated his fortune, resigns his nobility, and quits his country to retrieve himself by commerce, leaving Claudine, his only daughter, to be educated by a female relation, who conceals from the young lady her real rank. While supposing herself the daughter of a cottager, Claudine is addressed by Ignacio, a young officer; but the arts of Frederico, his rival, create a quarrel between the lovers. Ignacio joins his regiment abroad; Claudine, on the death of her relation, is sent to board in a convent, and all correspondence between her and Ignacio ceases.

Four years are supposed to have elapsed (at the opening of the piece) since the separation of the lovers, at which time the Marquis Raimondi returns from his commercial speculations with a fortune which enables him to resume his rank; Claudine is made acquainted with her birth, and quits the convent for her father's palace.—A day is set apart for the ceremony of the Marquis's public re-investiture and admission to his former honours, on which day Ignacio arrives from abroad, sees Claudine among the assembly, but, imposed

on by the brilliancy of her habit, and the alterations and improvements which four years of absence have effected, he does not suppose her the same lady, though he is forcibly struck with her resemblance to his favourite cottager.

Claudine takes advantage of her situation, and, with the assistance of Ursula, her waiting-maid, alternately appears to him as the young Marchioness and the simple cottager, endeavours to attract him in each character, and has the satisfaction of proving at last that his love is disinterested, and that he prefers the poor Claudine to the rich heiress. Connected with the foregoing story are the loves of Antonia and Sebastian, who are friends of Ignacio and Claudine.

The characters of Martinique, Brazilio, Hector, and Ursula, furnish the materials for a minor plot. Hector and Ursula are cousins, whose uncle has left them a large sum of money on condition they marry together: to this arrangement they are equally averse, but the avarice of Hector determines him to comply with it, and enjoy the whole legacy, rather than divide it with Ursula; by a trick of Brazilio's, however, he is enlisted for a soldier, and the fair division of the legacy is the condition on which he is released. — Martinique is the attendant of Ignacio, who, before he sees Claudine at the assembly, sends him in quest of her to her former cottage residence; but Martinique having been let into the secret, that the young Marchioness is the very lady to whom he is sent, remains concealed, and joins his sweetheart Ursula to aid her lady in the innocent deception practised on the Count.

Jeronimo is an old civil officer of the city, who assumes to be deaf

or blind, as his convenience suits; and Frederico is a sea captain, who, having been formerly Ignacio's rival with Claudine, and seeing her again in her cottage habit, lays a plan to carry her off, and by rousing Ignacio to rescue her, hastens his decision, and thus gives him an opportunity of proving himself worthy of her. The piece then concludes with the triple union of Ignacio and Claudine, Antonia and Sebastian, Ursula and Martinique.

The author of the Opera is Mr. T. Dibdin; and, as a dramatic performance, it has considerable merit.

The music is by the modest and ingenious Shield, whose chief aim has been simplicity, and to render his composition pure English melody, uncontaminated by the meretricious aid of foreign graces, and the elaborate cadences of the Italian school. The music is certainly entitled to the highest praise. Incledon's first bravura song is a grand and masterly composition, and was sung with great power and effect.

The Opera has been prepared for representation in a manner highly creditable to the Theatre. — The scenery is picturesque and beautiful, and the dresses tasteful, costly, and magnificent.

It may have been observed, that notwithstanding there are no characters, properly so called, in which a general humour was exhibited in action, Liston, however, was, as usual, a simpleton; Fawcett a jolly droll; and Simmons a town-crier; but none of them had any effect.

The house was crowded in every part to an overflow. The piece has undergone considerable curtailment, and has since been performed with increased effect and approbation. The singing of Mrs. Dickons is but little inferior to that of Mrs. Billington and Catalani.

ELLA

ELLA ROSENBERG.

DRURY LANE.

A New After-piece, under the above title, was performed for the first time on Thursday, the 20th. The following are the characters:

Captain Storm.....Mr. Bannister.
 Montfort.....Mr. De Camp.
 Elector of Brandenburg Mr. Raymond.
 Count Rosenberg.....Mr. Elliston.
 Burgomaster.....Mr. Mathews.
 Ernestena.....Miss Ray.
 Ella Rosenberg.....Mrs. H. Siddons.

The chief points contained in the plot were as follow:—Count Rosenberg has a handsome wife, with whom Montfort, the favourite of the Elector, falls in love, and contrives to throw her husband into a secret imprisonment. Ella Rosenberg flies from his persecution into the house of Captain Storm, where Montfort finds her, and being resisted and struck by Storm, brings him to a Court-martial, by whom he is condemned to die. In the mean time the Elector, who has received a formal petition from Storm with respect to Ella Rosenberg, assumes a disguise, and leaves his tent secretly with the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the story. Rosenberg, escaping from the prison, is met by the Elector, and informed by him of the persecution of Montfort. Ella Rosenberg likewise escapes the soldiers who had seized her, and flies to the house of the Borgomaster, whither the Elector had directed her husband. Montfort, a short time afterwards, comes to the same rendezvous, and is followed by the Elector in disguise. The parties being together, the *denouement* follows of course. The Elector throws off his disguise in a critical minute,

Rosenberg is restored to favour, and Montfort imprisoned in his stead.

The piece was favourably received. Mr. Kenny, the author of *Raising the Wind*, is said to be the writer.

QUALIFICATIONS OF PROFESSIONAL GAMESTERS.

THIS class of gentry (for so they look upon themselves) depend for their livelihood on being admitted into the higher ranks, therefore they must dress well, and appear to have money at command, which is supplied according to the occasion by the *society* (as the gang of them is called). Another essential requisite is a perfect command of themselves; that is to say, they must never let *self* appear; they must seem affable and well bred; submissive, but not servile; and to cover their dark designs, must feign an ingenuous air, a frank disposition, and an open manner, with the ease and varnish of fashionable life; they must possess quick and lively parts, and strong discernment to scent their prey. Such are the *spaniels* who spring the woodcocks (country gentlemen who abound in woods and other varieties of the *terra firma*, or their equivalent in cash), and they hunt the coffee-houses to drive the game towards the *sportsmen*, who bring them down by more murderous weapons than a gun, powder, and shot; that is to say, by queues, maces, balls, dice, cards, and the two vowels E. and O. These sportsmen never fire in haste, but suffer the birds to imagine they are beyond reach;

reach; when, losing their caution, and flying off, not so much at right angles, they take their aim coolly, and seldom miss *feathering* the bird, if they do not kill it outright. These latter must be possessed of so much knowledge of the art, besides hitting the game when sprung, as will be sufficient to discover a *young* bird from an *old* one. They must maintain a stoical apathy and calmness even amidst a series of ill-luck, and a never-failing presence of mind to turn every event to their own advantage.

THORNVILLE ROYAL;

With an engraved View of the Mansion.

IN a former Number of our Magazine, we gave an account of this magnificent mansion, but which account was not wholly correct. It stated that the estate had been sold to Lord Stourton, but had reverted back to Col. Thornton: this was not the fact; the house and part of the estate are now the property of Lord Stourton, but a considerable portion of the domain still remains the property of Colonel Thornton.

With respect to the mansion itself, it stands on an eminence at the entrance of the park, and possesses every accommodation that can be wished; it contains several suites of apartments of extensive dimensions, which are chiefly ornamented with sporting paintings of great celebrity. The library is particularly worthy of remark, as it contains many curiosities, among others, of a sporting nature.

The park is beautiful and extensive, well wooded and watered, and contains two *fine* lakes, called the

upper and the lower lake. It is well stocked with deer, and is embellished with an elegant structure of stone, denominated the Temple of Victory; being situated on an eminence, it commands an extensive view over the park and adjacent country.

The dog-kennel, erected at a short distance from the house, is very commodious. The stables are extensive, and furnished with every necessary convenience.

Thornville has other out-buildings necessary for an establishment of that description, among which the hawk-houses are particularly worthy of notice.—They form a convenient structure, purposely erected for the accommodation of those birds, the late proprietor having for many years followed the sport of hawking with extraordinary enthusiasm.

PUGILISTIC EPISTLE.

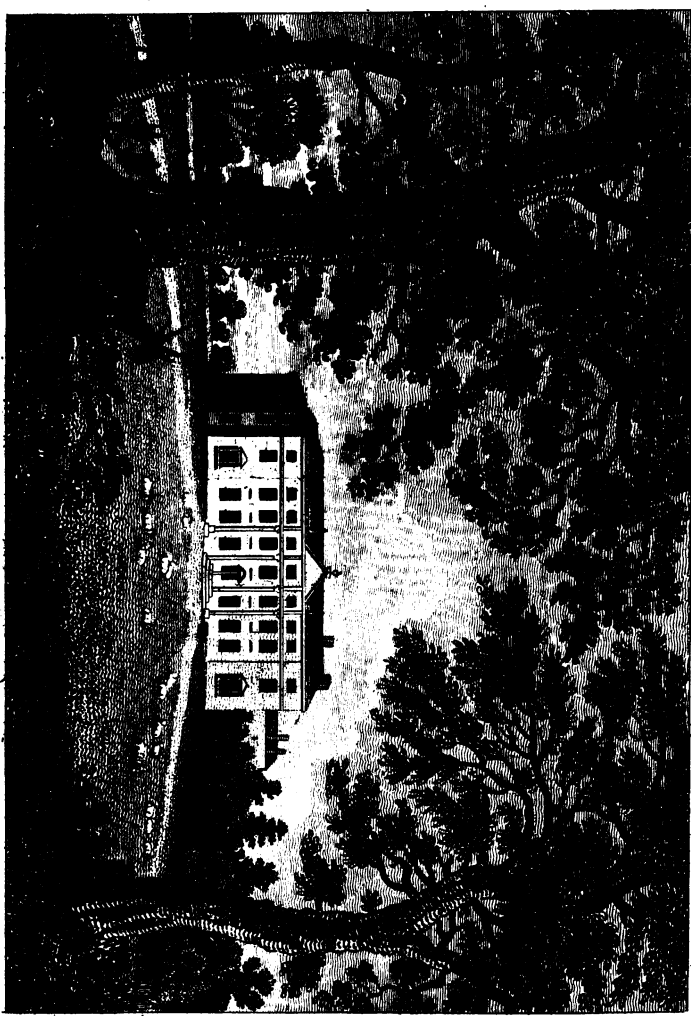
Mr. Editor,

FOR I suppose that is your name, as every one calls you by it, you see I write a very *bad-hand*, and I am therefore rather *shy* in setting my *fist* to paper; indeed till now, I have only been used to make my *mark*. However, I have ventured to *set-to*; yet you will find me very soon *give in*, for I am not a *long-winded* writer. I have not *taste* for long epistles, although some of your correspondents seem to be *gluttons* in that way, by which means, I think, they often *close the eyes* of your readers.

All I want is, to see some *knock-down* arguments to prove, that it is better to decide quarrels by *boxing*, than by *fighting duels*.

Will close square. DUTCH SAM.

Thornville Royal, Yorkshire.



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FEAST OF WIT.

WHILE Dr. Johnson was in Scotland, he was taken to a very ancient and high castle, supposed to command the most extensive view in the country.—“Well, Sjr,” said the guide, “what do you think of this prospect?” “By much the finest in all Scotland,” said the Doctor, “*for I can here see the road to England.*”

At a race in the North of Ireland, some time ago, among other horses, one called Botheram started for the plate.—An Irishman, taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour.—Towards the conclusion of the race, his favourite was unluckily far behind, when he exclaimed, “Ah, ByJ—s! there he is! Botheram for ever.—See how he drives them all before him.”

A FELLOW being lately taken up in the city for stealing *brooms*, begged, by all means, of the officer who had him in custody, not to take him before Alderman Birch.

THE following is an exact copy of a written notice, posted upon the door of a village coffee-house, (a blacksmith's shop) in the neighbourhood, of the *west*,—in which direction (some suppose) the *sciences* have been gradually travelling for a long time:—

“Bowerhous Sportens.—To Be heald at — on — A Purse of Gould to Run for by Dogs not less than 3 half Guinees; and a half Guine Hat to Run for By Men. A Belt to be Ruffled for a pare of gloves to gump for and 5 Shiillings to Run far in Sacks; and Diffirent
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Other Sportens to Tidaus to Menchane: the Dogs to Start persistly at 3 a Clok—W. G.—I. M.—Stuards.”

A GENTLEMAN complained to his friend, who had given him a pointer, that he had done no *mischiefe*, and could be of no value. Meeting the same person again a few days after, he told him he believed the dog would turn a good one at last! “How so? it was but the other day you said he was good for nothing.”—“True, but he has killed *nineteen turkeys* since that.”

A GENTLEMAN, who never hunts, being on a visit to a friend in the country, who hunts a great deal, frequently heard him talk of Bag-Foxes. As he was unwilling to betray his ignorance, his discretion and curiosity kept him for some time in suspense, till at last he could not refrain from asking, “What kind of an animal a Bag-Fox was; and if it was not a species of fox peculiar to that country!”

A FARMER in Herefordshire, lately applied to the parson of the parish to dissolve his marriage.—“On what ground?” said the clergyman. “Why, Sir, (said the rustic) my attorney states that *all contracts made on Sundays are void*, and you know you married me on that day!”

A SAPIENT country gentleman, in giving orders to a bookseller to furnish his library, after particularly requesting

requesting to have Pope, Milton, and Shakspeare, added, "*If those fellows publish any thing new, don't forget to let me have them.*"

A GENTLEMAN, not far distant from Glasgow, who prized himself much in dissecting a fowl, was invited to dine with a party, who took care to have a hen, the joints of which had, in the course of years, been well united. Being desired to perform his favourite part, he very readily consented; but, after a full display of his abilities, in which he divided the *dish*, and shared the *gravy* between himself and neighbours, he was constrained to give up the contest, protesting, *he believed it was the mother of the Cock that crew to Peter!*

A WEST-INDIAN Captain, relating to a gentleman the cause of the teeth of the Indians being so white, said, "it was owing to having a *chaw-stick* (or a piece of sugar cane) continually in their mouths, and at every leisure rubbing their teeth therewith." A young man, overhearing, mistook the words *chaw-stick* for *caustic*, of which he sent for a small quantity, and rubbed his teeth with it—the reader will easily imagine the result of his labours.

A GENTLEMAN, in passing over at Charing-cross, was applied to by a man, who sweeps the crossings, for charity. The gentleman replied, "I am going a little farther, and will remember you when I return." "Please your honour," says the man, "it is unknown the *credit I give in this way!*"

A PERSON looking at some fine green baize (serge), observed, it

was what they used to make the *blue-coat-boys' clothes* of."

A YOUNG lady in one of the western counties, who had been insulted by an old maid in the neighbourhood, by way of revenge, placarded the following lines on her door and windows one night:—

To be let, or be sold, for the term of
her life,
Elizabeth Hall—by the way of a wife;
She's old and she's ugly—ill-natur'd and
thin;—
For further particulars—enquire within.

SEVERAL smugglers were committed to Bodmin gaol, lately; and whilst they were loading with irons, one of the party, pretending a great deal of *sang froid*, said to the turnkey, "Well, I have seen enough of this, so I'll be gone home." The turnkey, supposing him a mere spectator, who had been induced by curiosity to come in to see the *gieves* put on the prisoners, opened the gate, and the smuggler quietly walked off, silently rejoicing in the success of his scheme. Those who admire the ingenuity of the man, will be sorry to hear that one of his fraternity, with whom he had taken shelter, forfeited the rights of hospitality, and surrendered him again.

AN ingenious foreigner, who seems to have paid some attention to the internal accommodations of our country, thus aptly describes the life of a stage-coachman:—"The coachman seems to know every body along the road: he drops a parcel at one door, nods to a woman at another, delivers a message to a third, and stops at a fourth to receive a glass of spirits, or a cup of ale, which has been filled for him as soon as the sound of his wheels

wheels is heard. In fact, he lives upon the road, and is at home most when upon his coach-box." one day and a half, fourteen shillings and sixpence."

THE Bishop of Chester paid a visit to a man of rank, who, instead of the compliments expected by the Prelate, said, "My Lord, I have the greatest veneration for—the cheese made in your diocese."

A GENTLEMAN, seeing a man in the stocks, observed to him, that he thought he had got an *airy* situation; the man, in a sulky tone, replied, that if he was there, he would call it a *confined* one.

ORTHOGRAPHY.—A gentleman who resides near Truro, having some time since occasion to visit *Hayle*, hired a horse and *gig* of a man, more distinguished for his honest simplicity than his literary attainments: but what was the gentleman's astonishment, a few days after, to receive a bill, in which he was made Debtor as follows:—

"To a *hearse* and *jig* to hell...L.0 12 0."

It is observed, that a love-sick pair, in their flight to Gretna Green, lodged at the *Angel*, and on their return at the *Bunch of Rue*.

A CONSTANT frequenter of city feasts having grown enormously fat, it was proposed to write on his back, "Widened at the expence of the Corporation of London."

A JOBBING carpenter, employed by a gentleman at his country residence, in hanging some garden gates, with his apprentice and journeyman assisting him, sent in to his employer, in his bill, the following curious item:—"To hanging self, prentice, and journeyman,

An Executioner is just now wanted in the town of Perth, in Scotland: according to the public advertisement, he must be a man of a good *moral character*, and none else need apply!

A QUIZZING buck, desirous to display his wit, and embarrass a relation just come out of the country, presented him to a fashionable party in the following manner:—"This is my cousin, and, I can assure you, he is not so *foolish* as he *appears* to be." "No," retorted the rustic, "and that is the precise *difference* between him and me."

A DEALER in old iron, on being very closely cross-examined by a certain Barrister, pettishly observed, that a man might deal in iron as well as *brass*, without being a thief!

A CELEBRATED preacher preached a sermon at a city in the west of England, on humility. A day or two after, he received an anonymous letter, asking how he could preach about humility, who rode about in his own carriage. On the ensuing Sunday the preacher produced the letter, and read it to his congregation.—"Now," said he, "I keep a carriage because it enables me to preach two sermons where otherwise I could preach but one, and visit three sick persons where otherwise I could visit but two. If this reason, however, does not satisfy my correspondent, who I hope is present, I beg to tell him, that I have an old saddle and bridle at home, and if any of my hearers will accommo-

moderate me with an ass, I will send them to the worthy gentleman, and *he shall have a ride too.*"

A PREACHER of uncommon celebrity for his vociferation, was one day preaching a sermon for an infirmary, and to effect his purpose observed, that "no man could possibly be prevented from bestowing liberally but by distressed circumstances. Whoever, therefore, (he added) shrinks from his duty on this occasion, must be inevitably concluded to be *in debt.*" The consequence was, a plentiful contribution.

Another time, being employed in a similar case, "Methink (said he) I hear some of you excuse yourselves, by alledging the sums you intend to bequeath to charitable institutions at your *death.* I am glad to hear it, but in the mean time the poor must not starve in expectation of your liberality; and we shall think ourselves in duty bound to offer up our most devout supplications to the Father of Mercies, that he would be pleased, as soon as possible, to *take you to himself for their benefit.*" The audience were terrified into charity, and the effect was answerable to the most sanguine wishes of the preacher.

In Cheapside, near St. Paul's, adjoining the Old Change, lives Mr. Penny, a glover; his next-door neighbour is Mr. Farthing, a goldsmith; from this circumstance, that part of Cheapside is known to many persons by the name of *Five-Farthing Row.*

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

"To the Fair and Wealthy.—The pursuits of agriculture having

greatly occupied the time of ~~four~~ young farmers, they are under the necessity of availing themselves of the present method of introducing themselves to the notice of the ladies. The advertisers are neither exceptionable in point of appearance or circumstances, and each residing on productive farms, in a respectable and picturesque part of Kent; and a bachelor's life having become irksome, added to the near approach of winter, render it both desirous and necessary to meet with an agreeable and useful companion, both wealthy and of comely appearance, to superintend their domestic concerns, and dissipate the *ennui* of long evenings.

"Letters addressed to X. Y. Post-Office, Sandwich, post-paid, will be attended to—all others returned."

"*Wants a Wife.* A young man of genteel connexions and good fortune, residing in the University of Oxford, being desirous to provide himself with an amiable partner for life, takes this opportunity to solicit the fair hand of a young and beautiful girl, who has not exceeded the age of 21. Personal accomplishments will be requisite—fortune is no object.

"Any young lady, who is willing to accept this invitation, will be pleased to direct a line, post paid, to A. B. C. Herald Office, Oxford, when every other necessary arrangement will be made.

"The late indisposition of Mr. A. B. C. has hitherto unfortunately prevented him from attending to the letters of his female friends; but if they will honour him again with their communications, no consideration shall allow him to wave the pleasure of giving due encouragement to their favours."

SET.

MOTIONS FOR NEW TRIALS.

SETTING OF TRAPS.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, NOV. 7.

Rev. Robert Townsend v. Paul Watham.

THIS cause was tried before the Chief Baron, at the Gloucester Assizes, and a verdict was found for the plaintiff in the sum of 30l. —(See our Mag. for July 1807, Page 157, Vol. 30.)—Mr. Serjeant Williams now moved for a new trial. In order that the question might be completely understood, he stated the substance of the declaration, which consisted of two counts: the first stated, that the defendant, intending to catch, wound, and destroy the plaintiff's dogs, set divers engines, traps, and snares in a wood called Cats' Wood, and likewise near the footway, and upon the adjoining lands; and placed pieces of meat, flesh, and other strong-smelling things in the engines, traps, snares, &c. for the space of ten days; by reason of which three dogs of the plaintiff's then and there lawfully passing and re-passing in the said wood called Cats' Wood, along the pathway leading through it, and three other dogs of the plaintiff's in the lands of other persons; and also three other dogs in the lands of the plaintiff, were, by the scent of the said meat, &c. enticed and allured from the lawful highways and other lands and grounds, to the said engines, traps, and snares, and were thereby caught.

The Learned Serjeant said, that in his whole practice he never heard of a case of so singular a nature as the present.

It appeared in evidence at the

trial, that the defendant was owner of the wood called Cats' Wood, and that he had employed a blacksmith to make him various small traps to catch weazels and other vermin, and likewise to construct some traps of larger dimensions, to destroy foxes, badgers, &c. and that, unluckily, the plaintiff's dogs were caught in them by trespassing into the wood of the defendant; but it did not appear that the defendant had any malicious intentions against the dogs of the plaintiff; and on the first night, when the game-keeper set the traps, two badgers were caught.

Mr. Justice Grose—"Was there any evidence that the meat was drawn across the lawful path-way through the wood, so as to allure the dogs?"

Mr. Serjeant Williams—"None at all, my Lord."

Rule to shew cause granted.

HORSE CAUSE.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS,
NOV. 7.

Drury v. Des Fontaines.

MR. Serjeant Shepherd moved for a new trial in this case. It was tried last sitting at Guildhall, and was an action brought by the plaintiff, the owner of a horse valued at 100l. against the defendant, to whom it was alleged the horse was sold.

The circumstances were these:—The horse stood at Hull's Livery Stables, and the defendant came, on the part of a Major Mackenzie, who had some thoughts of purchasing it, and requested that he might have a trial of the horse. The horse was given to him, upon an agreement (as Hull positively swore) that

that the defendant must either bring back the horse by two o'clock, or, he would consider him sold, for that Lord Eldon wished to see the horse between three and four. The defendant did not bring the horse till six or seven o'clock in the evening, and the action was brought, as on a positive agreement, for 100l. The story of Lord Eldon's wanting to see the horse was a mere invention; but still, the jury, believing the evidence of Mr. Hull, found for the plaintiff. The story he told, of a person, like the defendant, coming from a gentleman, and engaging himself to pay 100l. if the gentleman did not return the horse by two o'clock, was so contrary to all probability, that it was impossible to conceive what induced the jury to find such a verdict.

The Chief Justice.—“Brother Shepherd, I did not believe a word of Hull's testimony at the trial (although he swore most stoutly;) nor do I now believe it; but still, that was a question for the jury, and I don't know how we can help you.”

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd still urged the great improbability of the story, which the jury had believed, and considered the inference they drew as contrary to the evidence. He also stated, that, besides the great improbability of such a contract having been entered into, there was an objection in law to the contract. It was stated to have been made on a Sunday, and there was an Act of Parliament, which passed in the reign of Charles II. which rendered void all such contracts made upon a Sunday.

The Chief Justice, after conferring with the other Judges, said, that the story which was so positively sworn to by Hull, and so liberally credited by the jury, of a

person like the defendant engaging himself to pay 100l. if the gentleman for whom he came did not return the horse at two o'clock to a minute, was a story so vastly improbable, that it did deserve serious consideration whether such a verdict should not be set aside. As to the latter objection, of the contract being made on a Sunday, he certainly did remember that there was some old Act of Parliament which relates to contracts made on a Sunday. On both these grounds, it appeared worth an argument.

The rule for a new trial was granted, unless cause were shewn to the contrary.

We do not think the imputation thrown out by the Lord Chief Justice, against Mr. Hull, to be fair or candid.—Lord Mansfield (if it be the senior Hull) had a very high opinion of his integrity in his profession.

NEGLIGENTLY FIRING A GUN.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Flint v. Whoolly.

Mr. Serjeant Cockel described this to be an action to recover damages for an assault, the defendant having done an injury to the plaintiff's wife by firing a gun.

The Learned Serjeant observed, when the facts of the case were known, the Jury would consider large damages necessary. The plaintiff was a gentleman of fortune, residing at Walham Green, and the defendant a brewer, in the same vicinity. In May last, while Mrs. F. was walking in her garden, the defendant, who was amusing himself with shooting small birds,

birds, let fly and wounded her.— Here Mr. Serjeant Cockel observed, he had no objection to sport of the latter description, if the parties followed it lawfully, but if the lives of his Majesty's subjects were endangered by their negligence; they were highly censurable. Mrs. F. was surprised to hear the report of a gun, and to find herself wounded. She wore two handkerchiefs, one of silk, the other of muslin; the shot went through both, and wounded her in the neck. She was then pregnant, and found herself necessitated to procure medical aid from two professional men, who were ready to prove the sufferings she endured, and the expence incurred. The shot from the defendant's gun not only struck Mrs. F. but the hat of a person walking at the same time, in the garden, fortunately without doing further injury. When the defendant was told he had done Mrs. F. a serious injury, and requested to make compensation for what he had done, he refused to comply, with unbecoming expressions; notwithstanding which, he (the Learned Serjeant) was instructed to say, if the defendant would come forward and pay the Surgeon's bill, he would go no farther in the cause. He then called a witness to support the plaintiff's case; but Mr. Serjeant Clayton, for the defendant, admitted that his client had unintentionally occasioned the accident, by firing his piece, and that he was ready to compromise the action.

The jury accordingly, with the consent of the parties, gave a verdict for the Surgeon's bill, amounting to 8l. 9s.

Sir James Mansfield, on the decision of the cause, observed the defendant was *well off*.

LUDICROUS WAGER.

CAPTAIN Bennet, of the Loyal Ongar Hundred Volunteers, engaged to trundle a hoop from Whitechapel Church to Ongar, in Essex, in three hours and a half; a distance of twenty-two miles, for a wager of one hundred guineas.

He started on Saturday morning, Nov. 21, precisely at six o'clock, with the wind very much in his favour, and the odds about two to one against him. Notwithstanding the early hour, the singularity of the match brought together a numerous assemblage. The hoop used by Captain B. on the occasion was heavier than those trundled by boys in general, and was selected by him conformably to the terms of the wager. The first ten miles Captain B. performed in one hour and twenty minutes, which changed the odds considerably in his favour. We did not hear in what time he performed the whole of the distance; but there is no doubt that he accomplished it considerably within the given time, as the Ongar coachman met him only five miles and a half from Ongar, when he had a full hour in hand.

BOXING.

NOTWITHSTANDING Gregson, the Lancashire bruiser, was so severely beaten in his late contest with Gulley, that his life was despaired of, he is still confident that, in the event of another battle, he will prove victorious. His friends encourage him in this opinion, as he is under the tuition of Dan Mendoza, and they have prevailed upon him to challenge his late opponent for 200l. a-side.

The

The challenge was sent a few days ago, and conveyed to Norwich, where Gulley has been staying for some time. It was couched in the following terms:—

“ Mr. GULLEY,—It is the wish of myself and friends, that I should try my fortune with you in another battle, for 200*l.* a-side. If you are inclined to give me the opportunity, I will thank you to say so, and also to name the time when it will be convenient to meet, to put down stakes and arrange particulars.”

To this Gulley returned an immediate answer, as follows:—

“ Mr. GREGSON,—I accept your challenge, but wish that you would make the match for 250*l.* instead of 200*l.* a-side. I shall not delay a moment being in town, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements as to time, place, &c.”

PEARCE, the Game Chicken, has obtained more credit in rescuing from certain and immediate destruction a distressed female, at the late fire in Thomas's-street, Bristol, at the hazard of his life, than he did in vanquishing all his formidable adversaries in his various successful pitched battles. However ferocious and sturdy his conduct might have been termed in these professional encounters, he has demonstrated to the world, that his heart has not been rendered callous by his sanguinary conflicts. The fire alluded to broke out in the house of Mrs. Densil, a mercer. The flames had made such inroad in the interior before the alarm was sufficiently given, that a servant maid, the only resident in the house, was awakened to her sense of danger, in all appearance but too late: the poor girl, in all the horrors of despair, stood at the garret window, enveloped in flames. Under these

circumstances, Pearce was seen at the top of the adjoining house, making his way to the parapet wall, under which the poor girl was; then, to the surprise of all who beheld him, and at the extreme hazard of his own life, he hung over the parapet, clasped her wrists in his hands, drew her up to the place where he was, and so extricated her from a situation too dreadful almost to conceive. A subscription has been opened in the metropolis, to give him a reward for this instance of true courage.

It will be remembered, that a desperate battle was fought a few weeks since, in Hampshire, between a celebrated champion in that county of the name of Flowers, a coachman, who had won all his former battles, and a chair-maker of the name of Jonas, also a noted professor, who travels the country, and that after a contention of nearly two hours, Jonas was declared the victor—(see our last *Mag.* page 8).—The latter, who, since the above contest, has made boxing his profession, met his death on Friday, the 20th, at Knightsbridge, by the blows he received in a pitched battle, at Dresden Green, Bucks, with a navigator of the name of Courtney, a fortnight since. Such was the obstinacy of this battle, which lasted an hour and a half, that the parties were taken off the ground alike punished, and to such an extent, that they were unable to walk up to meet each other.—They were to have fought the battle over again in a month, but death decided the match as we have already stated. Jonas had been unable to turn in bed since the conflict, and the survivor is yet unable to walk.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. Kirby, of York, has lately purchased *Knowsley* of Lord Fitzwilliam; the *Bay Hyacinthus Colt* of Lord Darlington (late Mr. Morley's); and also the black stallion *Midnight*.—*Knowsley* (own brother to Mr. Ackers's *Atlas*) was got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam, *Bab*, by Bourdeaux, out of *Speranza*, (own sister to *Saltram*) by *Eclipse*.—The *Bay Hyacinthus Colt's* dam was got by Mr. Jolliff's Foxhunter, (son of Mr. Hutton's *Ranger*) out of Mr. Garforth's *Laura*, by *Eclipse*.—*Midnight* was bred by Mr. Golding, of Newmarket, and is own brother to *Smallbones* and *Minos*, by *Justice*; dam by *Panglos*; grandam, *Riddle*, by the *Wolseley Barb*; *Lady Augusta*, by *Spot*, *Crab*, out of *Miss Jigg*, own sister to *Partner*.

Mr. W. Walker, of Liverpool, has purchased Mr. Robinson's *Bay Filly*, that won at the last Northallerton and Richmond Races.—She was got by *Stamford*; her dam, *Belle Fille*, by *Weasel*, out of a *Young Marsk* mare.

Mr. E. L. Hodgson's *Miss Decoy* is sold to Mr. Coombes, of North Britain, for 250gs.—She was got by *Moorcock*; her dam, *Miss Muston* (*Miltonia's* dam), by *King Fergus*, out of *Columbine*, the dam of Mr. Welburn's *Cornet*, &c.—*Miss Decoy*, in October, won 50l. at Dumfries, and three 50l. Plates at the Caledonian Hunt, held at Ayr.—(See our *Racing Calendar* for this month.)

WARWICK November Meeting.
—On Friday, the 6th instant, a
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match, four-mile heats, rode by gentlemen, was run over Warwick Course, by Mr. Bayzand's Judgment, and Mr. Goulbourn's grey horse, which was won at two heats by the former.—Afterwards, a sweepstakes, two-mile heats, by the members of Mr. Corbet's hunt, rode by gentlemen, was won at two heats by Mr. Giffbrand's g. h. Handicap, beating Mr. E. Tomes's g. h. Conqueror, and Mr. —'s c. h. Governor. The latter, which was the favourite, in the second heat ran on the wrong side the post.

AMONG the numerous bets to be decided by the Jockey Club, at Newmarket, at the next Meeting, is the following, on which a considerable sum is depending:—A. betted B. that the Duke of York would be at a specified place on a day named; his Royal Highness was there between seven and eight o'clock, P. M. of that day. A. contends he has won; B. says no—the sun is set, and therefore the day is ended.

A MATCH of pigeon-shooting, for twenty guineas, took place on Wednesday, the 11th inst. in a meadow near Newbury, between Mr. Messenger, of the Swan, Haun Bridge, and a landlord of Speenhamland, a celebrated shot: they killed thirteen pigeons each, out of fourteen. Mr. Messenger missing his second, and the landlord his seventh bird.—A decisive match will take place in a short time, when much sport is expected.

One day this month, a shooting party, at Brede, in Suffolk, un-
M seated

seated a hare, which was so hard pressed by their spaniels, that the timid animal ran for protection, with great violence, betwixt the legs of Mr. Skinner, a farmer, at that place, and nearly forced his *pedestals* from the ground. Mr. Skinner, however, with difficulty recovered the shock, and secured puss, to the no small disappointment of her pursuers.

SATURDAY, the 7th instant, a hare was turned up before a brace of greyhounds, in Ringmer chalk-pit, Sussex, and so hardly pressed down a declivity of the hill, that, to accelerate her escape, she leaped from it on the road below, and broke both her fore legs; after which the timid animal actually led her pursuers a considerable distance on her stumps, until she was at length overtaken, and put out of her misery, in a field belonging to Mr. Farecomb, of Stoneham.

A SETTER bitch, late the property of Sir William Leighton, but now in the possession of Mr. Street, a victualler, in Marlborough-street, brought forth a litter of fifteen, on Wednesday, Nov. 18.

ON Tuesday the 29th ult. an animal, resembling a tiger cat, found his way into a house in Invermorison, in Scotland, which being observed by the woman of the house, who instantly gave the alarm, he sprung towards her with the greatest ferocity at least 16 feet, but was prevented from doing her any injury by three men; who pursued and killed him. A leather collar, with an iron chain about 18 inches long, were found round his neck. It is supposed to be the same animal which lately made his escape from an exhibition of wild beasts, and is said to have done considerable mischief.

It is imagined there was as much money depending on the issue of the match between Mr. Fermor's Cerberus and Lord Sackville's Bustard, at Newmarket, as on the memorable race between Hambletonian and Diamond. The odds were in favour of Cerberus—Bustard won.—Mr. Fermor is said to have had 2000g^s depending, besides the stake of 500g^s.

THE late Newmarket Meeting not only afforded sport to the amateurs of horse-racing, boxing, foot-racing, &c. but it will shortly afford diversion for Westminster-Hall. A gentleman of some celebrity in the sporting circles, accidentally made a purchase of a horse of a farmer, who resides between that place and Waldron, and on the same evening, payment for the animal was made over a bottle, at the farmer's house. In the course of conversation, it came out that a sum of money was due to the wife of the farmer, a handsome woman, by heirship, and Mr. L. the sportsman, undertook to recover it, on personal claim being made by the lady in London. She was dispatched with her brother to recover the treasure some weeks since, but on Wednesday, the 18th inst. the brother returned disconsolate, having lost his sister and her kind benefactor. Mr. L. had a temporary residence in Lower John-street, which he left on the Monday previous, and has since been totally lost.—The husband has arrived in London to seek his wife, but he has only been enabled to gain information sufficient to convince him that she has eloped.

THE match against time for one hundred guineas, between E. Armitage and J. F. Scholes, Esqrs. was decided on Saturday, the 24th ult.

ult. on the road from Market Weighton to Pocklington New Inn. Mr. Scholes's bay mare, five years old, was to walk, trot, and gallop, three miles each within the hour, which she performed with perfect ease in fifty-seven minutes and nine seconds. Odds at starting, three to one in favour of the mare. She never broke pace.

THE trotting match, between a gelding of Mr. Dimond's and Col. Hankey's mare, took place on Wednesday, the 4th instant, over a piece of ground near Egham, for 100gs. The distance over which the cattle performed was six miles, and was done by the winner in 24 minutes. The gelding made play and kept a-head, but the rider, who was feather weight, had no strength to keep him from bolting, and breaking into a gallop; the mare consequently won by about half a mile, and her owner netted some heavy stakes on the event.

ON Saturday, the 14th of this month, a wrestling match took place in a private ground in Whitechapel, between a pork-butcher and a wheeler, one of Wiltshire, the other of Hampshire; bets ran high in favour of the butcher, when the wheeler, after three rounds, was pronounced the victor. During the contest, the wife of the butcher betted against her husband for a pint of gin, which she won, and drank it in company with a Jack Tar.

A FOOT-RACE, between Thomas Alderson and John Agar (otherwise Rabbit Jack) four miles, for 50gs. took place lately, between Holm and Market-Weighton, near York, which was won easy by the former.

AN old man, of the name of Davis, 97 years of age, made a

start at Bracknell, Bucks, on Monday, the 9th, to go four miles and a half within an hour, for a bet made between two gentlemen to some amount. When the match was made, Mr. Jennings, the gentleman who was to find the man, was bound not to give more than twenty-four hours notice to the pedestrian. The old man beat the odds in very good style, and performed his journey in three minutes less than the given time.—The same bet was offered that he did not go the same ground on the following day, but was refused.

Mr. Wilson, a Lieutenant, undertook to go forty-two miles in six hours and a half, for a stake of fifty guineas, on the Colnbrook-road, on a foot-path, near Crawley, the weather being too wet for the turf. He went six miles in the first hour, six and a half in the second, and seven in the third, when he halted about eight minutes, and continued his labours—went seven miles in the fourth hour, and five in the fifth, when he gave up, having nearly eleven miles to perform in an hour and twenty-two minutes.

Two opulent farmers undertook, for a wager of one hundred guineas each, to walk a certain distance within a given time, on the Tuesday of Reading Fair. A respectable looking person at the inn from whence they started was the stake-holder, who, when they proceeded on their walk, walked too; but he—walked off.

THE 25th instant, C. R. Covey, Esq. of Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, undertook, for a wager of fifty guineas, with a Captain Smith, to run a mile in five minutes and a half, at four starts.—

The ground was on the foot-path between Paddington and Kilburn Turnpike, a quarter of a mile of which was measured. Mr. C. weighs twelve stone, and he did the first quarter of a mile in one minute and sixteen seconds; the second in one minute and twenty-two seconds; and the third he was one minute and four seconds doing. He had to perform the other quarter of a mile in one minute and twelve seconds, and he lost the match by half a minute. The pedestrian was allowed twenty minutes between each start; but he did not take half the time. Bets were against the performance.

THERE was with the beasts at Melton Fair last month, a Scotch drover, who last year, after the fair, set off from that place to his home, eight miles below Carlisle, a distance of more than 300 miles, which he walked in eight days; the expences allowed for his journey were only seven shillings and six-pence. Though the *rapidity* of this Scotchman is not in competition with the English pedestrians on the *turf* at Newmarket, yet he challenges them both on the *ground* of economy.

BREEDING of horses in Yorkshire, and the extent of the sales in that county.—*York*.—The great fair for horses at Howden, in Yorkshire, is just over, where good horses of all descriptions, whether for harness, hunting, or the road, sold at high prices. Good colts were scarce, and sold well. Horses adapted for the cavalry and artillery services were in great demand, and the prices for those of that description experienced a considerable advance. This, which is indisputably the largest fair for horses in the kingdom, com-

mences annually on the 25th of September, and continues till the 3d of October, being attended by all the principal dealers from London, Edinburgh, and from several of the great towns in the different counties of England. During every night of the time above-mentioned, there are not less than 2000 horses in the stables of the respective innkeepers, or sent out to grass. The stables of the public-houses in the adjacent villages, to the extent of ten miles round Howden, are also completely full. So that it may be fairly estimated, that not less than 4000 horses are every day exposed to sale; and supposing this number is renewed only four times during those ten days, which is a very moderate calculation, it follows, that about 16,000 horses are disposed of at this fair, worth together not less than 200,000l."

From the Leicester Journal.—Public Office, Bishop's Fee, Nov. 7, 1807.—John Davenport Gamble, of Willoughby Waterless, was convicted before C. L. Smith, Esq. and Bench of Justices, in the penalty of 5l. for sporting, not being qualified.—As many unqualified persons, &c. have been found to elude paying the full penalty for poaching, under the act of the 5th of Queen Anne, after informations have been laid at this office of the Police by getting a *friend* to lay what they term an *amicable* information before a magistrate, and by so doing having "a moiety of the penalty to be laid upon conviction to the informer" returned to them, Magistrates acting within this county, are requested to make enquires into the circumstances and motives before they proceed upon such tenders.

In the succeeding week's Leicester

cester paper, the following appeared:—

The conviction against John Davenport Gamble, of Willoughby Waterless, for killing of game not being qualified, mentioned in the Leicester Journal of last week to have taken place before the Sitting Magistrates at the Public Office, in the Bishops' Pass, Leicester, will be moved into the Court of King's Bench, in order that the same may be quashed and set aside, on the ground that Mr. Gamble is qualified, and that the evidence by him of his qualification did not warrant the conviction.

JOHN Thorpe, a cottager, of Buckminster, in Lincolnshire, was lately convicted, before Sir M. Cholmeley and the Rev. John Myers, Magistrates for the parts of Kesteven, of shooting a hare on the 4th ult. being the Sabbath-day. The mitigated penalty of 10l. was levied upon him, for the offence.

CAUTION.—The Justices of the Peace, at Glasgow, lately ordered a ferocious mastiff dog to be killed, and fined the proprietor five guineas, for having allowed it to go at large, after repeated complaints made, and his being completely in the knowledge of its having bitten a number of people.

MELANCHOLY Accident.—On the 12th inst, as the Rev. Mr. Gilbert, of Kentchurch, Yorkshire, was out cock-shooting with some friends, near the Goltree, Monmouthshire, on proceeding down the side of a wood with one of them, and being a little advanced before him, by some accident his friend's gun went off, and lodged nearly the whole charge in the side of the back part of Mr. Gilbert's head, tearing away his ear. The unfortunate gentleman instantly fell; and the feelings of his friends may be imagined, but

cannot be described, on beholding the dreadful spectacle his lacerated head presented. He was conveyed to a farm-house, where he lingered till the next Sunday morning, and expired. He was sensible to the last, awaited death with the most Christian resignation, and repeatedly signified that he sincerely forgave the unfortunate author of the accident. He was 45 years of age, and universally beloved and regretted by a very numerous circle of friends.

THE following distressing accident occurred lately, at Ormskirk. The Rev. Mr. Ford of that place, having returned from a shooting party, used the precaution of taking off the lock of his fowling piece before he put it aside, in order to guard against those numerous and fatal accidents which so often arise from the careless or improper use of fire-arms. His servant having taken the piece to clean a short time afterwards, and perceiving it was loaded, used several attempts to get out the charge, but without success. At last he reached the candle to examine the barrel more nearly, when, melancholy to relate, a spark fell upon some loose grains of gunpowder which were lying about the edge of the touch-hole, and the piece instantly going off, lodged the whole of its contents in the poor man's body, and killed him on the spot.

A SINGULAR accident happened lately, to a child, only twelve months old, belonging to Mr. Goldsbury, in Horse-shoe-alley, Moorfields. A game cock used frequently to eat out of the child's hand, and on the above morning, while the child was sitting on the floor, the cock came as usual to feed, but the infant not having any thing for him, he immediately pecked at the child's head.

head, penetrated to its brain, and produced instant death.

A MAN in the employ of a gentleman at Eastbourne, some time since, thinking he could effect a cure of the glanders, with which an ass belonging to his master was greatly afflicted, fomented the diseased parts, and was frequently assisted by his master's brother. The gentleman and the servant, extraordinary as it may appear, became both afflicted, within a few weeks, with the dreadful disorder under which the animal had suffered. They became indisposed, at the same time, with violent pains in different parts of the body, succeeded by wounds in the legs, with running sores. The servant expired a few days since: the gentleman is yet alive, but there are little hopes of his recovery.

A NEW and extraordinary instance of Hydrophobia has lately occurred, in the case of a son of a respectable tradesman in Piccadilly. Being suddenly taken ill with extraordinary spasms, Dr. Mosely, a physician to Chelsea Hospital, was called in. Finding that the poor boy had great difficulty in swallowing any thing in a liquid state, and that great spasmodic affection was created whenever any liquid was offered to him, the doctor enquired of his mother whether she recollected his having received any bite from a dog? who answered, with much natural alarm, that in July last he had been bitten in endeavouring to part two dogs that were fighting. Convinced that this was the cause of the malady, the doctor tried several experiments, by endeavouring to prevail upon him to take liquids, but never succeeded in getting down more than a tea spoonful, and that with the utmost repugnance on the part of his patient;

amounting nearly to suffocation, succeeded by great tremblings, and wild starting of the eyes; and on stirring a bason of water before him, the agitations became more violent. These experiments were made on a given day, till which time the boy had eaten, and gone as usual about his business, discovering no symptoms of madness, or deprivation of intellect whatever. He took the medicines that were prescribed for him in pills without any difficulty; but Dr. Mosely too truly declared that no medicine could save him, for the poor boy died before eleven o'clock that night.

ABOUT the middle of the present month, Henry Corston, a boy between eight and nine years of age, the son of the landlord of the Star and Garter public-house, near Kensington turnpike gate, was bit on the lip by a terrier dog, belonging to his father. No particular notice was taken of it till the dog was observed the next day running up and down the road, biting all the dogs he met; he was in consequence tied up, and died in a short time, mad. The boy had some medicine given him, which it was supposed would prevent any ill effect taking place from the bite. On Tuesday the 10th, the boy went in from play, and complained of being unwell. His parents were not able to discover the cause of his illness, till they recollected the bite of the dog. To ascertain the cause, they were advised to offer him some water, which he refused with great disgust, and was seized immediately with a fit, which left no doubt of its being the hydrophobia. Messrs. Blackburn, Hardwick, Merryman, and several other medical gentlemen, were called in, but without effect; the boy died in great agony on the Saturday.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EPILOGUE

TO
TIME'S A TELL-TALE.

Written by C. Lamb, Esq.

BOUND for the port of matrimonial
bliss,
Ere I hoist sail, I hold it not amiss,
(Since prosperous ends ask prudent in-
roductions)
To take a slight peep at my written in-
structions.
There's nothing like determining in time
All questions marital or maritime.

In all seas, straits, gulphs, ports, havens,
lands, creeks.

Oh! Here it begins.

"Season, spring, wind, standing at point
Desire—

The good ship Matrimony—Commander,
Blandford, Esq."

Art. I.

"The Captain that has the command of
her,

Or, in his absence, the acting officer,

To see her planks are sound, her tim-
bers tight."

That acting officer I don't relish quite.

No, as I hope to tack another verse on,
I'll do those duties in my proper person.

Art. II.

"All mutinies to be suppress'd at first."
That's a good caution to prevent the
worst.

Art. III.

"That she be properly victual'd, mann'd
and stor'd,

To see no foreigners are got on board."

That's rather difficult—do what we can—

A vessel sometimes may mistake her
man.

The safest way in such a parious doubt,

Is steady watch and keep a sharp look
out.

Art. IV.

"Whereas their Lords Commissioners
(the church)

Do strictly authorise the right of search
As always practis'd—you're to under-
stand

By these what articles are contraband;
Guns, mortars, pistols, halberds, swords,
pikes, lances,
Balls, powder, shot, and the appurte-
nances.

Videlicet—whatever can be sent

To give the enemy encouragement.

Ogles are small shot (so the instruction
runs).

Touches hand grenades, and squeezes
rifle guns."

Art. V.

"That no free-bottom'd neutral waiting-
maid

Presume to exercise the carrying trade;

The prohibition here contain'd extends

To all commerce cover'd by the name of
Friends."

"Heaven speed the good ship well"—
and so it ends.

Oh! with such wholesome jealousies as
these

May Albion cherish his old spouse the
seas,

Keep over her a husband's firm command,
Not with too rigid nor too lax a hand.

Be gently patient to her swells and
throws

When, big with safeties, to himself she
goes;

Nor while she clips him in a fast em-
brace,

Stand for some female frowns upon her
face,

But tell the rival world—and tell in
Thunder,

Whom Nature join'd, none ere shall
put asunder.

AH,

AIR,

*Sung by Mrs. Dickens, in the new Comto
Opera, called*

TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

WHEN gaily peep'd the morning,
To see night's shadow fly,
My drowsy pillow scorning,
With pleasure up rose I.
In sportive glee pass'd every day,
Till one false youth came in my way,
And now I'm left to sigh and say,
Heigho! heigho!
Why did he come? why did he go?
How could I guess that courting
Hid danger in a charm?
No lamb, around me sporting,
Thought less than I of harm.
To mirth attun'd, my heart was strung,
So high, that when my steps and tongue
Would walk or talk; they danced and
sung.
Heigho! heigho!
Why did he come? why did he go?

SONG,

*Sung by Mr. Fawcett, in the Character of
Martinique.*

(FROM THE SAME.)

“WHO’LL serve the King?” cried the
Serjeant aloud,
Roll went the drum, and the fife
play’d sweetly;
“Here, master Serjeant,” said I, from
the crowd,
“Is a lad who will answer your pur-
pose completely.”
My father was a Corporal, and well he
knew his trade,
Of women, wine, and gunpowder, he
never was afraid;
He’d march, fight,
Left, right,
Front, flank;
Centre rank,
Storm the trenches,
Count the wenches,
Lov’d the rattle
Of a battle,
Died with glory,
Lives in story.
And, like him, I found a soldier’s life, if
taken smooth and rough,
A very merry hey down derry sort of
life enough.
“Hold up your head,” said the Serjeant
at drill,

Roll went the drum, and the fife

play’d loudly,
“Turn out your toes, Sir”—says I, Sir,
I will,

For a nimble-wristed round rattan, the
Serjeant flourish’d proudly.

My father died when Corporal, but I
ne’er turn’d my back,
Till promoted to the halbert, I was Ser-
jeant in a crack.

In sword and sash,

Cut a dash,

Spurr’d and booted,

Next recruited;

Hod and Clod,

Aukward squad,

My rattan,

Then began

When boys, unwilling,

Came to drilling.

Till made the Colonel’s orderly, then
who but I so bluff,

Led a very merry hey down derry sort of
life enough.

“Homeward, my lads,” cried the Gene-
ral, huzza!

Roll went the drum, and the fife play’d
cheerily;

To quick time we footed, and sung all
the way,

“Hey! for the pretty girls we love so
dearly.

My father pass’d his time, I’m told,
in bustle, jars, and strife,

And, like him, being fond of noise, I
mean to take a wife.

Soon as Miss

Blushes yes,

Rings, gloves,

Dears, loves,

Bells ringing,

Comrades singing,

Hokey moon

Finish’d soon,

Panting, sighing,

Children crying.

Perhaps a wedded life may prove, if ta-
ken smooth and rough,

A very merry hey down derry sort of life
enough.

ON A LADY’S SENDING A TONGUE AND A HARE TO A FRIEND.

THAT Ma’am should send a tongue,
no myst’ry’s there;
But, prithee, wherefore did she send a
hare?

Why, blockhead, with the tongue a hare
she sent,

To let you know how fast the other went.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE: OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS
OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to
THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

DECEMBER, 1807.

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*Embellished with—I, A beautiful highly-finished Engraving of a Persian Greyhound.
N, Sudbury and his Friend Monkey, an Etching.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPEL, 66, FLEET-MALL;

J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND-PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;

AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our old friend, Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham, has our best thanks for his polite Letter, and for the promise of the portrait of Mr. Cave Browne's celebrated greyhound Rocket; likewise for his intimation of favouring us with some other subjects for our Magazine; and which, but for the constant calls upon him by Noblemen and Gentlemen; for portraits of their horses, dogs, &c. would have been sent us long since. As soon as they are received, they shall go into the Engraver's hands.

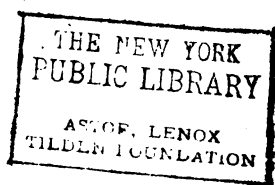
Mr. A. Brown's Philosophical Sportsman, No. IV. in our next. The rest of these truly entertaining Papers are received, and shall appear in due course.

We have received the Account of Lord Grosvenor's Stud; it shall appear in our next.

Some of J. F.'s valuable communications having been unfortunately mislaid, we hope this will be an apology for their standing over for the next Number.

The old Hunting Song requested by our friends in the West shall appear as soon as possible, as well as that on Partridge Shooting.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.





J. Ward Jones

Persian Greyhound.

H. R. Cook, engr.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
FOR DECEMBER, 1807.

THE
PERSIAN GREYHOUND.

A beautiful highly-finished Engraving.

THIS dog, so different in appearance from our English greyhounds, is a very handsome animal, with a fine soft skin, the hair of its ears and tail appearing like silk, and resembling it in softness; his throat, toes, and inside of his ears, are white; his back, and upper part of his tail, a dark brown; and the rest of him of a sandy hue;—which, together with his handsome form and novel appearance, attracts the admiration of every one who sees him. He is of a gentle disposition, and possesses the same qualities as our greyhounds, with considerable swiftness of foot, having beat several dogs which have run with him. Our print of him is engraved by Cook, from the original picture painted by Mr. Ward, for Lady St. George's, to whom the greyhound now belongs.

ON BROOD MARES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IF the following observations are thought worth inserting in your next Number, you will oblige

much an admirer and constant reader,

J. F.

York, Nov. 1, 1807.

Being, last week, in company with a party of sportsmen, at a worthy Baronet's, (whose name frequently appears in the Racing Calendar) a celebrated man on the turf asserted, that (with some few exceptions), in the course of forty years' experience, he had remarked, that there were more good brood mares of a moderate size, from 14h. 2in. to 15h. than mares of a greater size; and, as a proof of his assertion, mentioned the following mares, besides others, whose names I have now forgot.

The famous Widdrington Mare.

Madge (dam of Miss Cleveland).

The Hartley Little Mare.

Mr. Pratt's Squint Mare.

O'Kelly's Tartar Mare.

Mr. Craddock's Syphon Mare (dam of Pebcil, &c.)

Queen Mab.

Faith (dam of Marcia, &c.)

Mr Goodricke's Old England Mare, Lardella.

Baron Nile's dam.

Young Marsk Mare (dam of Mary Ann and Warner, and grandam of Young Chariot, Ashton, &c.)

Gentle Kitty.

Calash.

Herod Mare (dam of Precipitate, Gohanna, &c.)

Tuberoze.

Contessina.

Niké.

Eclipse Mare (dam of St. George).

Eliza (dam of Scud).

Mary (dam of Harmless).

Pewett.

Matchem Mare (dam of Diamond, &c.)

Miss Timms.

Nina (dam of Guildford).

Seedling (dam of Master Jacky, &c.)

Rosina (dam of Governor, &c.)

Snap Mare (dam of Shuttle, &c.)

VERY SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

IN A
BROOD MARE.

THE famous brood mare, called Sincerity, bred by the late Lord Grosvenor, was foaled in 1777, got by Matchem, her dam Papillon (also dam of Lady Teazle, Wren, Sir Peter Teazle, Mrs. Candour, Wagtail, Brown Bess, &c.) by Snap, &c.

She was the property of the late Francis Dawson, Esq. of Newmarket, and very early in the year 1790 foaled a brown filly by Highflyer, afterwards called Katharine; and being covered again by the same stallion, on December 31, 1790, dropped another brown filly.

In 1798, Sincerity was put to Mr. Teazle, and in 1799 had a colt foal, which died soon after. She was then put to Buzzard, and on December 26, 1799, foaled a bay filly, afterwards called December, and now a brood mare in Mr. Galway's stud.

EXTRAORDINARY SAGACITY.

IN THE
CANINE SPECIES.

A Short time since, a gentleman, at Richmond, Surrey, betted his friend a rump and dozen that his

dog should go from Richmond-bridge to Brentford, and return with half a crown, in two hours. The dog was accordingly taken to the entrance of Brentford, where his master placed half a crown under a stone, and then returned to Richmond. The dog was then dispatched to perform his master's wager, and he went immediately to the spot where the money was formerly placed, but the stone had been removed, and the half crown taken away.

Unable to find the money, the dog ran towards Kew-bridge, where he overtook a gentleman, and followed him into his house near the Green. The gentleman endeavoured to drive the animal away, but Prince refused to quit him, and, struck by the singularity of the dog's attachment, the gentleman made no further efforts to part.

The time having elapsed for winning the bet, the owner of the dog expressed a belief that some accident had prevented the animal from returning, and requested his friend to go with him in search of the dog. They then walked to Kew Green, where they observed the gentleman before described coming out of his house, with Prince at his heels. The owner instantly accosted the gentleman, and requested to know how he came by the dog, observing, the dog was his. The gentleman described the manner in which the dog had followed him, and assured the party he had no wish to detain him. The owner then asked the gentleman if he had any thing about him that was not his own property? In answer to this interrogatory he exclaimed, "What do you mean, Sir; do you take me for a thief?" The master of the dog

dog replied, " 'Pon my honour, I mean nothing personal, but the dog has a wonderful sagacity in discovering any article that may have been in my possession. Pray, Sir, have you found any thing ?"—

The gentleman returned, " Why, I have indeed found something of small value : returning from Brentford, I picked up half a crown by the road side. The dog's master, with a hearty laugh, exclaimed, " That half crown, Sir, has been the cause of my dog's attachment to you. My friend and I placed the half crown on the spot you found it to decide a wager, and sent the dog for it; not finding it, he has traced it to you, and, as a proof of the truth of what I assert, put the half crown down among twenty others, and if my dog don't pick it out from the rest, I'll forfeit 100l." The gentleman, with surprise, instantly laid down the half crown among five others. It had been previously marked, and the dog immediately selected it from the rest, and carried it to his master, to the great astonishment of all who witnessed the circumstance.

The dog has frequently done similar exploits, and is considered a most extraordinary animal by the surrounding neighbourhood.

On Monday, December 7, a bet of twenty guineas was made, between Mr. Arnold, a sporting man, who resides at Pentonville, and Mr. Mawbey, a factor, in Fulham-road, that the former did not produce a dog, which should be thrown over Westminster-bridge at dark, and find its way home again in six hours, as proposed by Arnold.—The inhuman experiment was tried the next evening, when a spaniel bitch, the property of a groom in Tottenham-court-road, was pro-

duced, and thrown over from the centre of the bridge. The animal arrived at the house of her master in two hours after the experiment had been made.

THE CHASE.

WE have noticed some very *lame* accounts of Fox, Stag, and Hare Hunting, in the Public Papers; the *York Herald* is, however, an exception to this observation, which, under date of York, Dec. 19, has furnished the following excellent article :—

At length we are happy in being able to congratulate our Sporting Readers on the breaking up of the severe frost, which has of late put such a total stop to the noble diversion of Fox-hunting. We have not heard from the East-Riding, and indeed we fear the weather has prevented Sir M. M. Sykes's pack from having any sport; but Mr. Fox's hounds had a remarkable run on Saturday last. Though the frost was hardly out of the ground, they met at Dog-Kennel Whin, which they drew without success, and thence proceeded to try Hatchet Spring and School-house Whin, without " a single challenge; but on putting the pack into Bell Wood, a Fox immediately stole away, and facing the strong inclosures towards Thornes, turned to the left, passing over Rilton Hills nearly to Keswick Oxclose, and thence to the right by Collingham Town, over the open fields, to Clifford Moor, crossed the North Road and Mr. Thompson's Park at Wetherby Grange, where, finding the pack close at his brush, he boldly dashed into the River Wharfe, and running through Horne Banks over Walton

Walton open fields, by the Whis, to Walton Wood, thence by Mr. Stapleton's Plantations to Bilton, by Healaugh Town, leaving Shire Oaks to the right, over those strong inclosures, and very deep and severe country, up to Bilbrough over the Moor, crossed the York road at Street-houses, down to Belton Percy, turned to the left to Hat Wood, into which cover Reynard was viewed not above a field before the pack; but here they unluckily changed, and going away with a fresh Fox, were with difficulty stopped running breast high, in a direct line for the river below Sir Wm. Milner's, at Nun-Appleton—all the horses that tied to the end of this uncommon run being completely satisfied. In a direct line, from point to point, it exceeded twenty miles—the ground they went over, above five and twenty, in two hours and eighteen minutes; and what is remarkable, this game Fox hardly owned a cover, and never tried an earth. The scent laid very well, and they always "kept going," though certainly not their best pace. Mr. Hawke on King Cole, Mr. Jadis on Speculation, and Mr. Clough on Conjuror, deserve honourable mention, for riding well up to the hounds in this excellent run; nor should Captain Sotherton, on his favourite horse Brocket, be omitted, who showed what wonders a heavy weight can perform, when possessed of "a good eye to a country."

Of the Southern Hounds and their exploits, we have no very interesting particulars.

The Hon. Colonel Fitzroy, of Suffolk, has disposed of his Hounds to the Duke of Bedford, for five hundred guineas; The Colonel

was accustomed to hunt them himself, and the reason for their now being parted with is owing to the Colonel's bad health; his physician conceives the exertion of cheering the hounds, together with the exercise, too much for his constitution, which was very much impaired during his campaign in Egypt. The Colonel suffers very much from an asthma.

Mr. Fermor's excellent pack is come, or coming up, the end of this month, from his seat in Oxfordshire to Epsom, for the purpose of hunting there during the remainder of the season. The Gentlemen of Surrey expect much sport, as Mr. Fermor will turn out a great number of bagged foxes. The hounds are in high condition.

Lord Derby has had some good Runs with his Stag Hounds, in Kent, since his arrival at the Oaks, from the North.

FRENCH SPORTING.

FRANCE is divided into districts, over which regular huntmen and verduers are distributed, for the preservation of forests and the destruction of wild beasts. The chief of one of these districts, comprising four departments, in his official report, states, that from the 1st of May, 1806, to the 1st of May, 1807, there were killed, in the department of Aude, where the chief resides, 3 bears, 111 wolves, 31 foxes, 11 badgers.—In the Department of E. Herault, 39 wolves; in that of D'Aveyron, 71 ditto; in that of the Eastern Pyrenees, 17 ditto, 5 foxes, 1 badger. Making

Making a total of wild beasts destroyed in one division, of 3 bears; 294 wolves; 36 foxes, and 12 badgers.

son for Gulley; the Hon Berkley Craven, stakeholder: 50l. more a side to be put down on the 1st of March, and the rest before fighting, or forfeit the deposit.

ARTICLES.

RECEIVED SINCE THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE;

In a subsequent Part of our Magazine.

LIEUTENANT Fairman, who had undertaken to run, on Monday, the 21st, (p. p.) from the end of Oxford-street to Harrow, and back again, a distance of twenty miles, in two hours and fifty minutes, declined the undertaking, in consequence of the unfavourable state of the weather, and paid forfeit. He has, however, since entered into a new engagement, and, from the unfavourable state of the season, his time has been extended ten minutes. He will consequently be now allowed three hours to go from Cumberland-gate, at the end of Oxford-street, to Harrow Church, and back again. The distance is upwards of twenty miles, and the road, which is the heaviest all round London, has in many places no footpath. He is bound, as before, to undertake the journey within a given period, p. p. The odds, from the probable state of the weather, are considerably against him at present.—In the opinion of the sporting men, the attempt is an arduous one.

Gregson and Gulley (see page 139) are now actually matched for 200 guineas a side, to fight in May (about the 9th). Fifty pounds a side have been put down by Major Morgan for Gregson, and Mr. Jack-

Bets on Captain Barclay and Abraham Wood's Foot Race.

After the contradictory accounts, with the ill-founded assertion, that it had been determined, at a meeting at Tattersall's, that the bets on the foot-race between Captain Barclay and Abraham Wood, on the 12th of October, *ought not to be paid*, we have it from all quarters, and on the best authority, that, as there was no collusion proved; (nor do we think any existed) the bets *ought to, and have been paid*, by all sporting men. There has been no decision of the Jockey Club, nor any opinion given by the Stewards on the subject; but Mr. Cook, surgeon, of Newmarket, who saw Wood in the evening previous to the day of the race, has stated, in two certificates, that Wood was then under symptoms of fever, and complained of what he (Mr. Cook) supposed likewise to be symptoms of gravel, and which, though relieved by copious perspiration in the night, unfitted him for that degree of exertion necessary for the purpose of his race with Captain Barclay the next day.

DISPUTES

BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c. &c.

WE propose now, and in the future progress of our work, to select such articles as relate to every species

species of dispute among gentlemen, including trials by court-martial, duels, altercations, &c.

We propose likewise, on the recurrence of each month's publication, to look back to the preceding one, and to offer such reflections as may be necessary, in order to place contending parties in a fair and candid point of view before the public.

At the same time we wish to guard our readers, in all cases, against forming opinions where *ex parte* evidence is only given, but to wait the issue—"To hear all, and then let Justice hold the scale."

Besides the following, several articles will be found in the present number which will assimilate with those of the foregoing description.

COURT-MARTIAL AT PORTSMOUTH.

Tuesday the 15th instant, Captain Short, late of His Majesty's ship *Porpoise*, was tried by a court-martial, on charges brought against him by Lieutenant J. S. Tetley, for cruel, oppressive, and unofficer-like behaviour to him, on the quarter-deck, when in the execution of his duty; degrading him before the ship's company; making use of threats tending to put him in fear of his life; and for a misapplication of the ship's stores to private purposes, and making false entries in the ship's log-book. The charges not being proved, Captain Short was *acquitted*.

ANOTHER COURT-MARTIAL.

Thursday the 17th instant, in Chelsea-College, a court-martial, composed of General and Field-

Officers, proceeded on the trial of Sir Charles Holtham, Colonel of the Beverley Buffs, or the East York regiment of Militia. The charges, which were fifteen in number, being distinctly read by Mr. Ryder, the Judge Advocate, R. Legard, senior Captain of the same regiment, who preferred them, addressed the Hon. Court in a short but elegant speech. He fairly avowed that he had no motive in commencing this prosecution against his superior officer and Colonel, but a sense of duty, which, as an officer, he felt himself bound to discharge to his King and country.

These charges, though different as to time and place, were of the same description and nature; they were charges of irregularity and drunkenness, disgraceful and degrading in any man, but in an Officer of superior rank, fortune, and family, they would inevitably bring disgrace on the Corps with which they were connected. Invidious as the task was, and however unequal to the discharge of it, the prosecutor would be guilty of gross dereliction of duty if he neglected to perform it, because they were all contrary to the Mutiny Act, the Articles of War, and the Orders of the Commander in Chief. He was well aware he had to contend against superior rank and fortune; but he did not shrink; he had a body of evidence to substantiate all these charges, which could not be impeached or contradicted.

After the examination of several witnesses on the two first charges, the Court adjourned at 3 o'clock. The Earl of Euston, Colonel of the West Suffolk Militia, is President of the Court.

The result of this court-martial will be given in our next.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT OF THE GAME.

IN
VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

Mr. WHEBLE,

AS I often, when in England, much enjoyed the accounts of different styles of hunting in various parts of the world, and as you was in the habit of interspersing them in your *Sporting Magazine*, I presume some relation of the chase of the Kangaroo in this *Terra Nova*, will not be uninteresting to your readers.

Although not much of a huntsman before I left Europe, yet I have sense enough to know you have no animal now left that can give you the least idea of sporting in Van Diemen's Land. Nevertheless, I have heard much of the fatigues of the chase, of hard days' riding; dashing leaps, &c. &c. yet these are mere pigmy difficulties, when compared with those of the *tush* in our new world.

The only animals I recollect you to have now left as objects of sport, are the hare and fox, with (although but very seldom) the stag; and in pursuit of these innumerable hounds, horses, and huntsmen, are joined, and if one solitary brush is obtained, the day is thought to end victoriously. What, then, would be thought among you, of one man, with two dogs, often procuring in a few hours, and bringing home on his shoulders, many miles, one hundred and fifty pounds weight of solid flesh food, which I declare my own huntsman has often done; and I have many times had three cwt. of meat hanging in my yard at one time*, which I assure you,

if properly dressed, it is impossible to distinguish from beef, and in its gelatinous quality it far exceeds the ox, for the tail, head, and feet, make a soup equal to the finest turtle; and it is here as uncommon to sit down to table without a tureen of this rich soup as the first dish, as it would be in England to eat dinner without bread: in short, during the interim of our stock increasing sufficiently in this new settlement, to enable us to kill with propriety, the kangaroo is our principal support; and as all nations have, *ab origine*, done before us, so we may be said to live by the chase; but I must be understood, this chase is not unattended with difficulties of the extremest nature, with expence, the severest fatigue, and even danger.

In the first place, the labour of a man to hunt four dogs, if of any merit, is worth 40l. per annum; our dogs, if of good breed, cannot be purchased for less than 20l. 25l. and 30l. the pair, and to hunt with any continued certainty, you must have at least four, and often more, some gentlemen having seven or eight, although more than three are rarely ever hunted at one time; and among these, every person must have at least one dog that will what we call *shew*, that is, the kangaroo is so uncommonly fleet, that nothing but the swiftest greyhound can equal them; they are of course seldom killed in sight of the huntsman; and in the wild country this is, forming only, on all sides, one impenetrable forest of immense gum trees, and the deepest underwood, interspersed nine months of the year in all directions with runs of water, and with the

* You will be surprised at the necessity of having such a quantity of animal food; but in this provision consisted our only means of paying the men working on our farms for their labour.

number of fallen trees that, it must be supposed, have given way to old time in 6000 years, it is now the value of the dogs becomes most evident. After having run a considerable distance from the view of those hunting them, they will return (frequently after a lapse of two hours); and if they have killed, one chosen hound will intuitively conduct his keeper through an almost impassable brush, for miles, to the exact spot the reward of their vigour lies in, and if it was not for this quality of the dogs bred in this country, nine out of ten of the kangaroos killed would be lost. The chase is so severe, that the strongest dog cannot hunt more than three times a week, and he is fortunate if he escapes without being torn in the most dangerous manner, many of our finest animals being cut to death by the claws of the dying kangaroo.

I have hunted my own dogs, and nothing I have heard of the amusement can be placed in competition with it. I once laid three superior dogs on an immense *forester*, and notwithstanding, from his entangling himself in a brush, they soon haunched him, yet, although the man with me exerted all his strength in beating him with a club, he was not overcome for full fifteen minutes, snorting the whole time, with one of the strongest dogs in the colony at his throat, and the two others seizing him as often as his accursed claws would allow them.

It is certainly the grandest sport of the field that can be imagined, at the same time the most interesting, and the most dangerous. In this instance I paid dearly for the victory; my two best dogs were so severely mangled, that I was obliged to leave them panting in

their blood, till I could send for them; and although the kangaroo weighed 137lb. yet I would not, for twenty of his weight, have laid up my dogs so seriously as they were. The chest of one was cut completely across, and so deep, that his lungs could be plainly seen, added to which, his right side was as severely laid open by one kick. The other had the whole under part of his belly deeply gashed, the scrotum entirely cut away, and his mouth enlarged from nearly ear to ear! Yet these dogs, in five weeks, actually were again more savage, and as vigorous as ever!

The fatigue these faithful, and to us invaluable animals, will undergo, is incredible; and when their feet are so sore and cut with hard running that they may literally be said, in the old phrase, not to have a leg to stand on, they are then often hunted in boots and shoes, that is, with covering for their feet made of leather, or of the kangaroo skin; and I have at this moment one of these veterans running with these shoes, a collar of leather covering a neck so often torn, that he cannot now be risked without it; and a skin so cut and sewed up in all directions, that, from no hair growing on the broad cicatrices of the many severe wounds, he has had, he appears at a distance an animal of a distinct species.

The kangaroos here are divided principally into two classes, the one called *brush kangaroos*, the other *foresters*. The first run from 15 to 50 and 60lbs, the latter from 40lbs. even to 170lbs. The weight of the tail is in general one pound in ten of the whole body; thus the tail of a kangaroo of one hundred weight will weigh about 11lbs. the whole of which is one mass of cartilaginous muscle, and makes,

makes, as I have said, the richest and most palatable soup that can be tasted, forming, when cold, the strongest jelly. It is this weighty appendage to their bodies that materially assists them in running, by striking it on the ground, thus assisting the spring they make with their hind feet, for their fore claws are too short to be of any service.

The skins of these foresters are very valuable for shoes, and make as fine upper leathers as can be desired; and had we any manufacture here, the fur would also be of moment. It is rare that any part but the hind quarters is preserved for food, the fore quarters being given with the entrails to the dogs, with which it is necessary they should have an ample portion of ground maize, and, indeed, their keep is altogether expensive; but this they amply repay. I however expect that the persecuted kangaroo, which daily becomes more scarce, will, as was the case at Port Jackson, forsake the ground contiguous to any of our camps, and retire so far up the mountains, that the difficulties of procuring them will make it cheaper to kill our mutton.

In consequence of a disappointment of government supplies, the hind quarters of the kangaroo are now received here in his Majesty's store, at 6d. per pound, to victual the troops and convicts, in the proportion of 7lbs. for seven of salt beef, or 4lbs. of pork; and within these six months upwards of 15,000lbs. weight have been tendered, although only four gentlemen hunt for that purpose, and I am persuaded that this change of food has been the only cause of our not having any symptoms of scurvy among the people, and that had it

not been for that desirable animal, we should, instead of being in such health that sickness is almost unknown, have literally been destroyed, with the privations that inseparably attend those who are present the first two years in the forming a new colony.

Of birds, we have also abundance of sport here; we have teal, quails, ducks, red birds, water hens, herons, and black swans; the latter of which we most generally run down in our boats, when they are moulting their wing feathers. Parrots, which are capital eating, and small birds, are innumerable, and we have also a most beautiful feathered pigeon, called the Bronze Wing, from the similarity of the plumage to rich bronze. In appearance they rather resemble the dove than the English pigeon, but cannot be distinguished in flavour from the wood-pigeon of Great Britain.—I have purposely first mentioned the small species of our feathered tribe, that I may the more surprise you with the colossal *Emu*.

This bird, which exactly resembles the cassowary, we catch here in great numbers, but it requires the fleetest of our dogs, which are frequently distanced; they weigh from 40lbs. to 100lbs. and will kill our strongest greyhounds by one blow of their talons. The chase of them, in the picturesque part of the country they are found in, is a sight beyond my description, and can only remind me of what I have thought the romantic tales of Vailant. Some time after our first establishment, being with a party on an excursion up the river, we suddenly came on a beautiful valley, not before prophaned by an European eye, in which were grazing seven of these majestic birds:

we had three dogs; each fortunately singled out a separate object, and all, after uncommon running, killed in sight, as an immense plain was before us, and we were on an eminence; but the dogs were so exhausted and bruised in the contest, that we were unable to run them for some time. These three birds weighed 220lbs. The flesh and fat cannot possibly be distinguished in appearance from beef, which it resembles in flavour even more than the kangaroo, and is much esteemed with us: it is also received in the store, in the above proportion. I have had ten-pounds of solid fat from one bird of 50lbs. which, when rendered down, and well boiled in water, is equal to the finest butter.

The most sure method the dogs have of killing the emu, is to seize them by the neck, in which they are extremely sensible; and some of our old hounds are so well aware of this, that they will often take two in one running. I think, from our ravages, we gradually accomplish the effect of driving the natives from all the parts contiguous to any of our camps, which, as they are treacherous in the extreme, and here as intractable, is much to be desired, if our residence here is to be desired. Twenty years has had little effect in taming them at Port Jackson, their natural ferocity being aided by the experience of their more *civilised* neighbours. They often spear our dogs, and attempt to pay us the same compliment, and not unfrequently will *waddy* our huntsmen, when they have not been inclined to part with what kangaroo they may have killed.

Having now sufficiently put to issue your patience, I shall conclude by assuring you, the general

tergiservatia of this part of the world has not altered the esteem possessed in a less rude clime, of your's.

Van Dieman's Land, May, 1806.

*** As I have led your imagination so far to the Southward, I must assure you, that there is in the part of Van Dieman's Land we are settled on, immense tracts of the finest tillage and grazing land on this side the line.

BANKRUPTCIES, AND GENTEEL LIFE.

Mr. Editor,

AFTER an absence of twenty years, I returned to the metropolis lately, and found a very extraordinary change both in men and manners—I cannot say that my friends are grown much *richer* in the time, but I will aver that they are much *genteeler*, or, as my old-fashioned way of thinking decides, much more *luxurious* and *extravagant*.—I was invited to dine by a gentleman, whose principal support I since learnt is a small salary as clerk in a public office, with the uncertain profit of letting furnished lodgings in a retired street—our fare was plentiful, bordering on profusion, with good wine, *up to the mast head* for a company of ten men.—On quitting the bottle I was ushered into a drawing-room dazzling with a profusion of wax lights, and card tables, at which numbers of *genteel people* were playing at rates which I have called *gambling*, but which I was told was the common practice of every company. I endeavoured to learn the station of the individuals concerned, and to my astonishment found them to be all either gentlemen situated in public

lic offices like our host, or shopkeepers with their wives.

I believe that the length of time I have spent out of the fashionable circles has rather contracted my ideas, and antiquated my notions, but I am not now surprised at the numbers which swell our Bankrupt Calendar, and would deem it highly salutary to propose a test oath to every person on his appointment to a place of trust, that he should not himself play, nor permit his wife to play at any game for more than some nominal coin. When I was in trade I would have thought it highly criminal to mispend night after night in such unmeaning dissipation, but I am informed I am perfectly antiquated in my notions; I cannot, however, resist the impulse of communicating my sentiments on the subject through your useful Magazine, in the hope that some more able pen may put the matter in a stronger point of view, and correct what I think an evil of great importance to general credit and private manners.—I may in a future letter give you a sketch of the different characters I have met at many of these parties, the rates at which they played, and the sums lost, that it may form a kind of mirror, and shew the deformity of the practice I condemn. I am, in the mean time, your constant reader and ad-

SPECTATOR.

THE BLIND BOY.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE,

DECEMBER 2.

LAST night, after the representation of the *Provoked Hus-*

band, a new Melo-Drame was performed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Stanislaus	Mr. Murray.
Edmond	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Rodolph	Mr. Brunton.
Kalig	Mr. Farley.
Starrow	Mr. Chapman.
Oberto	Mr. Fawcett.
Lida	Miss Bristow.
Elvina	Miss Norton.

FABLE.

Stanislaus, King of Samartia, overjoyed at the birth of a son and heir, feels the severest mortification at being informed that the child is born blind. The Queen, much distressed that the King refuses to see his son, conceives the design of deceiving him by a supposed miracle—She consults with the Palatine of Rava, who has a son of the same age as her own—at the grand ceremony of the christening this son is substituted in the place of the blind prince—the priests cry out “a miracle!”—the King and people are persuaded the blind boy has miraculously received the blessing of sight.—Rodolph, the Palatine’s son, is brought up as the heir to Samartia’s throne. Edmond, the unfortunate blind Prince, is delivered, with a purse of gold, to Oberto, a soldier who lived at a village near Gnesna, the residence of the court.—Oberto has orders to retire, and he buys a farm near Warsaw, where he lives happily with the blind boy, and his daughter Elvina.—The court, after some years, quit Gnesna, and is established at Warsaw. The Queen, stung by remorse of conscience, on her dying bed entrusts Kalig, her confidential officer, with a packet addressed to Oberto, which contains the account of her imposition—she enjoins Kalig to seek

seek out Oberto, and if the blind boy exists, to deliver the packet. Kalig, hunting in the forest with Rodolph, they come by accident, to the farm of Oberto.—Rodolph demands some refreshment, and the name of his host—at the name of Oberto, Kalig recognises the soldier and the blind Prince, and on the departure of Rodolph he puts the packet of the Queen into the hands of Oberto—astonished and agitated, Oberto opens the seal, and is transported when he finds that Edmond, the blind boy, is heir to Samartia's throne—he calls Edmond and his daughter Elvina, and having read the letter of the Queen, and conquered their fears, they proceed together to Warsaw.—Oberto meets with Kalig at Warsaw, and consults with him how to announce the great intelligence—Kalig advises him to declare it publicly in the temple at the marriage of Rodolph and Lida, duchess of Lithuania, which is just about to take place.—The ceremony is begun—the chief priest says aloud, “I here betroth Rodolph, son of Stanislaus,”—Oberto rushes forward, and cries “He is not the son of Stanislaus.”—The King, at the sight of the packet, acknowledges the writing of the Queen, and convinced by the resemblance of the blind boy, declares Edmond to be his son. Rodolph is rewarded with the dukedom of Lithuania, and Stanislaus presents him with a brilliant ring as a pledge of his undiminished affection.—But nothing short of the crown can satisfy the ambitious desires of Rodolph—he gets possession of the person of Edmond, and delivers the poor blind Prince to his villainous agent, Starrow, to be drowned in the Vistula—Starrow seeks to procure the aid of Kalig,

who rescues the blind Prince, and slays, in combat, Starrow—During the fight Edmond wanders up a steep rock, and is on the point of falling down the precipice, when he is saved by Elvina, who, with her father, had flown to preserve him from the threatened danger—Kalig sounds the horn of Starrow, which was to have been a signal to Rodolph of Edmond's death—Rodolph, deceived by the sound, alarms the palace, and followed by the King and his guards, pretends to be eager in his search for the assassins—he seizes Kalig, and accuses him of the murder of Edmond—Oberto and Elvina appear with the blind Prince—the unblushing Rodolph still insists upon the guilt of Kalig, when Edmond produces the ring of Stanislaus, which in the struggle he drew from the hand of one of his assassins—Rodolph is convicted—and Stanislaus resigns the throne to Edmond, who shares it with his beloved Elvina.

This petit piece is of French extraction, and has been very successfully adapted to the English stage. It possesses considerable interest, and often touches the finer feelings, to the denouement. The language is neat, the humour chaste, and the incidents arise naturally, throughout the progress of the tale. The music reflects credit on Davy, the composer, and promises to become extremely popular. The piece throughout met with a favourable reception, in despite of the paltry junto of private actors who constantly have, for some years past, annoyed the audience on the first representation, at either theatre, of every new piece. The Blind Boy was given out for a second representation with approbation.

HORSE

HORSE CAUSE.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS,

DEC. 3, 1807.

Dray, against Desfontaines.

THIS was an action for 100 guineas, as the price of a horse, alleged to have been sold under the following circumstances:—The plaintiff left the horse at Hull's Livery Stables: the defendant called on Hull, on Sunday the 19th of April, and asked leave to try the horse for an hour, which was permitted. He then asked Hull, if he might take him to Major Mackenzie, of Tower-hill, who wanted such a horse. Hull permitted him to do so, with this positive injunction—"You must either bring me the horse, or 100l. by two o'clock at farthest." The horse was taken upon these terms, and not returned till eight. Hull then refused to take him, and considered the horse as sold. The case at the trial was borne out entirely by the positive testimony of Hull; and the jury believing that evidence, found a verdict for the plaintiff.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd had obtained a conditional rule to set aside this verdict on two grounds (as noticed in our last Magazine, page 85): 1st. That the evidence of Hull was most improbable in itself, and did not support the declaration as to the sale; and 2dly, that if there was a sale, such sale would be void by the statute of Charles the Second.

Mr. Serjeant Best shewed cause against this rule. As to the credit of Hull, that was a question for the jury, and if they believed his evidence, there was no doubt that there was a sale.—The second ob-

jection he conceived as more important; but against that objection he must contend, that neither the common law, nor any statute, set aside all sales made on a Sunday. This act of Charles II. enacted, "That tradesmen, artificers, labourers, or other persons, should not exercise their ordinary avocations on the Lord's Day; and that no persons should publicly cry, shew forth, or expose to sale, any wares or merchandise on Sunday, under penalty of forfeiting the same." This statute he conceived to apply merely to the public exercise of trades, but not to private sales. There was a case in 1st Strange, 702, where a person had been indicted for selling meat on a Sunday, and it was ruled not to be an offence indictable at common law. The ecclesiastical law indeed required that every person should attend divine service on Sunday, and it was consequently expected that they were to behave with decency and decorum at church, and it would evidently be a great breach of decency to make contracts about buying horses when in church, and when one's mind ought to be directed to other subjects. The Jewish law indeed made void all contracts entered into on the day of their Sabbath, with a rigour that had not been adopted in this country.—Whether or not the plaintiff had been guilty of any offence against the ecclesiastical law, in selling the horse on a Sunday, still that would not annul the contract.

Sir James Mansfield.—"Certainly, according to the ecclesiastical view of it, a man's mind could not be supposed to be abstracted from worldly affairs, and properly engaged in devotion, when he was thinking about selling his horse for 100 guineas. The old cases in

Crook, &

Crook, Eliz. declaring that actions might be illegal, and yet not void, would not be considered as law at present, as every day's experience proved, in the cases of sales of smuggled goods."

Mr. Serjeant Best said, that he meant to contend that every thing was lawful which was not prohibited expressly by some law. The Act of Charles the Second could not be meant generally to embrace all professions; for the Lord Chancellor may now exercise the important duty of putting the Great Seal to a Patent on a Sunday, and he did not conceive that the conferring a new title could be said to be an act of much greater necessity than selling a horse. There was an act passed in the reign of James I. to prevent shoemakers from exposing their goods to sale on a Sunday, and imposing severe penalties on them for so doing. This act, however, as well as the act to prevent drovers from driving their cattle on that day, shewed that it was not an offence at common law, or otherwise there would have been no occasion for the statute. Formerly fairs of cattle used to be held on a Sunday. The learned Serjeant then argued at considerable length, that what those statutes meant to prevent, was the indecorum of the public exercise of trades on a Sunday, and the disturbance that it might occasion to those who wished to pass their day for those purposes to which it is peculiarly set apart; but that a private sale did not come within their meaning, and that the goods so sold could not be said to be exposed to sale, as mentioned in the statute.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd said, that that part of the Jewish law which was contained in the Ten Com-

mandments was completely adopted in the Christian code, and the Fourth Commandment would always be considered obligatory in every Christian country. His learned friend had appeared to consider, that, until the passing of those statutes, no other offence existed. The words of the statute, were, however, different, for it began by stating: "Whereas abominable offences are committed against Almighty God and the Saints, by the profanation of the Lord's Day, therefore, be it enacted," &c: Although the act enacted additional penalties and prohibitions, yet the practices which it meant to suppress, were illegal before that time. If the law was against exposing to sale, and all the other things which were to bring about a sale, they must be against the sale itself. The learned Serjeant then contended, that Hull, the horse-dealer, was, in the strictest sense of the word, a tradesman exercising his trade upon the Lord's Day, and that the lending the horse out for trial, and then selling him, was to all intents and purposes exposing it for sale, and directly within the meaning of the words of the statute of Charles II. On the other point of the case he also contended, that the evidence of Hull did not prove a sale.

Mr. Serjeant Bailey followed on the same side.

Sir James Mansfield said, that as to the sale of the horse, if Hull's testimony was to be believed (and the jury had believed it) there could be no doubt that there was a sale. As to the other point, about the sale being void, as having been made on a Sunday, that was a new point, and the Court would consider of it.

SINGULAR SPORTS AT THIS SEASON.

AT Ramsgate, they begin the festivities of Christmas by a curious procession: a party of young people procure the head of a dead horse, which is affixed to a pole about four feet in length; a string is affixed to the lower jaw, a horse cloth is also attached to the whole, under which one of the party gets, and by frequently pulling the string, keeps up a loud snapping noise, and is accompanied by the rest of the party, grotesquely habited with hand bells: they thus proceed from house to house, ringing their bells, and singing carols and songs; they are commonly gratified with beer and cake, or perhaps with money. This is called, *provincially*, a Hodening, and the figure above described a Hoden or Woden Horse. Is the above a relick of a festival to commemorate our Saxon ancestors landing in Thanet, as the term Woden seems to imply? perhaps some of your readers can clear this up. It is, I find, general on the Isle of Thanet on Christmas eve, and as far as I can learn, no where else.

The following whimsical custom takes place annually, on the 24th of December, at the house of Sir J. Halt, Bart. of Aston, near Birmingham. On this day, as soon as supper is over, a table is set in the hall; on it is placed a brown loaf, with twenty silver threepences stuck on the top of it, tankards of ale with pipes and tobacco; and the two eldest servants have chairs behind it, to sit as judges if they please. The steward brings the servants, both men and women, by one at a time, covered with a winnow-sheet, and lays their right

hand on the loaf, exposing no other part of the body. The oldest of the two judges guesses at the person, by naming a name, then the younger judge, and lastly the oldest again. If they hit upon the right name, the steward leads the person back again; but if they do not, he takes off the winnow-sheet, and the person receives a threepence, makes low obeisance to the judges, but speaks not a word. When the second servant is brought, the younger guesses first and third, and this they do alternately till all the money is given away. Whatever servant has not slept in the house the preceding night, forfeits his right to the money. When the money is gone, the servants have full liberty to drink, dance, sing, and go to bed when they please.

At Bromley-Pagets, near Tutbury, is a remarkable sport on New-Year's-day and Twelfth-day, called the Hobby-horse dance, from a person who rides upon the image of a horse, with a bow and arrow in his hands, with which he makes a noise, and keeps time with the music, which six men make, who have the representation of rein-deer heads, on their shoulders. To this Hobby-horse belongs a pot, which the Reeves of the town fill with cakes and ale, and toward which the spectators contribute for the entertainment of the poor.

J. J. B.

RINGTAIL.

AT Noseley Hall, in Leicestershire, is a portrait of a mare, the history of which is entitled to a notice among the racers, &c. recorded in our periodical Miscellany. Her name was Ringtail, and be-

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longed

longed to Sir Arthur Hesilrige, who bought her from a miller, in 1727, for the sum of fifty shillings. The animal, though then only rising three years, had been used by the miller in his business; but the new proprietor of her, observing that she possessed much blood, ran her the next year at a race, and she won the plate. In subsequent races she won twenty other prizes, and afterwards won the gold cup at Morpeth races in 1733. After this period she won thirteen other prizes, to the value of 1,000l. On the picture is recorded her pedigree at large, and she is there called a galloway, being only thirteen hands two inches high.

AMERICAN DUELLING.

ON the 23d of September, a duel was fought at Norfolk, America, between Captain Gordon, of the Chesapeake, and Dr. Starke, in consequence of a dispute on Commodore Barron's conduct. Several shots were exchanged, and the affair terminated by Dr. Starke receiving a wound through the arm, from Lieutenant Crane, Captain Gordon's second.—This, an Irishman might say, is a *singular duel*.

The following correspondence on this extraordinary duel is given in one of the American papers:—

To the Editor of the Norfolk and Portsmouth Herald.

"SIR—I perceive in your paper of this day a communication, stating, that 'a meeting had taken place between Doctor Starke and Captain Gordon, in consequence of a dispute on the subject of Commodore Barron's conduct. Several

shots were exchanged without effect. The affair terminated in the Doctor's receiving a wound in the arm from Lieutenant Crane, the friend of Captain Gordon!'—It is obvious that the intention of the author of this piece was to injure my reputation, and that too in a mean and dastardly way; for although what he states is truth, he has not stated the cause of my firing. It is as follows:—There was a particular stipulation between the parties, which was communicated to them when they took the ground, that if either of them fired before they should receive the word, the friend of the gentleman fired on should immediately shoot him. Dr. Stark fired before the word, and I did my duty.—Writing, Sir, is not my profession. I have no wish to be engaged in newspaper contentions. Should any thing further be published on this subject, I hope the authors will add their names.—As the communication was made through your paper, I expect, and have no doubt, you will have the justice to give this a place. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"W. M. CRANE,

*United States frigate Chesapeake,
24th Sept. 1807."*

To the Editor, &c. &c.

"SIR—As the friend of Dr. Stark, in his affair with Captain Gordon, I conceive it my duty to remove any unfavourable impression that the statement of Lieutenant Crane may have made on the public.—We agree as to the stipulation, 'that if either of the principals fired before the word was given, the friend of the gentleman fired on had the privilege of shooting him.' But I am confident that Dr. Stark did not fire until the word

word was finished; it was a second or two before Captain Gordon discharged his pistol, and immediately called out, 'you have fired before the word.'—Lieutenant Crane then levelled his pistol and shot my friend, at the same time speaking in the most insulting manner.—Can any person suppose for a moment, that a man, who had stood six fires before, would attempt to take such an advantage at the seventh? No, Sir, it cannot be credited. Besides, Captain Gordon might have retained his fire so as to take better aim. I shall now leave the public to judge between the parties, premising, that when Dr. Stark recovers from his wound, a full and candid statement of facts shall be laid before them.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"A. J. M'CONNICO.

"*Norfolk, Sept. 28, 1807.*"

TRIAL OF LIEUTENANT M.

FOR
SHOOTING AT CAPT. MARTIN.

BOMBAY, MAY 2, 1807.

THE prisoner was indicted before Sir James Mackintosh, for wilfully and maliciously firing a pistol at Captain Martin, of the Company's service, in the regimental mess-room at Poonah, whereby he was deprived of his sight.

The Hon. the Recorder (after hearing the evidence) prefaced his recapitulation of the evidence to the Jury, by observing, that a criminal Judge had at all times a painful and invidious duty to perform, but that he had never felt it more painfully than on the present occasion. But whatever feelings of commiseration for the unfortunate young

man at the bar might arise in the hearts of his Judges, the interests of society, entrusted to their guardianship and protection, were of too important and sacred a nature to be sacrificed to any feelings, however amiable. Both he and the Jury had sworn to discharge their duty to their country, and they ought to keep in mind the evil consequences which might ensue from the example of such a crime (if, indeed, the Jury should believe the prisoner to have committed it) being suffered to pass with impunity; such an impunity would put to hazard the decorum, harmony, and security of society, and would tend to convert the assemblies of officers and gentlemen into desperate meetings of bravoes and assassins. But, notwithstanding this, if any doubt existed, either as to the law or the facts of the case, the prisoner was entitled to the benefit of it, and the Jury would take care to enforce his claim. The learned Recorder here read the words of the Statute on which the prisoner was indicted; and then observed, that two things were necessary, and must be proved to the satisfaction of the Jury; to constitute the offence under this Act of Parliament, namely, the fact of shooting at the person mentioned in the indictment; and, second, there must be wilful and malicious shooting. He then proceeded to read the whole evidence, and in the course of the recapitulation adverted to a trifling contradiction in the testimony of the two gentlemen who had been examined; respecting the prisoner's being called to order by the President, Lieutenant Sealy, which Mr. Bowers had sworn to, but which Mr. Sealy did not recollect: it was possibly the Vice-President who had called the prisoner

prisoner to order, and the fair and candid manner in which both the gentlemen had given their evidence, precluded any other inference from so slight a difference of testimony, except that it must have arisen from mistake in one or the other of them, fairly attributable to the confusion of the scene. He likewise commented at some length on that part of the evidence respecting the relative situations of the prisoner, Mr. Eckford, and Captain Martin, from which he inferred, that it was impossible that Eckford could have been the person aimed at.—He also observed, that the expressions of the prisoner, as to his intention of shooting himself, might be regarded by the Jury as marking the incoherent and distracted state of his mind at the time, and that it was not absolutely necessary for them to consider this declaration, with a view of ascertaining whether it was to be believed or not. The learned Judge having recapitulated the evidence, proceeded to state the law as applicable to this case. There were three points, or perhaps four, necessary to be considered. In the first place it was for the Jury to say, whether there was any aiming at Captain Martin. The law did not require a deliberate aim to be taken: it mattered not whether the pistol was levelled for a short or a long time; a momentary levelling was sufficient: it was enough if the direction of the weapon was not accidental; now as to the fact of aiming at Captain Martin, the evidence was direct and circumstantial.

Captain Boyers speaks positively to the pistols being levelled in the direction of Captain M. and the testimony is confirmed by the wound which Captain M. received,

by the shot which were lodged in the wall behind him, and by the circumstances attending Mr. Eckford's wound; unless, therefore, the prisoner could shew that something diverted the course of the pistol so as to make it by chance take the direction it did, it appeared to him, that the conclusion was inevitable, as to the fact of the prisoner aiming at Captain Martin.

In the second place, the shooting at the party must be a malicious shooting. It was not necessary that any particular malevolence against Captain M. should appear; if the prisoner had been instigated by malice against the whole party, or any one of them, and had killed Martin, it would have amounted to murder in case of death. It would also be sufficient, if it appeared that the prisoner was actuated by that general malice which the law supposes to exist, wherever there are indications of a desperate disregard of human life, or of a general carelessness and negligence in doing any act from which the death of a fellow-creature might probably arise. Indications of this sort, if the jury thought that such appeared in the present case, it was his duty to tell them were not excused by the intoxication of the prisoner; supposing that fact to be established, the law regards drunkenness as no excuse; if a man be deprived of his reason by the act of God, he is not held responsible to human laws for his conduct during his insanity; but if, by any act of his own, he deprives himself of the use of his reason, he must answer for the consequences; a contrary doctrine would be attended with the most pernicious effects to society, for a man in that case might deliberately plan a scheme of villainy, and waiting boldness to

carry it into effect when sober, might save himself from the penal consequences of his guilt by executing it in a state of artificial courage produced by intoxication.

The next question for the jury to consider was, whether there was any sudden passion in the case, which, in the event of death having ensued, would have reduced the homicide to manslaughter—the law says, that if a sufficient time elapses between the provocation and the killing, it is murder—it is impossible for any law to say what precise time shall elapse, but if there appears to have been any brooding over revenge, any such reasonable space for passion to subside, as is observed in general to allay its fury in men of ordinary sense and humanity, the law admits not of the provocation as any apology for the crime—this rule is founded on the wisest principle; for that which chiefly distinguishes a good man from a bad one is the different duration of the influence of passion over the minds of both; the one is placable, but the other perseveres in the indulgence of his rage; the one listens speedily to the dictates of reason and moderation, the other continues deaf to all they can urge. The disposition to brood over real or supposed injuries till resentment degenerates into revenge, the implacable and vindictive spirit which forbids anger to subside in the period which usually calms its rage, form themselves that malice which makes a killing to be murder, and shooting at to be a capital felony under this act of Parliament. It had, in the address on the part of the prisoner, been urged, that his intoxication did away the inference of deliberation from the lapse of time, and, therefore, that the case was to be considered as if no time

had elapsed between the provocation and the act.—The learned Judge, however, said, he was bound to repeat to the jury, painful as the task was, that the intoxication of the prisoner formed no excuse for any part of his conduct in the eye of the law—so great was the danger of allowing such a defence, that it was necessary to exclude that circumstance from our consideration altogether. If drunkenness could reduce a killing from murder to manslaughter, the assassin would easily purchase the gratification of his satiety at the expence of a punishment so slight, that in such atrocious cases scarcely to differ from that of the impunity.

The jury, after retiring about an hour and a half, returned with a verdict of *guilty*, but strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy.

FAULKENER, A TRAGEDY

DRURY-LANE THEATRE, DEC. 16.

THIS new Tragedy, reported to be the production of Mr. Godwin, was performed the first time, this evening.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Faulkener	Mr. Ellington.
Count Orsini	Mr. Powell.
Stanley	Mr. H. Siddons.
Benedetto	Mr. Palmer.
Countess Orsini	Mrs. Powell.
Lauretta	Mrs. H. Siddons.

The following is the outline of the story.

Faulkener is the son of an officer, who was killed in the service of King Charles II. at the battle of Worcester. His mother, the officer's widow, in soliciting assistance from the youthful King, pleased his fancy, and he succeeded in seducing

seducing her. On this the friends of Faulkener took him from his mother, and bred him up in ignorance of her. The mother having quickly repented, retired to live in privacy; where, having some time after met Count Orsini, an Italian nobleman, she married him, he not knowing her history.—The play opens with Faulkener, arrived at manhood, being resolved to seek his mother, of whom he had never been allowed even to speak; and the interest arises from his endeavours to find her, and her anxiety to avoid being discovered, lest her husband should learn her former deviation from virtue. Lauretta, a mistress of Count Orsini, discarded on his marriage with the mother of Faulkener, is acquainted with the circumstance, and labours to bring the affair to light. She writes an anonymous letter, which brings the youth to Milan, where his mother then was; but various accidents prevented their meeting. After some time, he is conducted by Benedetto, a confederate of Lauretta, to Florence, the fixed abode of Count Orsini. Benedetto undertakes to shew to Faulkener his mother, and leads him to a masquerade, where Lauretta, as a witch, addresses him, in obscure terms, on the subject of his pursuit. He here recognises his mother, but is accidentally separated. Benedetto, in another meeting, so irritates Faulkener with insinuations against his mother, that Faulkener draws on him, and Benedetto is killed. Flying from the consequences, Faulkener chances to enter the garden of the Orsini palace, and even penetrates to the bed-chamber of his mother. She is confounded with his appearance, but finds means to persuade him that she is not his mother, and that

his mother had been long dead. Faulkener is taken, and is to be brought to trial. In the meantime, Stanley, the warm friend of Faulkener, being persuaded by Lauretta that the Countess seeks her son's death, acquaints the Count of all that he knew of the Countess's conduct. The Count, indignant at this calumny, as he thinks, against his wife, fights with Stanley, and is killed. But the Countess, finding her son in danger, instead of wishing his death, had resolved to save him, by making known the arts of Lauretta and Benedetto, even though it exposed her own disgrace. Having in this manner saved her son, she finds, on her return, her husband killed, and thus has cause for lasting regret at the folly and guilt of her youthful error.

This performance bears some marks of genius. There are several scenes exquisitely wrought, and there are many situations where the performers have occasion for the display of all their sensibility and feeling. But Mr. Godwin has not combined the whole with judgment; and in compliance with the taste of the times, has mixed up the glare, the dance, and the folly of a masquerade, with one of the most affecting incidents of his tragedy—Faulkener's first discovery of his mother. The repetition too of the duel, thus embruing in blood the hands of his hero, and of his friend, was extremely disgusting. Some of the lesser incidents are not well managed, particularly the trial of Faulkener, which is made almost ridiculous; and the piece in general, during the fifth act, grows languid, and does not wind up with an energy and pathos sufficient to leave a due impression on the audience.

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The fable, we are told, is borrowed from De Foe's Novel, entitled, *Roxalana; or, the Fortunate Mistress*." But the child, whose longing after its unknown parent forms the interest of the piece, and produces the catastrophe, in De Foe, is a daughter; in Godwin, it is a son. The Epilogue was prettily delivered by Mrs. H. Siddons, whose gentle and amiable manners, it is proper to remark, were but ill calculated to represent the cruel and artful Lauretta.

It was given out for a second representation, but the third night finished its career.

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1808.

" Resolve—then re-resolve—and die the same." Young.

THE commencement of a new year generally gives birth to a variety of new resolutions in almost every human breast. There are, I am afraid, but few people who can contemplate the past twelve months with so much satisfaction, as to wish a repetition of their conduct in all its parts, and such is the ardent desire of mankind to increase their worldly advantages. It must, nevertheless, be confessed, that in almost every one of this description their resolutions are accompanied with an *If*: so true it is, that "there is much virtue in an *if*"—as thus:—

I am resolved, says my Lord, this year to have an Earldom—if I can get money.

I am resolved, says my Lady, this year to rival the three Duchesses in splendour—if I can get money.

I am resolved, says the *Man of Fashion*, this year to get into Parliament, increase my equipage, give grand dinners, and every where sport my consequence—if I can get money.

I am resolved, says the *Lady of Fashion*, this year to have card parties, give routs, take a box at the Opera, and be the high priestess of the ton—if I can get money.

I am resolved, says the *Would-be-Sportsman*, this year to keep a groom and a brace of geldings—be high at Tattersall's, attend Newmarket, York, Epsom, and Egham Meetings, and, as a knowing-one, fleece the flats—if I can get money.

I am resolved, says the *Sheep-keeping Buck*, this year to keep my gig and my girl—to kick up the devil of a dust in Rotten-row, and to keep clear of the Gazette—if I can get money.

I am resolved, says the *Tradesman's gay Wife*, this year to take Sunday jaunts to Windsor, Richmond, and Hampton Court—to visit the watering places, and cut a dash at the City Assemblies—if I can get money.

I am resolved, says the *Bond-street Lounger*, this year, instead of walking, to sport a curricule and pair—if I can get money.

I am resolved, says the *Box-Lobby Lounger*, this year to parade the Theatres every evening—frighten the modest Misses—dash at the demireps, and be d-d jolly in the watch-house—if I can get money.

I am resolved, says the *Female Lounger*, this year to be in the very pink of the mode, and to cut a figure, either clothed or naked, in every public place—if I can get money.

I might follow this *ad infinitum*; but enough. We see that almost all the world—our world—are in the

the pursuit of that which is said to be the root of all evil, and that, when acquired, nearly every one wishes to make, if not an evil, at least a foolish use of it. The reflexion is, therefore, by no means vexatious, which assures us, that very few of these resolves are likely to be accomplished, for it is pretty evident, that a life of gaiety, and a desire to shine, are not the ways to get money.

J. J. B.

January 1, 1808.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

DIBDIN's much-admired song is at this time nearly verified in the fate of the late Mr. Broadhurst's favourite, *Mendoza*, by Javelin; dam by Paymaster, out of Pomona, by King Herod.—In the years 1791, 2, and 3, when, "pampered, proud, and elate," he won several stakes and matches at Newmarket*, for considerable sums.—He afterwards became a very capital hunter in the Duke of Leeds's stud, and at the close of many a hard run, "the high-mettled racer was in at the death."—The transition (if we may be allowed the comparison) is uniform with numerous instances of sublunary greatness; for though formerly well qualified to start for Royal Plates, he has for some years, "with harness sore galled," run, and still "continues to run, in the Royal Mail Coach between Catterick and Greta Bridge, in the county of York, with great spirit, and "yet with some blood."

* In 1791, *Mendoza* won twice 100gs, two fifties, 50gs. and 50gs.; in 1792, he won 50l. 500gs. and 300gs.; and in 1793, he won 500gs.—all at Newmarket.

Mendoza is now in his nineteenth year, and blind.

Mr. Garforth's *Young Pacolet* ran for several years, though blind, in the Royal Mail Coach betwixt York and Ferry-bridge, a distance of twenty-three miles; and very often went forward, on the same night of returning to York, with the mail to Thornaby, fifteen miles on the north road from York.—And Mr. Stapleton's *Parlington* ran for some time in a coach on the south road.—*Pacolet* and *Parlington* ran five four-mile heats for the Give-and-Take Plate at York, in 1784.

SPORTING ASSAULT.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, NOV. 26.

WILLIAM Williams, Esq. a gentleman of property, was brought into Court to receive judgment, for an assault on Mr. Edward Abby, at Doncaster, on the race ground, at the time of the races there. The misunderstanding arose between the parties on account of a wager, which Mr. Abby alledged he had won of Mr. Williams, and claimed of him 20l. having laid 6 to 4; Mr. Abby insisting it was six five pounds to four five pounds; whereas Mr. Williams considered the bet only 6l. to 4l.; upon which the parties gave each the lie, and Mr. Williams struck Mr. Abby a blow so violent, that the blood gushed out of his ears.

The sentence of the Court was, that the defendant do pay to the King a fine of 25l. which he paid immediately, and retired.

THE EARL OF KINGSTON
AND
CAPTAIN HAY.

IN the reports of motions for granting rules for shewing cause why Criminal Informations should not be made absolute in the Court of King's Bench, the colouring of Counsel employed to make such motions is often so remote from the truth, that the person against whom it is made is ultimately proved, on shewing cause, to be more sinned against than sinning. How far this was the case in the affair between Lord Kingston and Captain Hay, our readers will judge from the following reports of the Motion and Answer.

His Lordship answered, that he was Lord Kingston. Captain Hay replied, these are my friends, meaning two gentlemen who were with him. You are, I believe, Captain Hay. Captain Hay answered, I am Captain Philip Hay, of the 18th Light Dragoons; and as you have calumniated my character, I have a right to demand that satisfaction which one gentleman ought to have of another. Lord Kingston asked, whether he meant to challenge him? to which he said, he meant to have satisfaction or an apology. Lord Kingston said that he should make no apology, for that he had been guilty of very improper conduct—he had demanded compensation for losses by the rebellion, when he was in fact a rebel.

Rule to shew cause granted.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, Nov. 10.

The Attorney General moved for a rule to shew cause why a Criminal Information should not be filed against Captain Philip Hay, for giving a challenge to the Earl of Kingston.

The affidavit stated, that Captain Hay, during the rebellion in Ireland, was in the service of the rebels.—Lord Kingston was taken prisoner by them, and during his confinement Captain Hay, who was then serving with the rebels, knowing Lord Kingston's interest might be of service to him, treated him with great kindness.—Captain Hay was afterwards tried by a Court Martial, and acquitted. He afterwards applied to the Commissioners for compensation for the loss which he suffered in the rebellion. Lord Kingston wrote a letter to Lord Hardwick, which gave great offence to Captain Hay. He afterwards met Lord Kingston, and accosted him by saying, I believe I speak to Lord Kingston.

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In the same Court, November the 27th, Mr. Park shewed cause against the above rule, when he read a very long and distinct affidavit of the defendant as follows;

Captain Hay's affidavit stated, that he was the son of a gentleman in the county of Wexford, in Ireland; and in the year 1790, when he was thirteen years of age, he went abroad, and continued absent for five years, having been honoured with an Ensigny; that he was sent in the expedition, commanded by Sir Ralph Abercrombie, against St. Lucia. From the time he had first gone abroad, he had not been in Ireland, till the year 1796, when he was there eight days, in order to recover some property devised to him by his father's will, which an elder brother disputed with him. He returned again in April, 1798, and recovered his property. The Commander of a Volunteer Corps was his curator.

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On the 26th of May, in that year, the rebellion broke out in the county of Wexford, and upon that occasion he took every opportunity of employing himself advantageously, in endeavouring to reclaim to their allegiance as many of the tenants in that county as were corrupted and deluded, and in training those who were loyally disposed. By his exertions, about 240 persons took the oath of allegiance to his Majesty, and a great many stands of arms were delivered up, and many persons became faithful servants to the Crown. There were many instances in which he fought against the rebels; and particularly when they attacked the house of a Mr. Richards and his family, he assisted in repelling them, when the rebels fired upon the loyalists. At length it was determined to evacuate the town of Wexford, and some of the army had to make their escape on board a ship, which was soon afterwards captured, and they were made prisoners; and he, amongst others, was taken into the custody of the rebels themselves, where he continued for eleven days. Under these circumstances, he had been represented as having been an active commander in the rebel army. What gave rise to this, however, was, that he was soon recognised by the rebels as having been in the army, and they threatened to put him to death, unless he would join them—they would put a spit to his throat, unless he put a sword at his side, and would act in conjunction with them. There was evidently no other alternative left for him but to dissemble, and appear to join them, until such time as he could actually make his escape.—During the time of his remaining in custody, the Earl of Kingston

was also made a prisoner. He apprised him (the Earl) of his intention to escape, and told him, that if he got away, he would give information to his friends as to his situation. While he remained in custody, so far from his being actually a zealous commander amongst the rebels, he was, on the contrary, an object of suspicion amongst them, and scarcely a day passed over without his being threatened. During his imprisonment, he repeatedly conversed with those loyalists in whom he could confide his real situation, in order that they might be witnesses of his intentions.

At length he found his way to the out-ports, and having taken the green bough out of his hat, he made off, but was fired after by several of them. He immediately waited upon Lord Tyrone, at Waterford, and gave him information concerning what had happened to him, and also Brigadier-General Henniker, at Cullen-Bridge, and from thence proceeded to Dublin Castle, where he gave information to Lord Castlereagh, and called upon the late Marquis of Ely, and also upon a Noble Lord, the brother-in-law of the Earl of Kingston, and informed him of his Lordship's situation, and he took such other steps as were incumbent upon him immediately after his being released from his confinement. In short, he suppressed no fact, and concealed no circumstance, but remained in Dublin, notwithstanding these events, unaccused and unsuspected, for a considerable length of time.—At length, being informed that suspicions had been conceived against him, he immediately waited upon Lord Lake, who was then Commander in Chief in Ireland, and entreated; that if he thought there was any reasonable cause for impeaching

teaching his character, he might be brought to trial by Court-Martial. Lord Lake, so far from thinking that his conduct was improper on this occasion, refused this request, and told him he was above suspicion. Finding these reports still prevailing, however, he persisted in being tried by a Court-Martial, an event which accordingly took place on the 23d July, 1798. The Court was composed of gentlemen of the first respectability, and the President, Lord Ancram. The crime with which he was charged was that of being in arms against his Majesty. The Court was engaged eight days upon this enquiry, and many witnesses were brought forward from Wexford. The Court, after maturely and deliberately considering the evidence, found that the charge of his having been in arms against his Majesty was proved; but it evidently appearing that the prisoner's conduct had arisen from an arbitrary control and compulsion, the Court did unanimously and honourably acquit him.

Immediately upon his return to Dublin, he waited upon Lord Cornwallis, who recommended him to a troop in the 28th Dragoons, in which regiment he served in that year, 1798, to their reduction in 1802. Upon that event, he was again appointed to a similar situation in the 18th Light Dragoons, commanded by Colonel Stewart, the brother of Lord Castlereagh.

During his confinement with the rebels, his house had been robbed by them, and he consequently made that claim for indemnification, which he thought he had a right to do, and received 100*l.* from the Commissioners, as the value of the articles taken out. The Earl of Kingston, upon hearing of his ap-

plication, petitioned these Commissioners to have the matter tried at the Quarter Sessions, at Wexford, although it was not easy to see how that Court of Quarter Sessions could have any thing to do with such a question. He applied to a Mr. Burroughs, and another Irish barrister, who, as his Counsel, advised him not to submit to any such thing, and expressed their opinion that it was a cruel proceeding against him. At the same time the Chairman and Magistrates of the Sessions refused to try the case, being convinced that they had no jurisdiction to do so. Captain Hay, however, expressed a wish to have the matter investigated in the Court of Exchequer, although the Earl of Kingston had represented him as having refused to have the matter tried by any Court. This, however, was expressly denied, by its having actually been investigated, by the Court quashing the proceedings, and expressing their detestation at such a prosecution, and at the wasting of the public money, which had been for the purpose of making good the loss to loyalists; and also intimated in strong terms a censure of such cruel proceedings against him. It further appeared, that the Earl of Kingston had taken upon himself to hand a statement of these facts to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and a reference being consequently made to Marquis Cornwallis and Lord Castlereagh, a correspondence was thereby produced, in October, 1803, which tended to shew that the circumstances had proved so satisfactory to Captain Hay's character and conduct, that his Royal Highness was convinced that the charge was entirely unfounded. This satisfactory information was formally communicated to Captain Hay. This

was four years after the Court Martial, and no less than three years from the present time: Lord Castlereagh was then in the knowledge of these facts, and in 1805, a similar representation had been made to Lord Cathcart.

In the interval since 1805, the Earl of Kingston had continued to represent Captain Hay, as a rebel, and "that the hangman was the only person fit to deal with him;" a conduct which was for the purpose of ruining this defendant's character. But he (Captain Hay,) had been prevented during that period from taking any steps to stop these unfounded calumnies, as the powers of the Commissioners were still in force, and the matter left open, the Earl of Kingston having offered himself as a principal witness against him. The Earl of Kingston had accused the defendant of having headed the rebels at Goree Bridge, and having been the means of their success; although he (Captain Hay) afterwards proved, that he had actually dined with the Earl of Ely when the battle alluded to took place. As to the meeting which took place in Portland place, upon the 8th of October, which had been alluded to by the Earl of Kingston, in his affidavit, the circumstances were fresh in his recollection, and he could give a different statement of them from that which the Noble Earl had done. He had called upon the Noble Earl that day, accompanied by two friends, missed him, but afterwards met him in the above-mentioned street. He (Mr. Park) had procured the affidavit of Mr. Carey, an officer in his Majesty's service, and the reason why he had not procured one from Mr. M'Hugh, the other gentleman, was, because the rule having been so lately applied for, and that gen-

tleman being now at St. Asaph, in North Wales, it was impossible to procure it in sufficient time to produce in shewing cause against the rule. Captain Hay had, however, written to that gentleman to come up for that purpose; but the affidavit of Mr. Carey, however, confirmed every thing in his, the defendant's, own statement, of what passed on that occasion. Both the defendant and that officer concurred in saying, that he never challenged the Earl of Kingston till after some very scandalous words had been used by the Noble Earl.

On his meeting the Noble Earl, he accosted him, and told him that he had been calling upon him, and wished to have some conversation with him, in the presence of these two gentlemen, who were his friends, and asking him, at the same time, if he was disposed to retire to some more private place? To this the noble Earl answered, that place would do well enough; and then he (Captain H.) informed him, that he had heard what he, the Noble Earl, had said about him. The Noble Earl then repeated what he had formerly been alleging, that he, Captain Hay, had been guilty of a swindling transaction, in endeavouring to get compensation for his alleged losses, as a suffering loyalist. Captain Hay replied, that he did not wish to be informed as to what he had done in that affair, being perfectly acquainted with it already; but he principally wished an explanation of the language which he had used elsewhere, and some apology for the word swindling, which he had just then uttered. To this the Earl of Kingston replied, that he would make none, that he had been to the Duke of York, to state the circumstances, he knew, concerning his,

his, Captain Hay's conduct, adding at the same time, "that in his, the Earl of Kingston's opinion, the only person fit to deal with him was the hangman." This affidavit further stated, that the Earl of Kingston had used several expressions formerly to Colonel Stewart, Lord Castlereagh's brother; he (Mr. Park) had an affidavit of that gentleman, (Colonel Stewart,) stating that such expressions had been made use of in his presence, and that it was his duty to inform Capt. H. of them. And, indeed, it appeared, that in every company the Earl of Kingston had expressed himself in similar injurious expressions towards the defendant. Capt. Hay then said to him, that his assertions were as false and malicious as ever; and added, "I now demand that satisfaction from you, which is due from one gentleman to another." Upon this the Noble Earl said, "Do you mean to challenge me?" Captain Hay answered, "that he certainly did mean to do so." The Earl replied, "I will not meet you, as I do not consider you a fit person to encounter, as you have evaded answering to the investigation of the swindling transaction, of which you have been guilty, and knowing that you are actually a rebel. I shall wait upon the Duke of York and state the facts; and take such proceedings against you as are necessary for the challenge which you have given." Upon this they parted, and Captain Hay's parting words to the Earl of Kingston were, "I have found you in infamy, I leave you in it, and I have done with you."

From these facts he (Mr. Park) trusted he should be able to shew, that the defendant had not given the Earl any challenge, till such time as the words swindler, hang-

man, and other provoking language had been used. Mr. Carey's affidavit stated, that he had known defendant from his infancy, and was convinced that he was as loyal, brave, and meritorious a subject, as any in his Majesty's service. — Colonel Stewart was also a deponent before their Lordships, and stated that he had known the defendant for seven years, and considered him as a most loyal officer, gave him the best of characters, and that in several interviews with the Earl of Kingston, he had heard the Earl abuse Captain Hay, in gross terms, and, upon one occasion, say, that he would not come to Dublin, because he (Captain Hay) was a notorious rebel, and that he would prosecute him to the utmost extent of his life and fortune; and that at Sir Eyre Coote's he heard the same Noble Lord abuse the defendant before a large party of officers, and others, and impressing upon the company that he was a rebel and a traitor; adding, that the Earl assigned as a reason for his not coming forward to give evidence upon his trial, that a brother of Captain Hay had saved his (Earl Kingston's) life. Colonel Stewart's affidavit further went on to state, that, at another interview betwixt him and the Noble Earl, at Charing, he (the Earl) renewed his observations upon Captain Hay, and said, that, Hay was a man of such a character, that he would not meet him, were he to challenge him, but he would meet any other man he might choose to send to him. This, said the learned Counsel, was the oddest kind of morality he had ever heard of, when it was considered that these expressions proceeded from the man who came into Court for the purpose of beseeching their Lordships to punish in another the offence of challenging.

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The learned Counsel concluded his very full and perspicuous statement of the facts, by observing, that it was of the utmost importance that the real circumstances of this case should be made known to the world, by being fully detailed for their Lordships' consideration and judgment. He had not kept back any thing that was of consequence on either side, and under this impression, he hoped that their Lordships would see sufficient cause to discharge this rule.

Mr. Marryatt followed on the same side, enlarging and further illustrating the statement of facts.

The Attorney General then addressed their Lordships in support of the rule, and particularly alluded to one point which was forcibly dwelt on by the learned gentleman who preceded him, namely, that this application was totally unnecessary, as the challenge in question had been given after the Noble Earl had used certain expressions, and the more especially as Captain Hay had told him, that he had "left him in infamy, as he had found him, and that he had entirely done with him." Although it had been stated, that the filing of an information under such circumstances was not to be considered as a matter of course, and that it had been repeatedly refused by their Lordships in cases of libels, where it was shewn that great provocation had been given, yet he hoped he could shew to their Lordships, that, in cases of challenges, it had never been refused upon any evidence of provocation. It was for the mere circumstance of giving the challenge that this particular application had been made, and a circumstance which every affidavit tended to prove, and which the defendant himself did not affect to

deny. He then took a short view of the facts, as detailed in the foregoing affidavits, and endeavoured to shew, that the defendant, in giving this challenge to the Noble Earl, had acted with the utmost deliberation, and with an avowed hostility. He did not mean to say, that the language used by the Earl of Kingston was perfectly correct; but it was sufficient for him to prove that Captain Hay had called upon that Noble Lord with an express intention of challenging him. The question was, how far had Captain Hay taken the course of justice into his own hands? Many of the facts, therefore, which were stated in Captain Hay's affidavits, did not at all bear upon the circumstances of this motion. No instance having occurred where the Court had refused an information for a challenge, he hoped their Lordships would act upon similar principles; and how much soever the conduct of a prosecutor in other cases might tend to mitigate the offence, yet it was entirely to be overlooked in cases of challenging, especially when it was given with such deliberation, and at an unexpected meeting.

Mr. Garrow and Mr. Knapp followed on the same side.

Lord Ellenborough then observed, that in this case it was evident the defendant certainly meant to do what he did; that is, to challenge the Earl of Kingston. There were certainly, however, various circumstances to be taken into consideration; such as the imputation which the Earl of Kingston had cast upon the defendant, as to his having been guilty of a swindling transaction; and the gross language which he had used, as to the only person fit to deal with him being the hangman. He did not wish it

to

to be understood, that it was a universal or general rule for the Court to grant an information for a challenge under all circumstances. In the case of the King v. Hankey, the Court had expressly refused an information for sending a challenge to a party who had himself evinced a disposition to send one. There might be circumstances of irritation that might justify the Court in refusing an information; but in these cases the law was left open to the party who conceived himself aggrieved or in danger, such as exhibiting articles of the peace.

His Lordship then took a concise view of the leading features of the case, and shewed that the provocation which the defendant had received from the prosecutor, was enormous, and more than human passions could endure. Here was a gentleman who had gone to Ireland to visit his estate, at a time immediately preceding the calamitous rebellion in Ireland, to a place where it raged with the greatest violence. He was taken prisoner by the rebels, and resided with them for eleven days. He was appalled, probably with the horrid spectacles to which he was witness; and who, he asked—who would not be appalled, who knew of the dreadful circumstances which took place at Wexford Bridge, where people were suspended upon pikes, and precipitated over the bridge, in the most cruel, savage, and barbarous manner? Even these, it might be said, were not moments in which a man ought to lose his firmness, and, by his conduct, lend even an apparent conformity to such an outrageous rebellion. But it would be applying rather too severe a rule to the infirmity of our nature, to suppose, that a man with a spit held to his throat, should not suffer a

sword to be girt to his side, to prevent such an unlawful mode of dissolution. This, however, was the state of the case, as it appeared to have come out before the Court Martial, who sat eight days, and the result of their investigation was, that the fact as to his bearing the insignia of rebellion had been proved, but being evidently an arbitrary compulsion, they dismissed the inquiry, and honourably acquitted him.—It behoved every person of common candour to make that allowance for Captain Hay's conduct, at the time when he was placed in such an awful predicament, which his brother officers had thought fit to make for him. However, it did appear that the Earl of Kingston, the prosecutor, in the full knowledge, not only of that circumstance, but after having had communicated to him the purposes of the defendant, should he make his escape, and stating to him that in case he should fall a sacrifice in making his escape he was not a rebel in heart, and after knowing that he had gone to Lord Mount-Cashel, his brother-in-law, and stated the circumstances of his situation, it would be too much indeed to find him, notwithstanding all this previous knowledge, going on for a period of years, indulging himself in the grossest invective, and calling his former friend a traitor and rebel. It was surely too much to find him saying that he would prosecute Captain Hay to the utmost extent of his life and fortune; and that although he would not condescend to meet him, he was ready to meet any person whom he chose to send to him. It was strange to find the Earl of Kingston saying that he would not imbrue his hands in the blood of a rebel, yet that he would perpetrate

perpetrate such a deed upon any loyal subject whom Captain Hay chose to send to him.

These were the circumstances under which the defendant had called upon the Earl of Kingston, with the avowed purpose either of receiving an apology for his abuse, or of challenging him. The Earl of Kingston had done all he could to bring the defendant to trial for what he called a swindling transaction; he also told him that the only person fit to deal with him was the hangman. Under these circumstances, it surely was evident that this person had been galled to madness by the provocation he had received from the party who was now calling for an information. It did not appear, and he hoped the probability did not exist, that any further dangerous or fatal consequences were to ensue from this unhappy difference; the very last words of Captain Hay having been, "that he had found the prosecutor in infamy, where he left him, and that he had done with him."

Upon the whole, this case displayed facts so much exceeding the ordinary bearing of human prudence, that it could not be said the prosecutor had come into Court with clean hands, but had been himself an aggressor, in having given an extraordinary degree of provocation. His Lordship concluded with saying, that in his opinion the rule ought to be discharged without costs, and with this sentiment the other Judges united.

LOGIE O'BUCHAN, A CELEBRATED RACER.

LATELY died, in Scotland, the celebrated racer, Logie O'Bu-

chan, by Rockingham, out of Queen Mab, the dam of Oberon, Lethe, Strathspey, Remembrancer, Cassio, &c.

In 1799, Logie O'Buchan, then three years old, won 50l. and 80l. at Manchester, two fifties at Morpeth, and 50l. at Carlisle: after which, he was sold to Robert Fletcher, Esq. for 500gs., and in 1800 he won the King's Plate at Edinburgh, twice 50l. at Montrose, and 50l. at Ayr. In 1801, he won twice 50gs. at Edinburgh, twice 50l. at Dumfermline, and 50l. at Montrose. He was afterwards sold to J. L. Johnstone, Esq. who matched him to run 100 yards, against Mr. Fletcher's black poney, at Lamberton, in July, 1802, for 1000gs. each, which was won by Logie O'Buchan. On the day before, Logie O'Buchan and the same poney ran fifty yards, which was won by the poney: Mr. Johnstone staked 1000gs. to 100gs. The owners rode both races.—Logie O'Buchan also won a purse at Edinburgh. He was afterwards a stallion in Scotland.

SUDBURY, AND HIS FRIEND MONKEY.

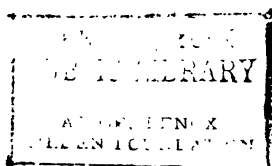
An Etching.

SUDBURY is a horse, once the property of the late Lord N—k, who had him painted by Mr. Stubbs in 1794, from which picture this etching was taken.

The pedigree of Sudbury is but indistinctly known, but his rare qualities as a hunter have long been the admiration of the gentlemen of the county of Hants, where he has frequently exhibited exploits of the highest credit to himself. But to shew



SUBBLETY and MONKEY.



shew that perfection is as rarely to be met with in the quadruped as in our race of bipeds, we present our readers as well with his vicious propensities as his good qualities.

Sudbury's grand fault is, being too much attached to natural liberty, for no sooner is he left to himself than he snaps his bridle, takes to the fields, and outflies his pursuers; for this ill habit the groom was ordered to part with him, and he became the property of Mr. P——s, of Minsted. Sudbury had not been long with his new master, before he shewed symptoms of his old tricks; and one day, when the servant left him at the door of the Anchor public-house, at Red-bridge, he broke from his station, and ran off, over Hine's Hill, into the New Forest, and with this intelligence the servant returned to his master. Mr. P——s had for

some time observed, that an extraordinary attachment had taken place between an old stable-dog, called Monkey, and his retrograde hunter, Sudbury, which induced him to send Thomas and the dog into the New Forest, with a strict injunction not to come back till he had received some information respecting Sudbury; but night coming on, the young man was forced to return without the horse, and without his canine companion, Monkey. Several days had elapsed, when, as Mr. P. sat at his breakfast table, to his great astonishment he beheld his old dog returning up the lane, merrily skipping before the hunter. The yard gate being fast, Monkey took the lead, and Sudbury followed, entering the stable, where his master found him as if nothing had happened, busy again at the hay-rack and the manger.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c.

IN 1807.

By ACTIVE.

<i>Years Old.</i>		<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
5	CHES. Gelding, Mr. Faulkener's, 130gs at Oxford.....	1

By ADMIRAL.

—	Navigator, Mr. F. Chaplin's, 100gs, a Piece of Gold Plate; value 50gs, and a Cup, value 50gs, at Burton Hunt, Lincoln Course	3
4	Roan Filly, Mr. Holyoake's, 50l. at Worcester	1

By ALEXANDER (aged 25).

5	Bucephalus, Lord Wilton's, 300gs at Newmarket; Mr. Douglas's, 50l. at Maddington; Mr. Fermor's, the King's Plate at Salisbury	3
4	Julius Cæsar, Sir Wm. Gerard's, 93l. 10s. and 100l. at Poptefract; also the Gold Cup, value 100gs, at Richmond	3
—	Young Jenny, Mr. T. Duncombe's, 130gs at Malton	1

By AMBROSIO (aged 14).

3	Bay Colt (out of Tuneful), Mr. Wyndham's, 50l. and 25gs at Newmarket	2
3	Black-and-all-Black, Mr. Cave Browne's, 50l. at Nottingham ..	1

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4 Ches.

*Years Old.**No. of Prizes.*

- 4 Ches. Filly, (out of Jessica) Mr. Crouch's, 50l. at Newmarket. 1
 3 Frances, Hon. B. Craven's, 60gs, 200gs, and 50gs at Newmarket 3
 3 Rosario, Mr. Biggs's, 50gs at Newmarket, 50l. at Stockbridge, and 50l. at Winchester 3

By APOLLO.

- a. Pope, Mr. R. Peacock's, 60gs at Catterick-Bridge, 80gs at Northallerton, and 60gs at Richmond. 3

By ARCHDUKE (aged 11).

- 3 Archduke, Mr. Loftus's, 100gs at Newcastle. 1
 3 Dreadnought, Mr. Nalton's, 50l. at Skipton. 1

By ASPARAGUS (aged 20).

- 2 Rifleman, General Grosvenor's, 50gs at Newmarket 1

By BANGTAIL (aged 15).

- 6 Prince D'Enghien, Mr. Miller's, 50gs at Stirling. 1

By THE BARB (Duke of Richmond's).

- 4 Tetuan, Duke of Richmond's, 50gs at Goodwood. 1

By BENINGBROUGH (aged 16).

- 3 Bay Colt, (out of Caroline) Mr. Garforth's, 140gs at Malton, 100gs at Beverley, and 92l. at Richmond 3
 3 Bay Colt, (out of Priscilla's dam) Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, 100gs at Malton, and 150gs at York August Meeting 2
 3 Bay Filly, (out of St. Anne) Mr. S. Pickering's, 80gs at Malton 1
 3 Bedalian, Mr. H. Peirse's, 200gs at Doncaster. 1
 3 Belinda, Lord Stamford's, 50l. at Tenbury, 50l. at Bridgenorth, 50l. at Hereford, 50l. at Litchfield, twice 50l. at Walsall, and 50l. at Wrexham 7
 3 Briseis, General Grosvenor's, 50gs, 100gs, 150gs, and 37½gs at Newmarket; also the Oaks' Stakes of 1000gs at Epsom 5
 3 Buttercup, Mr. Sitwell's, 375gs and 50gs at Newmarket; 80gs at Derby, 50l. at Chesterfield, 50l. at Pontefract, and 50l. at Doncaster 6
 3 Cecilia, Mr. Carr's, 50l. at Newcastle, Staffordshire; Mr. Benson's, 50l. at Stafford 2
 4 Centurion, Mr. Wentworth's, 50gs at Skipton, and 50l. at York Spring Meeting 2
 3 Comedy, Mr. Brooke's, 100gs at Chester, 50gs at Knutsford, and twice 50l. at Tré-Madock; Mr. Price's, 50l. at Oswestry; and 50gs at Wrexham 6
 4 Fortuna, Mr. Brandling's, the Silver Cup, value 50gs, with 30gs in specie, at Newcastle; 50l. at Lamberton, the King's Plate and 50gs at Edinburgh, 100gs at Dumfries, 50gs and 100gs at Ayr, also twice 50l. at Stirling 9
 6 Grey Colt, (dam by Delpini) Mr. Watt's, 50l. at Beverley. 1
 3 Gustavus, Lord Grey's, 70gs at Manchester, 50gs at Bridgenorth, 65l. 15s. at Nottingham, 50gs at Litchfield, and received a 10gs Premium at Shrewsbury 4
 3 Honest Bob, Mr. Walkington's, 50l. at Dumfries. 1

7 Lady

*Years Old.**No. of Prizes.*

- 7 Lady Mary, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, 50l. at Malton, and 50l. at Durham 2
- 3 Maïda, Mr. Kirby's, 100gs at Newcastle 1
- 3 Margaret, Mr. Wentworth's, 100gs at Doncaster 1
- 8 Orville, Mr. D. Radcliffe's, 400gs at Newmarket; His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 200gs at Brighton; 200gs, 100gs, and 60gs at Lewes; Mr. D. Radcliffe's, 105gs and 125gs at Newmarket 7
- 3 Phlébotomist, Mr. Ackers's, 90gs at Chester; Mr. C. Smith's, 75gs at Stafford 2
- 4 Rosette, Mr. H. Peirse's, the Union Cup, value 100gs, with 180gs in specie, at Preston; also the Prince's Stakes of 475gs at Doncaster 2
- 4 Rugantino, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 110gs at Brighton.... 1
- 3 Scud, Lord Monson's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, at Doncaster ... 1
- 4 Thorn, Mr. H. Peirse's, the Produce Stakes of 1050gs at York Aug. Meeting 1
- 3 White-Rose, Ld C. Somerset's, 50l. at Stamford 1
- 3 Windle, Sir W. Gerard's, 187½gs at Catterick-Bridge 1
- By BOUDROW (dead).
- a. Helén, Mr. Scott's, 50gs at Burton-Hunt, Lincoln Course 1
- By A BROTHER TO REPEATOR.
- 3 Momentilla, Mr. F. Neale's, 50gs, 100gs, 25gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket; Mr. Vansittart's, 100gs, 150gs, and 100gs at Newmarket 7
- 5 Regulator, Mr. F. Neale's, 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Vansittart's, 80gs at Bibury; Mr. Macnamara's, 50l. at Ipswich, and 50l. at Beccles; Mr. Harbord's, 50gs, 25gs, and 50gs at Blickling 7
- By BURGUNDY.
- Maid of the Mill, Mr. Hardy's, the Cup, value 50l. at Blandford 1
- By BUSTARD (dead).
- 4 Young Bustard, Mr. Dun's, 50l. at Cupar 1
- By BUZZARD (aged 20; sold into America.)
- 4 Bay Colt, Mr. Addy's, 50l. at Stamford, and 50l. at Leicester 2
- 2 Bay Filly, (sister to Hawk) Mr. Fermor's, 100gs at Newmarket ... 1
- 4 Blowing, Lord Foley's, 50gs and twice 200gs at Newmarket 3
- 6 Brainworm, Mr. Arthur's, 200gs at Newmarket 1
- 4 Bronze, Mr. B. Craven's, 200gs at Newmarket 1
- 6 Bustard, Lord Sackville's, twice 100gs, 200gs, and 50gs at Newmarket 4
- 3 Bustler, Lord Barrymore's, 50l. at Newmarket; Mr. Ladbroke's, 25gs at Newmarket 2
- 3 Ches. Filly, (sister to Castrel) His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 100gs at Brighton, and 50gs at Lewes; Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's, 100gs and 125gs at Newmarket 4
- 5 Currycomb, Mr. F. Neale's, 50gs at Newmarket; Mr. Vansittart's, 200gs at Newmarket 2
- 4 Deceiver, Lord Stawell's, twice 50gs at Newmarket 1
- 7 Dreadnought, Hon. G. Watson's, 200gs at Newmarket 1

<i>Years Old.</i>	<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
3 Gladiator, Gen. Gower's, 50gs at Newmarket	1
3 Hawk, Mr. Fermor's, the Silver Cup, value 50gs, with 55gs in specie; and 50l. at Brighton; also 50l. at Egham	3
3 Pantina, Lord Stawell's, 50gs and 100gs at Newmarket	2
9 Quiz, Lord Rous's, 50l. at Newmarket	1
5 Selin, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's, the Craven Stakes of 110gs, 100gs, and 171l. 10s. at Newmarket	3
4 Superstition, Gen. Grosvenor's, 50l. at Huntingdon	1
4 Vanity, Duke of Grafton's, 50gs, twice 100gs, 50gs, 125gs, and 50l. at Newmarket	6
By CARDOCK (aged 22).	
5 Malmsbury, Mr. B. Price's, 110gs at Warwick	1
By CAUSTIC (aged 15).	
4 Bluestone, Mr. Worrall's, 50l. at Newbury	1
By CHARIOT (aged 18; sold abroad).	
6 Young Chariot, Mr. C. Cholmondeley's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 30gs in specie, at Newton: 50l. at Knutsford, 80gs at Warwick, 134gs at Shrewsbury, 60gs at Wrexham, 160gs and 70gs at Holywell-Hunt	7
By CONSTITUTION, (aged 18; sold into Russia.)	
7 Doubtful, Mr. Faulkener's, 50l. at Warwick	1
By CORIANDER (aged 21).	
a. Blenheim, Mr. Starling's, the King's Plate and 50l. at Ascot-Heath	2
a. Challenger, Mr. Norton's, the Silver Bowl at Salisbury; Mr. Sutton's, 50gs and twice 50l. at Bodmin	4
a. Morgiana, Duke of St. Albans's, 7gs at Newmarket	1
5 Swinley, General Gower's, twice 100gs, and 200gs at Newmarket	3
By DELPINI (aged 26).	
5 Grimaldi, (late Confederate) Mr. Goulburn's, 50l. at Hereford, and 110gs at Leicester	2
a. Macebearer, Mr. T. Cholmondeley's, 50gs, 105gs, and 70gs at Holywell-Hunt	3
6 Priscilla, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, one of the Subscription Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. at York August Meeting	1
5 Sir Launcelot, Sir J. Shelley's, 600gs at Newmarket; 500gs at Brighton; the King's Plate and 500gs at Lewes; Mr. T. Brown's, the King's Plate and 50l. at Canterbury; also 50l. at Bedford	7
By DIAMOND (aged 15).	
3 Filly, (out of Carnation) Lord Barrymore's, 20gs at Newmarket ..	1
By DON QUIXOTE (dead).	
5 Artichoke, Mr. Bagshaw's, 50gs and 85gs at Oswestry	2
6 Miss Coiner, Mr. Butler's, 80gs at Ascot-Heath; 70gs at Hereford; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 50gs in specie, at Leicester; and 50gs at Tewkesbury	4
By ENGINEER.	
— Sentinel, Mr. Price's, 60gs at Wrexham	1

*Years Old.**No. of Prizes.*

By EXPECTATION (aged 11).

- 3 Mackall, Mr. Dilly's, 50l. at Salisbury, and 50l. at Blandford . . . 2
 3 Oran, Sir John Lawson's, 50gs at Catterick-Bridge, 50l. at Durham, and 140gs at Richmond . . . 3

By FIDGET (aged 24).

- Fuss, Hon. Mr. Fellowes's, 40gs at Bodmin . . . 1

By FLYING GIB (dead).

- a. Cowley, Lord Craven's, 50gs at Newbury; Mr. Fowle's, 50l. at Abingdon. 2

By FORTUNIO (dead).

- a. Judgment, Mr. Bayzard's, 40gs at Kingscote, and 80gs at Oswestry 2

To be continued.

ANOTHER HORSE CAUSE.

COMMON PLEAS, GUILDHALL,

NOVEMBER 17.

*Sittings before Sir James Mansfield,
 Chief Justice.*

CROOK AGAINST FEVERS.

THE plaintiff was an attorney, the defendant a horse-dealer. The action was for the price paid for a horse, which the plaintiff afterwards returned.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd stated, that his client, Mr. Crook, had bought a horse, upon trial, from the defendant; but, with an imprudence that he would advise other people not to practice, he paid the price of the horse, 21l. before he agreed to the absolute purchase. The trial of the horse was by no means limited to a single day. It was wanted for a gig, and was therefore warranted, not only sound, but remarkably quiet. The plaintiff, however, not finding that it possessed all those perfections, returned the horse, and wanted another that would suit him. The defendant took the horse, and sent

him another; and said, that if that did not suit him, he would soon have such a number of horses that he must be able to accommodate him. The plaintiff, however, not liking that second horse, returned it, and demanded, according to his bargain, the sum which he had paid for the first horse. The defendant not only refused to do this, but sent him in a charge for the hire of the horses, equal to what he had charged before as the price of the horse. He had in the present action attempted to set off this hire against the whole price of the horse.

Thomas Malin, an ostler to the defendant, was called on to prove this case. He appeared, as might be expected, a very unwilling witness for the plaintiff. His evidence was, that the horse was bought in July, and the draft for the payment was given to him, as his master was then out of town. In September, the plaintiff, when he returned the horse, desired him to tell his master to sell it. The master, consequently, sent it to an auction, where it was sold for 23l. As to the second horse, it was returned

turned in the most wretched condition, not a bit better than the worst hackney coach-horse that is to be seen.

As this witness appeared to remember very well every thing that could make for his master's case, and did not remember at all the dates or circumstances which could make the other way, he was examined particularly as to the time of the sale by the Counsel for the plaintiff, who held in his hand the draft which was paid as purchase-money.

Mr. Serjeant Best on the part of the defendant, contended, that it was not fair for the Counsel for the plaintiff to cross-examine their own witness in this manner, and to endeavour to entrap him into an answer contrary to the written document in their hands.

Sir J. Mansfield:—"And why not, Brother Best? Is it not the universal practice of the Bar to entrap an adverse witness as much as they can. I am sure I myself have had considerable practice at *Nisi Prius*, and I always thought it perfectly fair.—[This produced a very general laugh in the Court.]—We all see what kind of a witness this is, and Counsel are in the right to get the truth from him if they can."

The next evidence which was produced was the draft which was given to the ostler in payment for the horse. It was a draft upon the Bank of England, and mentioned, "for a horse, which was to be returned if not approved of."—It appeared, however, that the ostler who took the draft could not read.

Mr. Serjeant Best, on the part of the defendant, said, that it would not require many minutes to dispose of this cause. The plaintiff, who was an attorney, was not a very

likely person to be guilty of the imprudence stated by his learned friend, of paying for a horse that he did not mean to purchase. It appeared on the contrary, that, in the present case, he wanted to have the use of a horse for a long time, without paying any thing at all.—The first horse, that was chosen in July, was not returned till September, and therefore, it seems, he calculated on getting for nothing the use of a horse to drive him all the summer about his residence at Enfield. The second horse he kept for five months, and for the use of that horse also he refused to pay. The manner in which the defendant had calculated the set-off was, that he thought 3s. a day a reasonable sum to charge for the hire of those horses.—Convinced as he was that the Jury would be of the same opinion, he thought this attorney shewed a very bad taste in choosing to make himself plaintiff in such an action.

Sir J. Mansfield told the Jury, that as to the second horse, as there had been no attempt to prove any agreement with respect to that, the defendant must be allowed to set off a reasonable charge for the hire against the plaintiff's demand.—This, calculated at 3s. a day, would amount to 23l. 14s.—The only point, then, which remained for their consideration was, whether by the contract itself as to the first horse, it must not be understood that the time for trial must be a reasonable one, and whether it was reasonable to keep the horse six weeks, during the summer, and then return him? If they thought that the contract itself implied that the horse should only be kept a reasonable time on trial, and that this time was unreasonable, they must also give such allowance as to them appeared

appeared proper for the use of the first horse.

The Jury, after a short consultation, found a verdict generally for the defendant.

TRIAL AND ACQUITTAL

OF

THOMAS GRAHAM, Esq.

With the Remarks of Francis Plowden, Esq. on the Evidence adduced upon the Trial.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, DEC. 7.

Before Lord ELLENBOROUGH, and a Special Jury.

The King v. Thomas Graham, Esq.

THIS was a case which excited a more than ordinary degree of interest, and filled the Court with auditors at a very early hour. It was an indictment for perjury, preferred by Mrs. Charlotte Atkins, of Ketteringham, in Norfolk (formerly the Miss Walpole who was the original *Nancy in The Camp*), against Thomas Graham, of Lincoln's-Inn, Esq. a gentleman of the first eminence in the profession.

Mr. Curwood opened the indictment by stating, that the prosecutrix, upon the death of her late husband, Edward Atkins, Esq. filed a bill in the Court of Chancery against Mr. Graham and John Atkins Wright, Esq. as trustees of her deceased husband's estate, calling upon them, and upon Mr. Graham particularly, to account to her for all monies received with reference to the trust. The indictment alledged that Mr. Graham, in his answer to this bill (to the truth of which he swore) omitted to bring forward the various sums of 3220l. 2000l. 1800l. 3700l. and 2000l. which he was stated to have re-

ceived upon the trust account; and it was upon this omission that different assignments of perjury were founded.

Mr. Garrow addressed the Jury on behalf of the prosecution. He felt it unnecessary to do more than render the facts of the case intelligible to the Jury, in order that they might apply the evidence he should submit to them. He stated, that this lady, upon her husband's death, had confided her affairs to the management of Mr. Francis Plowden, a Barrister of the Court of Chancery, by whose advice she had instituted a suit against the defendant, her husband's trustee, to obtain an account of the manner in which he had executed the trust reposed in him; that, after Mr. Graham had put in his answer, the banking-book of the deceased was discovered, by which it appeared that large sums of money had been paid to Mr. Graham respecting the trust, which he had not brought to account, or mentioned in his answer. Upon this, Mr. Plowden had advised his client to prefer the present indictment. He should shew by the banking-book, that the defendant had received the sums mentioned in the indictment; and it would be proved, by the defendant's answer, that he had not stated any of the sums in question. If he made out this case, the Jury would have no hesitation as to the verdict it would be their duty to pronounce.

The preliminary proof on the part of the prosecution consisted of the answer of the defendant, the banking-book referred to by the learned Counsel, and several other documents; but, upon cross-examining the witnesses who produced them, it appeared, almost in the outset of the cause, clear that the defendant

defendant had not received any of the sums contained in the indictment on the trust account, but that he had received them on distinct accounts, and had duly paid them over to Mr. Atkyns, and had regularly received his acquittance for them.

The learned Judge intimated his opinion, while the prosecutrix's witnesses were under examination, that there was not the slightest pretence for the prosecution; but the Attorney General requested it might proceed, in order that he might have an opportunity of doing justice to the injured character of Mr. Graham, than whom there was not a more honourable man in the profession. He added, that although there were innumerable objections on the face of the indictment, he should not take the advantage of one of them.

Mr. Plowden, the Barrister, was examined on the part of the prosecutrix, and upon his cross-examination he admitted, that he had himself drawn the draft of the indictment, and had gone before the Grand Jury as a witness to get it found, and that the attorney concerned had been his clerk. He had advised the measure, because he had seen no account of the sums stated in the banking-book to have been received by the defendant. He had heard that Mrs. Atkyns had, after her husband's death, delivered a large quantity of papers to a relation, but he had never enquired whether among those papers there was any thing which would have explained how Mr. Graham had accounted for the money. He admitted also that he had had in his possession, before he preferred the indictment, the account which shewed that Mr. Graham had accounted for the last

three sums mentioned in the indictment.

Mrs. Atkyns was also examined; but she merely stated that she had entrusted her affairs to Mr. Plowden, and had acted by his advice.

Sir Vicary Gibbs said, that it was neither his duty, nor province, nor inclination, to observe on the propriety or impropriety of any gentleman's conduct. Mr. Plowden was at liberty to act as he pleased; but he thought it a duty he owed the profession to state publicly, that it was not common for gentlemen so to mix themselves with their clients' concerns as he had done. It was not common for a barrister, after he had drawn an indictment, to go before the Grand Jury as a witness in support of it; neither was it common for a barrister to act the part of an attorney, as Mr. Plowden had done; on the contrary, the duties of a barrister and an attorney were kept separate. He then went into the general defence of his client, in the course of which he made it evident, that there was not the smallest ground for the prosecution; but he inferred, in the most pointed terms, that Mr. Plowden knew Mr. Graham had fully accounted with Mr. Atkyns, and that he was actuated by an intention to intimidate Mr. Graham into a compliance with certain propositions. The Attorney General characterised the prosecution as peculiarly scandalous, Mr. Graham having for thirty years done every thing to promote the interest of Mr. and Mrs. Atkyns, and having in fact been the means of continuing them in the enjoyment of their estate. The charge, he said, was as groundless as malice could make it. He had never entertained a doubt as to the result, but he was not anxious about

an acquittal—of that he was certain. His object was to place his client fair before the world, as he deserved to stand. He was persuaded that no man ever went clearer out of a Court of Justice than Mr. Graham would, by the verdict of the Jury upon this occasion. He then commented very strongly on the accuracy of Mr. Graham's accounts with the late Mr. Atkyns, and of his friendship and kindness to him; and the Attorney General was astonished that any man or child could have possibly imagined that the sums stated in the indictment could belong to the trust account. He was proceeding to call witnesses, when

Lord Ellenborough, addressing himself to Mr. Garrow, stated, that if he thought his time could be profitably occupied in addressing the Jury, he would willingly hear him: but, having seen the accounts, and what they contained, he was convinced that no two persons in Court could entertain two opinions upon the matter. He had interposed less in this cause than he otherwise would have done, in consequence of the great importance of the enquiry to the defendant; but he considered, that to proceed further in this cause would now be an unnecessary waste of time.

Mr. Garrow said, that if, after the cause had proceeded so far, he had not received impressions similar to those of his Lordship, he should think he ought to retire from his professional duty on the ground of incapacity: with the impression he entertained, he was convinced, that if he were to address the jury with a view to any different result than that of the acquittal of the defendant, he should exhibit only his own vanity and arrogance. He should regret to make any address

that should by possibility have the effect of throwing the slightest stain on the character of Mr. Graham.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that the learned Counsel for the prosecutrix had behaved very candidly and honourably. He had discharged his duty to his client, in seeing the case made out to the extent of the materials. His Lordship then censured with severe language those who advised this prosecution, and observed, that if common pains had been taken to investigate the accounts, it would have appeared clear that Mr. Graham had conducted himself with honour and integrity, and with the greatest and most successful attention to the affairs and interest of Mr. and Mrs. Atkyns. He conceived it unnecessary to detain the jury, but should dismiss the case with this observation, that Mr. Graham had been most hardly treated.

The jury, without an instant's hesitation, pronounced a verdict of acquittal.

MR. PLOWDEN'S LETTER.

Extracted from the Morning Herald, of the 9th Dec. 1807.

MR. EDITOR,

Feeling that the impression which must be made on the readers of your report of the proceedings in the *KING v. GRAHAM* materially affects my professional character, I trust that candour to the public, and justice to the individual, will allow me, through the same channel, to endeavour to counteract that impression, by referring to some facts proved in Court, which do not distinctly appear in your report. I did advise a suit in Chancery against the defendant; but it was in the nature

ture of a cross bill, after an embargo had been laid upon the rents of the prosecutrix, and two actions at law had been commenced against her. Although her attorney, as I admitted in Court, had been eight or nine years ago my clerk, yet it was not proved in Court, that I directly or indirectly recommended him (for I never did). It was admitted by me in Court, that I went before the grand jury to support the indictment, but it was also sworn, that I went merely to produce the four original documents which had been confided to me, with a most solemn injunction from the prosecutrix not to permit them, on any occasion whatever, to go out of my possession for a single moment. I admitted in Court, that I was of opinion, that an indictment for the defendant holding back the receipt and application of the sums, in his answer, would lie; but it was not proved in Court, as it is natural from your report to infer, that I recommended, much less urged that measure; for, as the fact is, the prosecutrix explicitly swore in Court, that she made up her own mind to adopt that measure, which when I had been informed of by her, and knowing more of the circumstances than any other person, drew up the substance of an indictment, which I gave to her attorney, to lay by way of instruction before a crown lawyer, on her behalf.

Whoever reads your report of the Attorney General's speech, will naturally conclude that it had been proved in Court, that I knew Mr. Graham had fully accounted with Mr. Atkins for all the sums he held back from his answer, and also that I had acted as an attorney; yet it was most distinctly sworn by me, that I never had seen or heard of any account having been delivered in,

or settled by the defendant, out of the two first sums laid in the indictment, of three thousand, two hundred, and twenty pounds, seven shillings and sixpence, and two thousand pounds; and that, considering the account, which was delivered in, of the three latter sums, a breach of the trust, the prosecutrix was entitled to call for the account, and injured by its suppression; and that, upon those grounds, my opinion that the indictment would lie, had been formed. As no evidence was given in Court to prove that I had acted as an attorney, I feel myself at liberty to counteract the injury which your report of the proceedings in Court may do me in this regard, and state what the fact is, although it were not distinctly brought before the Court. When the prosecutrix first applied to me (which was in the beginning of the year 1805, on her son's death, as I swore in Court, and not on the death of her husband, in 1794, as is incorrectly stated in your report) for my advice on her rights, under her son's will, she desired me, if possible, to save her from the expences of an attorney. I told her, that whatever at that time was the office of an attorney to perform, might be done by Mr. Graham, who had always acted in that capacity for the family; and that I would peruse, and settle on her behalf, whatever should be prepared by him for her signature or execution. He accordingly prepared a draft of a deed between Mr. Atkins Wright and the prosecutrix, which he laid before me to peruse, and settle on her behalf, on which I wrote an opinion, and soon after (perhaps in consequence of) which, two suits in Chancery and two actions at law were commenced against the prosecutrix; but when

maths

matters became adverse, I wrote to the prosecutrix that it was "become necessary for her to have an attorney," and I gave her that timely warning, in order to prepare her for that most important and awful election; and this was the only recommendation I ever gave to her about an attorney.

I scrupulously forbear referring to any matter that can affect the pending suit in Chancery; but in order to repel the imputation of not having used due diligence in investigating the accounts of the defendant with the late Mr. Atkyns, it is a fact, that in the interview which I swore to have had with Mr. Graham, (and in which he made no offer to shew me any other accounts) I did produce to him the four vouchers, which proved his receipt of the several sums, which I concluded he must have forgotten in his answer, and intreated him, for his own sake, and of my client, to explain, account for, and settle that omission. This fact was not specifically produced in evidence; but I have Mr. Graham's written thanks "for my great kindness and attention to him in this regard."

Without any disposition to break in upon the defendant's enjoyment of a most honourable acquittal by the verdict of his countrymen, I merely wish that these facts may be truly known to the public, as they affect the professional conduct and character of your humble servant,

FRANCIS PLOWDEN.

Essex-street, Dec. 8th, 1807.

GULLEY AND GREGSON.

THE following agreement, it is said, has been entered into between the friends of the above:—

MAJOR Morgan, on the part of Gregson, and Mr. John Jackson, on the part of Gulley, agree to deposit 50 guineas each this day, and a further deposit of 50 guineas on the 1st of March, 1808, or forfeit the first 50 guineas; and on Monday following the Craven Meeting, the remainder of the stakes to be made good by the contracting parties; or the 100 guineas to be also forfeited; and that the Hon. Berkeley Craven be requested to hold the stakes on the day of fighting.

Conditions of the Battle.

1st. The battle to take place on the Tuesday following the first Spring Meeting, between the hours of ten and twelve, A. M.

2d. To fight in a roped square of forty feet.

3d. Neither to fall without a knock-down blow, subject to the decision of the umpires.

4th. Three umpires to be chosen upon the ground; viz. two, and one on reference.

(Signed) CHAS. MORGAN.
JOHN JACKSON.

London, Dec. 12, 1807.

GENUINE IRICISM.

A Miller took an Irish servant, (whom he had only hired the day before) to give him directions about clearing the water-wheel of the snow which had fallen the preceding night, (the 19th ult.) and prevented the water coming to it. The man, after viewing it very seriously for a moment, said—"Arrah, master, now, if I might be allowed to advise, this would be a very bad *winter job*—it would be a much better *summer job*!"

FEAST OF WIT.

A Surgeon, who walks the Hospitals, boasted that he had lately amputated many limbs, and that he received 4l. for each operation, which proved a slight compensation for the noise and uproar he was compelled to bear from the patients under his hands.—“Faith, Doctor,” said his friend, “you carry on a roaring trade.”

A FELLOW, lately passing by a sale-shop, snatched two coats that were hanging at the door, and made off with the cast-off apparel. A female in the shop ran in pursuit of the thief, but he escaped; when a gentleman passing told the girl “to console herself, as clothes come dishonestly by would never wear well.”—“That may be the case,” rejoined she, “but my master won’t be very well pleased if I tell him so.”

THE famous Sir George Rooke, when he was a Captain of Marines, was quartered at a village, where he buried a great number of his men. At length the parson refused to perform the ceremony of their interment any more, unless he was paid for it, which being told Captain R. he ordered six men of his company to carry the corpse of the soldier then dead, and lay him upon the parson’s hall table. This so embarrassed the parson, that he sent the Captain word, “if he would fetch the man away, he would bury him and all his company for nothing.”

A GENTLEMAN once observed to Dr. Johnson, that there were fewer vagrant poor in Scotland than in England, and as a proof of it, said there was no instance of a beggar dying in the streets there.—“I believe you are very right there, Sir,” says Johnson; “but that does not arise from the want of vagrants, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman.”

JACK Ketch used to be called the *finisher of the law*; if things don’t mend, he observes, *the law will likely finish him.*

A CORPULENT performer at one of the private theatres, lately applied to a country manager for an engagement.—“What can you do?” said the manager.—“I have been used to the heavy walking business.”—“What is that?” replied the manager.—“Why, Sir, I have lately been employed to walk in a wheel on the quays at the West-India Docks, to hoist goods out of ships.”—“Your abilities, Sir,” observed the manager, “may be acceptable at the West-India Docks, but, big as you are, you can bear no weight at my theatre.”

A TAILOR’S apprentice is considered the best private actor at the Minor Theatre. It is said, in his person he is “like a *thread-paper*, and in his deportment is as *stiff as buckram.*”

A HANDSOME young lady, named Long, who was short in stature, appeared

appeared one season at Bath, when a gentleman thus addressed her:—

Though Long, yet short,
Though short, yet pretty Long.

A few days ago, *Ben Block*, a seaman, who seemed to have stowed away more grog than he could steadily carry, was charged by a publican, at whose house he lodged, with having broken his windows, and assaulted him.—Honest *Ben*, a veteran near sixty, who appeared to have weathered many a hard gale, and was a good deal *shattered*, both in hull and rigging, after hearing the charge against him, and being asked what he had to say in his defence, turned his *quid*, hitched up his trowsers, and addressing the worthy Alderman in the true *forecastle* dialect, said, "Why, your honour, belike I might have come athwart this here man in a breeze, and mauled him a little, fore and aft; but he has forgot to tell your honour as how he began first, so your honour must overhaul him a bit before you send me to the bilboes. Your honour must know, I am a customer at his house, and take my *birth* there, and he's my *purser*, and all that: but he has forgot to tell you as how that he hove me overboard last night, and shattered my *head-rails* and *lower timbers* before I began and stove in his lights. And does your honour think that I, who have been a seaman in his Majesty's service, man and boy, forty years, will ever take such rough hauling from e'er a lubber in Europe, without giving him battle? If I do, then say I am no seaman."—This harangue produced a good deal of laughter, and honest *Ben* was dismissed, upon a promise that he would not strike his landlord

again, unless his landlord struck him first.

LORD Cornwallis is lineally descended from John Cornwalleys, Esq. of Brome, in the county of Suffolk, who lived in the reign of Henry the Seventh; and whose will contains, among others, the following remarkable items:—"I bequeath to a preest, to syng and pray for my soule, my fader's soule, my moder's soule, and all my freends' soules, and all Chrysten's soules, for three years, 23 marcstarling: to the Abbot of Bury, my ambullig nagge, and to myne heyre, my masse booke and gilt goblitt, that was my fader's."

BURLESQUE Advertisement.—

To the Public.—A new company is about to be formed, under the style and title of the National Company of Shoe-blacks. Capital, one million; to consist of 20,000 shares, at 50d. each, it is supposed, will eventually produce to the Subscribers a bonus of 50 per cent.—The plan proposed is this:—A large building will be appropriated to the joint purposes of a *Japan Blacking Manufactory*, and a place of residence for the persons who are to carry on this truly lucrative concern; these are to consist of all the miserable objects that now infest the streets of the metropolis, as mendicants, &c. who are to be decently clothed and maintained at the Company's expence. Proper overseers are to be appointed, who will conduct them every morning, each having his or her own *apparatus* with them, to the corners of streets, lanes, and alleys, most likely to suit their occupation; and to prevent their embezzling what they receive, each of them is to have a *strong box*, or leathern bag,

bag, with a hole to admit what money they take, and the following words to be written in large letters on the box or bag—"Pay here." The overseers are regularly to fetch them in again in the evening.

This is only a faint outline; but a meeting will be held on Monday next, at the *Black-Boy Tavern*, to take it more fully into consideration, when every further particular will be stated, to convince a *credulous public* of its extreme utility!

N. B. Counsel's opinion has been taken, and there is no Act of Parliament in existence that can possibly prevent the National Company of Shoe-blacks from being formed.

THE son of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, lately had a Christening at his father's house, when, after sitting a little while, and taking a glass or two of ale, one of the female gossips asked the old gentleman for a toast; who replied, with a frown, "Remember, girl, that Butter is 16d. per pound!"

BON-MOR of a Lady.—A poor beau, of an emaciated appearance and worn-out constitution, and who was anxious to atone for these deficiencies by extraordinary gallantry, went to Schoubrun, near Vienna, with a buxom young widow, to view the exotic birds and plants:—"How amiable and how tender," said he, "is the passion of that dove!" "True," replied the lady: "but (looking him full in the face) I don't like doves that gully coo."

THE following curious advertisement is said to be copied from an American Paper:—"This is to

acquaint the public, that I will pay no debts my wife, Mary Aire, may contract, as she broke from her moorings, and was seen in tow with a young fellow when I was at sea. "JOHN AIRE."

POETICAL ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED by an Undertaker
In Manchester—a Shroud-maker.
Her business she must understand,
And do every thing off hand.
Constantly employ she'll find,
In making Shrouds of ev'ry kind,
To deck out those with the best grace,
Going to Heav'n—or to other place!
Liberal wages will be paid
To any quick industrious maid,
Who may like this situation,
And can have good recommendation.
For more particulars, apply
Unto Joe Thompson directly.

COLLINS, the Poet, was extremely attached to a young lady who was born the day before him, and who did not return his passion with equal ardour. He said, on that occasion, "that he came into the world a day after the fair."

A WATCHMAN, who was charged with being guilty of riotous behaviour the night before, excused himself by declaring, that he was fast asleep almost the whole of the night.

To a play-bill, published by a Country Manager, in the vicinity of the metropolis, announcing *George Barnwell*, and the romance of *Blue Beard*, was lately added the following novel and attractive invitation:—

Let none be afraid from the country to come,
As the Moon is engaged for to light them all home;
But should she herself that honour decline,
The Stars have agreed with more lustre to shine.

Doors

Doors open at six, begin about seven,
At home safe in bed between ten and eleven.

COLLINS.—This great poet did not often wander into the gay and lively scenes of his art. The following verses by him, on a quack doctor of Chichester, are well remembered in that city:—

Seventh son of Doctor John,
Physician and Chirurgion,
Who hath travell'd wide and far,
Man-midwife to a man of war,
In Chichester has ta'en a house,
Hippocrates, Hippocratous.

TO A MARRIED MAN.

IT is a maxim in the schools,
That women always doat on fools.
If so, dear Jack, I'm sure your wife
Must love you as she does her life.

A *learned* Doctor, in Sussex, has the following inscription over his door:—

Get up at four,
And you'll have more;
Get up at five,
And things will thrive;
Get up at six,
And things will fix;
Get up at seven,
And things will be even;
Get up at eight,
And that's too late;
Get up at nine,
And that's no time;
Get up at ten,
And go to bed agen.

WHEN the late Robert Lord Clive was a boy, and once walking with a school-fellow through Drayton market, the two lads stopped to look at a butcher killing a calf. "Dear me," says the lad, "I would not be a butcher for all the world."—"Why, I should not much like it," said Clive, "'tis a dirty business; but I'd a *plaguy* deal rather be a butcher than a calf."

A FUN.—A gentleman observing to his friend, as a *very odd thing*, that the clergyman and the clerk who officiated at his wedding were *both remarkably tall*, "Oh! (exclaimed his friend) *Hy-men*, should preside upon such occasion."

A MUSICAL gentleman, while performing, was lately arrested by two bailiffs, who requested him to join them in a *trio*;—"I should, rather, imagine (said the unfortunate gentleman) you wish for a *catch*."

AMERICAN Flattery.—An American, lately addressing Christophe, the *Black Chief of Saint Domingo*, impiously observed, "the late General Washington was God's image in *ivory*, and you, illustrious General, God's image in *ebony*!"

THEATRICAL Union.—A matrimonial connection has taken place at Edinburgh between Mr. Vinning, and Miss Benson, daughter of the late Mr. Benson, of Drury-lane. The parties were performing at Edinburgh in the Farce of *We fly by Night*, and took a fancy to carry into reality the union they had been representing on the stage.—They made their obeisance to the audience, withdrew in their theatrical dresses, and, by one of those brief ceremonies which the laws of Scotland sanction, returned in a few minutes, to the no small astonishment of their friends, in the new character of husband and wife.

ON SEEING AN OLD MAN WITH HIS YOUNG WIFE ARM IN ARM.

When an Old Man is wed to a handsome young Bride,
It well may be said he has Youth on his side;

A PERSON

A PERSON who was lately visiting the museum of Mr. Geo. Wallis, the celebrated gunsmith, at Hull, happened to take hold of a very curious fowling piece, and fixed his attention so particularly upon it, that Mr. W. not much liking the appearance of the man, civilly requested him to replace the gun where he found it; the man replied, the gun was not charged, and therefore there was no danger of its going off. True, replied Mr. W., but I had a fowling piece of the same kind stolen the other day, so you see it may go off, though it is not charged.

DURING the institution of a society in Liverpool, for the purpose of literary improvement, a gentleman of strong body, but of slender wit, applied to be admitted a member: "I think (said he, to the president) I must certainly be a vast acquisition to a society of this kind, as I am undoubtedly a great man, in the literal sense of the word?" "True, replied the other, but I am afraid you are but a little man in the literary sense of the word."

ANECDOTE of Garrick and Preville; extracted from a work on Theatrical Representations, lately published at Paris.—When Garrick was in France, he made a short excursion from the Capital with the celebrated Parisian performer, Preville. They were on horseback, and Preville took a fancy to act the part of a drunken cavalier—Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him, he wanted one thing, which was essential to complete the picture; he did not make his legs drunk.—"Hold, my friend, (said he) and I shall shew you an English blood, who, after having dined

at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of Port, mounts his horse in a summer evening to go to his box in the country." He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication. He called to his servant, that the sun and the fields were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared, and wheeled in every direction: at length he lost his whip, his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups, the bridle dropped from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties. Finally, he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner, that Preville gave an involuntary cry of horror, and his terror greatly increased when he found that his friend made no answer to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked again, with the emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was hurt? Garrick, whose eyes were close, half opened one of them, hiccupped, and with the most natural tone of intoxication, called for another glass. Preville was astonished, and when Garrick started up, and resumed his usual demeanour, the French actor exclaimed—"My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him."

ON LORD SUFFOLK'S FOOL.

HERE lies the Earl of Suffolk's Fool,
Men call'd him DICKY PEARCE;
His folly serv'd to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone;
What signifies to cry?
Dickies enough are left behind,
To laugh at by and by.

Buried June 18, 1728,
aged 67.

COURS,

COURSING.

MALTON MEETING, YORKSHIRE.

MR. Mellish brought his long-dogs in good style to the field at the late Malton Coursing Meeting; notwithstanding, they were thought by the best judges to be short of work, and too fleshy.—Mr. Mellish is very partial to greyhound coursing, and has made a great number of matches for the next Meeting in February, and also that in November following. The hares were never known to run so stout, for out of 45 hares that were coursed, only four were killed.

Another correspondent says—Mr. Mellish produced two brace and a half of greyhounds, with which he challenged the whole Meeting. These dogs were brought down in a most elegant carriage, with all possible easy springs. A vehicle so splendid could not but attract the attention of all the people in the country through which it passed. When arrived at the field of action, the dogs were led forth paragons of perfection, being selected at an immense expence from the best breeds of Mr. Tyson, at Newmarket, and elsewhere. Confident of success, they were exhibited in the gayest attire; the sheets that covered them, some say, were fringed with point lace.—The first and only match, (*see our Magazine for last month*) Mr. M.'s dog beat a bad dog, and a worse hare: 22 hares were run, and only the above killed.—Mr. Mellish, seeing that his dogs were good for nothing, and even that which beat in so little repute, gave away the whole kit to any that would take them.

The two foregoing accounts are certainly very contradictory—we

publish them in hopes to get ultimately at the fact.

DOVERIDGE MEETING, DERBYSHIRE.

Lord Waterparke's Grounds.

THIS Meeting had not, like the Malton Meeting, to contend with the elements. Though much of the surrounding country was covered with snow, the running ground was clear, and the days were fine. The hares were numerous, and ran uncommonly strong. Many of the best courses were undecided.—Amongst the best old dogs of the Meeting, Wonder, the brother to Mr. Topham's Galliard, kept his place, notwithstanding his age. Mr. Mundy produced a very capital young dog, got by Wonder, out of Susan, Snowball blood. An invitation was given by Lord Middleton to the Derbyshire gentlemen, to try the speed of their dogs on the Wolds; and it is not unlikely that the Malton Meeting in February may see some of these justly-celebrated greyhounds.

NEWMARKET MEETING.

THE Newmarket Coursing Meeting, this month, was wholly impeded on account of the snow.—There were sixty brace of high-conditioned greyhounds, which all returned without a course. The Meeting is postponed until the 10th of February next.

AT BRADWELL, ESSEX,

The Coursing Meeting was well attended. The Marsh Hares ran very stoutly, and several matches between the best greyhounds of that county were very sharply contested.

T

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

KENYON House, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, the town residence of Colonel Thornton, after being uninhabited for many years, is now an emporium of the Arts. The finest collection of Sporting Subjects to be found in England is here deposited; including likewise an extensive Gallery of Historical Pieces, executed by the masters of the Old School. In this mansion, the owner keeps open table during the Christmas Holidays, in the true northern style of hospitality.

ABOUT the middle of the present month, as Mr. Coke, of Holkham, was in the act of jumping over a ditch, he fell in, and the place being deep and full of clay, he was extricated from it with some difficulty by his sporting companions; for a short time after, he was confined to his house with a severe cold and lunghago: Mr. C. is, however, now perfectly recovered.

ON Tuesday, the 15th instant, was married, Mr. Francis Buckle, of Long Orton, and late of Newmarket, to Miss Jane Thornton, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Thornton, farmer, of Litchfield.—We hope Mr. Buckle will find as much felicity in going over the matrimonial course as his integrity has procured him *credit* in his professional pursuits on the turf.

THAT celebrated stallion Delpini, the property of Mr. Knapton, of York, is advertised to cover next season, at his farm at Huntington

village, five miles from York.—Delpini is only to cover ten mares, at 20 guineas each; he is in good health, and possesses greater spirits and vigour than any stallion of his age, it is allowed by all judges. He is sire of Timothy, Kelton, Tiptoe, Symmetry, Lennox, Saxoni, Kæophania, and Scotia (both winners of the Oaks), Priscilla; Gayman, Sir Launcelot; Vesta, and many other runners, besides brood mares, and colts of great promise. He is allowed to have got some of the best hunters in England.

At the same place, Evander will cover, at 6gs. a mare. He is son of Delpini and Caroline, a daughter of Phenomenon and Mr. Garforth's famous brood mare Faith, dam of Marcia and Vesta. He is allowed to be one of the handsomest horses almost ever seen, and supposed to be, from his blood, shape, temper, action and symmetry, the most promising maiden stallion in the north.

THAT beautiful stallion Paynator will cover at the same place. His stock (now rising yearlings) are large, handsome, well shaped, and excellent movers. He is a proper and suitable cross for the north-country mares, from Young Marsk, Overton, Walnut, Drone, Delpini, King Fergus, Pipator, Phenomenon, Young Morwick, Alfred, &c.

At the last Doncaster races, Mr. Wilson was offered 500gs. for a colt foal, got by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Totterella, the dam of Pavilion.

LORD

LORD Darlington has re-sold Pavilion, by Waxy, to C. Wilson, Esq. of Emsall-Lodge, near Ferry-bridge, Yorkshire.

S. SITWELL, Esq. of Renishaw-Hall, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, has sold Goblet, brother to Bumper, (bought at Lord Darlington's sale at Doncaster Races) to Sir John Honeywood, for 300gs. after winning a Plate at the last Newmarket Houghton Meeting.

MR. Robert Wardell, of York, has sold a brown Hambletonian colt, out of Miss Grimstone, by Weasel, rising three years old, to William Fermor, Esq. of Oxfordshire.

MR. Mellish has sold the bay colt Cock-Robin, brother to Sancho, to Sir John Shelley, for 1200gs. and 200gs. more if he wins the Derby Stakes in 1809. He is engaged on Monday in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1809, in a Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. against nine others; in the First Spring Meeting, in the Prince's Stakes; at Epsom, in the Derby Stakes; at Brighton, in the Darlington Stakes; and, at 8st. 4lb, against the Duke of Grafton's colt, by Waxy, out of Prunella, 8st 7lb, B. C. 200gs. h. ft.

SIR Charles Turner is now engaged on the turf again. He has purchased Thomasina, by Timothy, of Sir Thomas Gascoigne; Thorn, by Beningbrough, out of Constantia; and a bay colt, by Hambletonian, out of Thorn's dam, engaged in the Darlington Stakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. with fifteen others, at Brighton, 1808, of Henry Peirse, Esq. at Bedale, Yorkshire.

MR. Thomas Hutchinson, of Hipswell-Lodge, near Richmond,

Yorkshire, has sold the remainder of his stud to William Fermor, Esq. of Oxfordshire. — The lots were—Alexina, by King Fergus, out of Lardella, with a filly foal by Remembrancer, and covered by Stamford; a two-year old colt by Expectation, out of Lardella, engaged in the Derby Stakes at Epsom, 1808; a two-year old filly, by Stamford, out of Alexina, engaged in the Oaks' Stakes in 1808; and a yearling black filly, (sister to Houghton-Lass and Epsom-Lass), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Alexina. The rest of his brood mares, &c. Mr. Hutchinson has disposed of at large prices. Lardella died in the spring, 1806.

LORD Yarborough has a stable of 25 thorough-bred horses, up at Brocklesby, in Lincolnshire; they are mostly bred by his Lordship, and got by Hambletonian, Quick-silver, Spartacus, &c. &c.—It is allowed, that his Lordship and attendants are better mounted than any other follower of hounds in the north of England; and his hounds are in the usual style of superiority.

LORD Monson's pack of fox-hounds is said to be excellent, and as well rode up to by his Lordship and friends as any in the kingdom.

THE Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1808, will commence on Monday, April 18, when more stakes and matches are made to be run for, than have been known for many years past.—Malton Craven Meeting is fixed in the first whole week in April; Catterick-bridge, Wednesday, April 20; Burton Hunt Meeting, over Lincoln Course, gentlemen riders, Tuesday, April 26; and Skipton Meeting, Wednesday, April 27, when much sport is expected at each place.

Gates is so very plentiful upon the manors of Sledmore, Settrington, Garton, Bishop Wilton, Wetwang, &c. &c. that Sir M. M. Sykes, (the owner) who was returned at the last General Election for the City of York, has been for some time, and is still continuing, to treat his plumpers, consisting of upwards of 350, in the city and vicinity, with a hare each.—They are ticketed off, with the date when killed, tied with a blue ribbon, and on one side of the ticket is marked, *No Popery**.—The butchers, who stood so interestedly forward in supporting Sir Mark's election, are anxiously employed for the purpose of presenting him with a petition, against this new mode of feeding his volatile constituents.

An obstinate pitched battle, for ten guineas, was fought on Tuesday, the 15th, at Newington, between Samuel Bonney, a coachman, and Appleby, a brewer's servant. The combatants were attended by professional seconds and bottle-holders, and a sharply contested battle of 24 rounds in 40 minutes, ensued. It was a severe battle, mostly in favour of Appleby, until, in the technical phrase, he began to *cur* it, within five minutes of its termination. His adversary, on witnessing this alteration, won the battle in high spirits, although he was the worst beaten.

An article appeared during the present month in the Cambridge Paper, as follows:—

"Several persons having lately taken up their residence in this town, for the purpose of teaching the young members of the University the art of boxing, the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses issued a notice, in which they, in

strong terms, declare their disapprobation of the same, and that any of the members found offending will be proceeded against with the utmost severity. Since the above resolution, Tom Belcher, and Richmond the Black, have left this place."

To shew, however, the versatile opinions of people, we subjoin another article as under:—

"*Norwich, Dec. 5.*—On Saturday evening last, the lovers of the pugilistic art were entertained with a display of the skill of two of its most eminent professors, Messrs. Gullely and Cribb, in a sparring match, at the great room of the King's-Head Inn, where upwards of 200 persons were present; amongst whom we observed Mr. Windham, Mr. Edward Harbord, and many other gentlemen of the first respectability in this city and county. We augur favourably as to the revival of the ancient provincial spirit of attachment to athletic sports in general, from this public encouragement of a manly exercise, and, with reference to the country at large, equally as well as to the individual, we do not hesitate to add, an *useful science*. Those who consider boxing as a barbarous and vulgar practice, may laugh at the idea that it is of national service; but, in the emphatic language of one of its professors, (Fewtrell on the Science of Manual Defence) we will affirm, that 'they laugh at the expence of truth.'—The inhabitants of every country have their peculiarities, and these peculiarities are often of public utility. Boxing inspired, even in infancy, a martial spirit, which improves in our boyish days, and is matured in manhood. Man is taught to look his equals, nay his

* Which was at the particular request of Dr. Kautschke, jun.

superior,

superior, boldly in the face.— Though he is not inclined to attack others, he knows he is able to defend himself, a reflexion which must be ever pleasing to an independent mind. No size, no weight of body, will make any courageous person, skilled in pugilism, submit to base indignities. From a conviction, that the science is universally understood, the strong are taught humility, and the weak confidence. An exercise that thus diffuses courage throughout any nation, but more particularly England, a country from its politics and commerce so liable to war, must be of public utility."

Bristol, Dec. 21.—The bloodiest battle that ever was witnessed took place on Wednesday last, upon Clifton Downs, near Bristol, in consequence of a quarrel between Pearce, the Game Chicken, and three sturdy game-keepers, Hood, Francis, and Morris. In the course of the battle, which lasted 20 minutes, the Chicken, subject to the whole attack, displayed such a system of shifting, retreating, stopping, and putting in hits, as entirely exhausted his opponents, and ensured him the final success of the battle. Francis and Morris now lie at the Three Tuns, in a most mangled state, and perfectly immovable. Hood made off at the end of the seventh round, seeing his companions were likely to have the worst of it. The Chicken has suffered severely from a contusion of the head, the consequence of a dreadful blow from Morris while following up his companions, and is likely to undergo a surgical operation. It appears, the subject in dispute was a basket of apples the Chicken was conveying from his father's, where he had spent the

day, which was mistaken for game, the enquiry into which was so stoutly resisted..

WE have the following from newspaper report :—

Captain Barclay and Lieut. Fairman—The correspondence which has taken place between Lieutenant Fairman and Captain Barclay on the subject of their pedestrian feat, is to the following effect :— Mr. Barclay refuses to give the odds required by Mr. Fairman (being the same which he himself received from Wood) and declines to undertake a journey of 500 miles, on the *uncertainty* of running; after being put to that inconvenience; or, if at all, perhaps for only a *trifling* stake. In the neighbourhood of Ury, he offers to run Mr. Fairman, 100 miles, or any distance above 50, for his *own* sum. To this Mr. Fairman has replied, that as it is *more in compliance with the wishes of some sporting friends*, than from a confidence in his own power, he is propelled to the contest, his difference in stature, and in every other requisite, makes him seek again, what he originally demanded.. But that if Mr. Barclay, in the first instance, will give him the odds to which his inferiority of make and appearance entitle him, in the event of success, he will afterwards run him *even*. On these conditions, he has signified his readiness to meet *half-way*, and to enter the lists with him for any sum not exceeding *five thousand pounds*, nor less than *as many hundreds*."

Sack Race.—The sack race, between the coachman, who is 77 years of age, and the countryman, for twenty guineas a side, took place at half past ten o'clock, on Friday morning, the 14th inst. at Hyda

Hyde Park. The ground was measured, 110 yards, from Grosvenor-gate; and a numerous assemblage of spectators arranged themselves in a double line on each side. As soon as the two men had been sacked up to their necks, the odds were seven to four on the coachman at starting, but when they had proceeded ten yards, the coachman, fell down, when the odds changed in favour of the countryman, who ran the 110 yards in forty-six seconds and a half. Several ladies, who were passing in their carriages, were very much diverted with the sport.

THE race between Grinley and Cooke attracted, on Monday, the 14th inst. a great concourse of people in Hyde Park. At ten o'clock the ground was measured, 100 yards, nearly opposite the barracks. Cooke was on the ground, and waited until half past ten, when it was decided by the umpires, that Cooke should walk over the ground, which he did. Grinley arrived soon afterwards, and was adjudged to have lost his match, as the time was fixed for ten o'clock.

ON Friday morning, the 18th inst. a young gentleman in the neighbourhood of Cannon-street, undertook for a considerable wager, to run from the standard in Cornhill, four miles on the Clapham road, in thirty minutes, which he performed with great ease in twenty-eight minutes and half: the odds were nearly two to one against him previous to starting.

ON the 3d instant, Mr. Howell's mare, called Young Phenomena, trotted a race against time, at Finchley, for fifty guineas. The mare was to trot fifteen miles and a half within the hour; but after going

six miles in twenty minutes, she fell off her pace, and was pulled up, after having gone fourteen miles in fifty-six minutes. The odds were beat on this occasion.

SATURDAY, the 12th instant, Mr. Wm. May, late of Shepperton, in the county of Middlesex, undertook, for a wager of five guineas, to trot his bay mare, on the road between Durham and Newcastle, eighteen miles in one hour, making his weight to ride 12st.; 14lbs. to the stone; which he performed with ease, having completed the distance in 58 minutes four seconds, which was one minute 56 seconds within the time given.

DURING the present month, a young Oxonian, for a considerable wager, ran from Oxford to Abingdon, and back again, twelve miles, in one hour and nineteen minutes, winning the wager by one minute.

ON Wednesday, the 16th instant, Mr. J. C. undertook, for a wager of 100 guineas, to make the best of his way, (18 miles in three hours) on the Lea-Bridge road. He started at twelve o'clock, and performed his journey one minute and ten seconds within the time limited.

The above Mr. J. C. has since offered to take the same odds of Lieutenant Fairman as the Lieutenant requested of Captain Barclay, to go a hundred miles for a thousand guineas. A friend of Mr. Fairman's has offered that he shall start against any gentleman, for a thousand guineas a side, and he that goes farthest without refreshment to receive half forfeit; nothing, however, is decided on either of these propositions.

LIEUT. HOLLES, of Baker-street, undertook, on Thursday, the 17th,

for a bet of 50l. to run a mile in six minutes, another in six minutes and a half, and another in seven minutes, at three starts, and to be allowed half an hour to perform the three miles. The race was on the Kilburn road, and the Lieutenant, who weighs thirteen stone, lost the match in the third start.—He did the first mile in half a minute less than the given time, the second mile he performed with difficulty in the time, and he was a minute over time in going the last.

THREE or four Cambridge bucks, on Thursday evening, the 17th instant, made a wager, for 100gs. that they would dance at the ball at Huntingdon, and also at the New Rooms at Bury, the same night; which they accomplished, although at the distance of fifty-eight miles.

THE Wiltshire man, who was to hop 100 yards in 50 hops, for a wager of ten guineas, performed it on Saturday, the 19th instant. The ground was measured out in Grosvenor-square, from North-Audley-street to Duke-street.—Great numbers of people, who had money depending, were present. Before starting, the odds were two to one against him, when, to the surprise of the spectators, he went over the ground in 45 hops.

ON Saturday, Dec. 12, at Cranbrook, Surrey, a Pigeon Shooting Match, for a Silver Cup, value thirty guineas, and one hundred guineas in specie, took place, in an inclosure belonging to Mr. Sebley, who entertained the sportsmen with a sumptuous dinner. The shooting match was between Messrs. Vanderstine and King, known good shots; and Mess. Har-

vey and Collins, at 21 birds, from a trap at 21 yards, and a boundary of 100 yards for the birds to fall in. Vanderstine had 11 shots, and brought five pigeons only to bag, four having got away from the boundary after having been hit. His coadjutor killed eight birds of the ten left him, making in the whole 13 dead birds. The opposing party killed 13 birds also in the 21 shots, Harvey having killed nine out of 14, and his assistant only four in ten shots. Messrs. King and Harvey shot off the ties by consent, and added ten guineas to the original stake, when King winged his sixth bird, which got out of the bounds, and his adversary, who had killed, won the match.

UPON the sporting demesne of Sir Thos. Gooch, Bart. in Suffolk, no less than 6000 hares were killed in the course of the last year!

A FEW days since, as the Steyn-ing hounds were trailing through Treakles Wood, Sussex, they found a hare, that gave them a hard run to Heath Common, when puss being exhausted, sought for shelter under the roof of a cottager of the name of Maze: but in Mr. Maze, the timid animal found an enemy equally as ferocious as her pursuers, for he instantly killed her, and concealed her under his bed, but in doing so, Mr. Maze was not aware of the danger and difficulty he was about to experience, for the hounds coming up in a few minutes, and the scent of the hare being strong on his person, they immediately seized on him, and had it not been for the fortunate appearance of the huntsman, who found him in a very perilous situation, the consequence might have been fatal.—Mr. Maze was amazingly glad of an

an opportunity to deliver up the hare, that he himself might have a safe deliverance from such troublesome visitors!

SHOCKING Cruelty to a Horse.—

On Sunday the 20th instant, Mrs. White, of Cannon-row, Westminster, hired a chariot and pair from Mr. Thomas Gullan, a livery stable-keeper, on the Surrey side of Westminster bridge, for the purpose of going to Two Waters, in Hertfordshire, and intending to return to town by the same conveyance on Monday. The driver stopped at several places on the road to drink, till he became intoxicated, and could not drive the chariot with any degree of safety; he, however, got to Watford without any material damage, when Mrs. W. determined not to proceed any further with him, and hired a post-chaise to pursue her journey, which the fellow had the audacity to follow with the chariot, for near a mile, abusing and threatening Mrs. W. and flogging his horses in a most wanton manner, but at length gave up following Mrs. W.—On his return, upon Bushy Heath, near Stanmore, he flogged his horses with so much violence, that he broke his whip: he then, pursuing his cruelty to an unexampled pitch, forced the handle of his whip into one of his horses, so that his entrails came out. The horse, maddened by this torture, kicked and plunged of course, and falling between the splinter-bar and the wheel, actually split his body between the flanks. It is hardly necessary to add, the poor animal died in a few minutes. This inhuman conduct was seen by Mr. Peck, who resides near the Abercorn Arms, at Stanmore. The fellow proceeded with the carriage, with one horse, and drove with such

violence into Stanmore, that the pole of the chariot and the horse's head were forced into the parlour window of Mr. Richard Fitch, and did considerable damage. On Monday night, about half past eight o'clock, the horse and chariot arrived, full speed, at Mr. Gullan's yard gate, which being shut, the pole and the horse's head broke them open, and the chariot entered the yard full speed; the horse forced his way into the passage of Mr. Gullan's residence. On inquiry it turned out, that the fellow had not found his way back to London till Monday night, when he stopped at the Anchor and Vine public-house, Charing Cross, to get some liquor, and the horse, tired of waiting, set off, and found his way home. On Tuesday morning, Mr. Gullan received several letters by the post, informing him of the above; he, in consequence, went in pursuit of the driver, whose name is James Major; and having found him, took him before Mr. Nares, at the Public-Office, Bow-street, who ordered him to be detained. The horse he killed was worth sixty guineas.

TOWARDS the latter end of this month, as Mr. N. Raven was out shooting with a gamekeeper of Lord Cholmondeley, and going over a hedge with his gun on half-cock, something caught it, and drew it part of the way on cock, when it went off, and shot away part of the keeper's mouth; he was able after the accident to walk home, but is very materially hurt.

Mr. Willard, brewer, of Lewes, has a spaniel bitch, which in four litters produced sixty-five whelps, viz. the first litter, 13; the second, 15; the third, 15; and the fourth, 20.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE FOOT-BALL MATCH.

CONTENDING PARTIES.

<i>Playwell</i>	<i>Tom the Tinker</i>
<i>Hal the Butcher</i>	<i>Little Simon</i>
<i>Jack the Smith</i>	<i>Neddy</i>
<i>The Barber</i>	<i>Bob</i>
<i>Dusty Dick</i>	<i>Ralpho.</i>

WHILE George, illustrious, rules our happy land,

Dispensing justice, with benignant hand,
While smiling health tips cheerly o'er the fields,

And the rich soil a gen'rous harvest yields,

Be mine the humble task, in artless strains,

To sing the pleasures of the village swains;

In jarring verse, those heartfelt joys to show

Which oft I've felt—and rustics only know:

When the round ball flies whistling to the goal,

And ardent burns in each determin'd soul.

In Hunts fair county is a village shewn,
That agriculture fondly calls her own;

Where ev'ry morn invites to daily toil,
And ev'ry eve, athletic sports beguile.

There from the world, great Playwell liv'd retir'd,

At once respected, envied, and admired.

Kind and obliging, though of strength immense,

He scorn'd to strike, except in self-defence;

Or to maintain a friend's or neighbour's right,

When many a boaster fell beneath his might.

Were active wrestlers striving on the green,

What youth so strong, so finely form'd,
Was seen?

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His manly features, richly ting'd with health,

Confus'd the pallid cheek of lonely weakness,

While his superior skill in ev'ry play
Obtain'd the highest honours of the day.

'Twas his to hurl the bowl, to throw the coin,

To bid the foot-ball tire the aching sight,

To dance or wrestle on the verdant mead,

To guide the ploughshare, and the team to feed:

Nor will his wond'rous leap be e'er forgot,

Nor how the children gambol'd o'er the spot;

Full twenty feet he cover'd at a bound,
And bore the hat triumphant on the ground:—

In short, his cot was fill'd with prizes won,

And ev'ry father wish'd for such a son.

Thus, lov'd by all, he liv'd in much renown,

When *Tom the Tinker* journey'd to the town;

Oft had great Playwell heard that Champion's fame,

Yet knew the dusky hero but by name,
While *Tom*, no stranger to his games too,

Resolv'd to learn, in case all was untrue.

Not long the gallant Tinker lay concealed,

For ev'ry eve our Hero's might reveal'd;

Frankly then *Tom* his rival's power confess'd,

And emulation fir'd his swelling breast.

He sought his comrades, told them such a tale,

When o'er their cups, and warm'd with gen'rous ale,

That ev'ry honest youth, indignant swore,
Great Playwell's fame should soon be heard no more.

U

Ralpho

Ralpho propos'd a challenge should be wrote,

And *Neddy* offer'd to convey the note ;
But here stern learning cross'd the bold design,

For not a soul could write a single line ;

Amazement reign'd—each hero wip'd his face,

Laid down his pipe—and ponder'd o'er the case.

Dull disappointment hover'd round the room,

And cast on ev'ry face a dismal gloom ;
Envy awhile the rustic heart possess'd,

And Discord, doubting, mingled with the rest.

Thus torn by various passions, all the throng

Their ale neglected, and forgot their song.

At length, my friends, the gallant *Tinker* cry'd,

The want of learning may be soon supplied ;

Be our's to make old Goodman Dobbs a friend,

He'll write for sixpence all we wish to send—

Huzza ! they cried, and Discord sneak'd away,

Envy retir'd—and ev'ry face was gay.

Just at the nick, old Dobbs came stalking in,

Stiff as a poker, and almost as thin ;
His solemn gait and frozen face be- spoke

The small regard he bore for mirth or joke.

His little snubby turn'd-up nose declar'd,

In what contempt it held the common herd,

While his sharp eye—for one, alas ! was gone,

Disdain'd to notice merit—not his own.

His was the art to sing—without a tune,
Or pump hoarse thunder from the harsh bassoon ;

For, nicely skill'd, he sung and play'd by rote,

And scorn'd the trifling nonsense of a note.

He also toll'd the ball, and bore the spade,

And many an artful task perform'd if paid ;

For well the ways of worldly men he knew,

And never gave advice and credit too.

This truth we're told his conduct clearly prov'd—

At first he heard their little tale un- mov'd,

Said he'd consider, hem'd and rubb'd his eye,

And held his sapient head amazing high.—

Tom took the hint, and as their rhetoric fail'd,

Produced the shining tester, and prevail'd.

With prudent care he first secur'd the chink,

Then stoutly call'd for paper, pen, and ink,

And wrote a challenge in no common strain,

Which *Playwell* soon perus'd with cool disdain.

These facts premis'd—'twill now suffice to say,

The chiefs of either party fix'd the day,
And ev'ry youth was eager for the play.

At length the swains assemble on the place ;

Health's rosy glow on ev'ry honest face.
The ground is mark'd, the diff'rent goals prepar'd,

The purpose of their meeting next declar'd ;

All sordid views these gallant lads dis- claim,

And nobly strive for conquest and for fame.

Say, then, my muse, who first the game began :

'Twas *Little Simon*—John the cobbler's man,

A handkick sent the harden'd globe on high,

The tim'rous pigeon scarce so swift can fly.

Each rustic's eyes, observant, mark its fall,

And *Hal the Butcher* met the welcome ball,

Which, by his active foot impell'd along,
Whistled with vengeance 'midst the eager throng,

When *Ralpho's* lofty forehead stopp'd its force,

And by the contact, chang'd its furious course.

He rubb'd the place, and smiling at the pain,

Resum'd his wonted hardness again.

Now dire contention madden'd o'er the ground,

And artful *Bob* was slyly circling round,

For

For oft that youth by nicer skill prevail'd,
 When those with far superior strength had fail'd.
 But here, alas! his sanguine hopes were cross'd,
 And half the lustre of his laurels lost,
 For Jack the Blacksmith seiz'd the heedless swain,
 And threw him headlong on the verdant plain:
 The conqu'ring Smith's success was quickly seen,
 And gain'd the hearty plaudits of the green;
 When Ralph, in friendship's ties excelled by none,
 Revengful grappled Vulcan's brawny son,
 And ah! the Blacksmith's arm avails no more,
 He falls where luckless Robert fell before;
 And furious rising, blam'd the slippery place,
 While shame and anger flush'd his manly face.
 The solid orb with double swiftness flies,
 And noisy shouts and laughter rend the skies;
 Each side by turns some small advantage gains,
 While pleasing hope in ev'ry bosom reigns.
 And now a youth, excell'd, perhaps, by few,
 To face the gallant Playwell nearer drew;
 With haughty looks the adverse rustics meet—
 How flash their eyes—how clash their sturdy feet.
 Playwell, impetuous, kick'd the ball away,
 And Neddy on the ground extended lay,
 While Little Simon, hast'ning to his aid,
 By Hal the Butcher on the turf was laid.
 Here Ralpho meets the Barber on the plain,
 So chance contrives, or so the fates ordain;
 Their generous breasts with manly ardour heat,
 But the keen Barber laid him at his feet,
 Then flew with eager haste to seize the ball;
 And, laughing, bade defiance to them all.
 When Tom, who saw with grief the recent fray,
 And found his gallant friend had lost the day,

Chagrin'd to hear the Barber's noisy mirth,
 Advanc'd with speed, and dash'd him on the earth;
 There, while bewild'rd and supine he lay,
 The Tinker bore the stiffen'd globe away;
 He onward rush'd, and all had now been lost,
 But frowning fate the hardy Tinker cross'd.
 At that nice moment, Dusty Dick was seen
 To grasp the swarthy hero of the green:
 Careless the Tinker seiz'd his youthful foe,
 And scornful cry'd—"Such children ought to know!"
 But here the active miller laid him low.
 His ample shoulders press'd the beaten ground,
 And peals of noisy mirth were heard around:
 He rose indignant, rais'd his voice aloud,
 And soon derang'd the laughter of the crowd;
 Foaming with rage, he rush'd amid the throng,
 And many a rustic on the verdure flung—
 So sweeps the rapid torrent o'er the plain,
 And little ramparts lift their heads in vain.
 Now as the dusky chief came thund'ring on,
 And his vain partners thought the victory won,
 Playwell, the pride and envy of them all,
 With hasty steps advanc'd and kick'd the ball:
 Th'affrighted ball with tenfold fury flew,
 And where it fell the rustics never knew.
 Abruptly thus the hardy contest ends,
 And ev'ry swain shook hands, and parted friends.

HUNTINGDONIENSIS.

AN

IMITATION OF ROWE.

WERE you, ye gamsters, cautious whom ye trust,
 Did ye but know how seldom fortune's just,
 So many silly dupes would not in vain
 Of broken credit—and of fate complain:

Df

Of all the various wretches play has made,
How few have been; upon the square, be-
tray'd.

Convinc'd by reason; we a sleight detect,
Nor practise what we treat with discre-
spect,

Convinc'd that truth will honesty pro-
tect.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

NEW TRAGEDY OF FAULKENER.

THROUGH five long acts I've fretted
on the stage,

A very vixen—bluster, scorn, and rage.
This is the way each simple Bard has
got,

A Devil there must be—to enbroil the
plot:

Some being, drawn with human form
and feature,

But wanting all that hallows human na-
ture;

A Zanga, a Glenalvon, mischief brew-
ing,

To lure suspectless virtue to its ruin,

To scatter needless jealousies and fears,

And set the folks together by the ears.

'Tis but a scurvy means; but bless the
Poets!

I envy neither those with wits, nor no
wits.

But this man—shall I e'er forget my
anger?

Must he make me, forsooth, a female
Zanga?

Me you have held a simple, harmless
prater;

Me you have hail'd Amanthia, child of
nature,

Anhalt's frank pupil, guiltless of design,

And Sophy Freelove with her Valentine.

Thus harmless, artless, mild, let me ap-
pear,

When on these boards, and in my private
sphere.

Then do this Poet, I pose me from his
chain,

Break his Magician's rod, and set me free
again.

But soft, methinks this counsel suits me
ill;

I have no gall, and must not stir ill will.

Rightly explain'd, the Poet is my friend,

And gives me trial, he of Rome ne'er
perm'd

That, told of patient Grizzel: she sus-
tain'd,

In gentless wise whate'er her Lord or-
dain'd.

Had he enjoin'd her fury, rage, and pride,
Ere she had acted that, she would have
died.

Pardon the Bard then, and his Play, ah,
spare it!

I've worn the liv'ry once—I still will
wear it;

Night after night, I'll triumph over na-
ture,

And still approve myself your faithful
creature;

Your favour is the boon for which I sue;
I'd try a thousand shapes to pleasure you.

ON WILLIAM PEARCE,

THE BOXER,

(Vulgarly called *The Chicken*.)

*On rescuing a young Woman at Bristol
from perishing in a House in Flames.*

(See our last Number, p. 88.)

IN Bristol city, while a house in flames
Fills the beholders with amazement
dire,

A damsel, at an upper window, claims
Their utmost pity, for th' approaching
fire

With ev'ry moment seems to gather near;
Nor hope of rescue does there aught ap-
pear.

At length, upon the neighb'ring house-
top seen,

A gallant youth now hastens to her
aid,

And o'er the fearful parapet does leap,
With spirit countless to assist the
maid:

Endow'd by Heav'n with more than com-
mon might,

He grasps her arms, and draws her to
the height.

Oh! glorious act! Oh! courage well ap-
plied!

Oh! strength exerted in its proper cause!
Thy name, O Pearce! be sounded far
and wide,—

Live, ever honor'd, 'midst the world's
applause!

Be this thy triumph!—Know, one crea-
ture sav'd

Is greater glory than the world enslav'd.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE: OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE TURF, THE CHASE,
And every other Diversion interesting to
THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

JANUARY, 1808.

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*Embellished with—I, Ambrosio, a beautiful Engraving by Scott, from a capital
Painting by Stubbs.—II, The Ptarmigan, or White Grouse, an Engraving.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

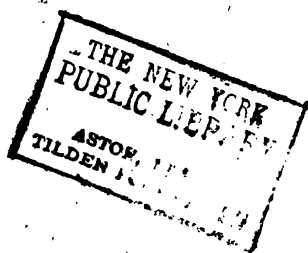
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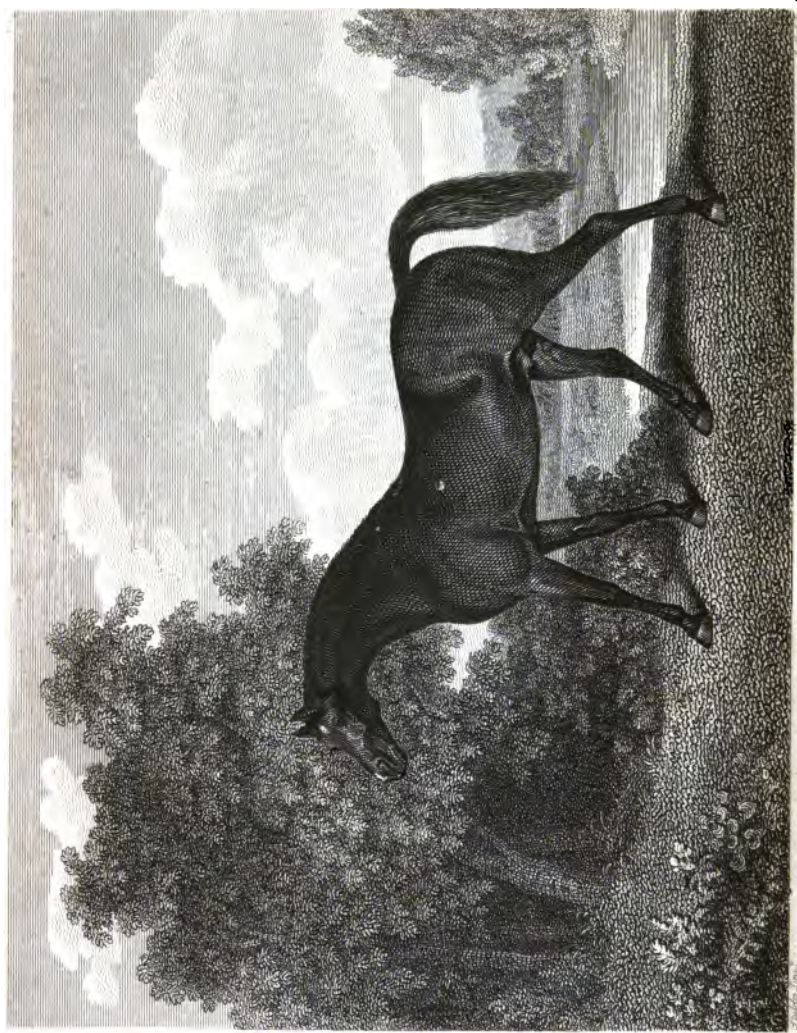
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have various Articles on the dreadful consequences of Canine Madness—some Essays on the Hydrophobia—Remedies for the Disease, &c. &c.—all of which shall be collected, and inserted in our next Number.

Paintings of the celebrated Greyhound ROCKET, and of the Racers, ELEANOR and BROTHER TO VIVALDI, are received from Mr. Clifton Tomson: they shall be put into the Engraver's hands, and given in due course.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.





AMBROSIO.

Pub^d by J. Whittle, Jan. 22, 1808.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
FOR JANUARY, 1808.

AMBROSIO.

A beautiful Engraving by Scott, from a capital Painting by Stubbs, to face this Page.

AMBROSIO is a stallion in the stud of Thomas Haworth, Esq. at Barham Lodge, near Edgware, Middlesex.—His pedigree and performances will be given in our next Number.

DISPUTES
BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c. &c.

Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

IN accordance with our promise, we shall proceed to touch sincerely, but decorously, upon the social tendency of those prominent events which have occurred in the course of the preceding month, and what bearing they may have, in our opinion, upon the obligations of moral honour.

LIEUTENANT TETLEY v. CAPT. SHORT—(see p. 104, last month)—for oppressive and unofficerlike behaviour, during the latter gentleman's command of his Majesty's ship Porpoise, and for a misapplication of the ship's stores.—After a due examination of the several witnesses before a Court Martial,

which was held at Portsmouth, on Tuesday, the 15th of December, the defendant was acquitted.

The spirit which governs a court of honour, we must naturally presume to be that of a delicate order of justice, which combines, at the same instant, the official dignity of the commander, and the well-being of the subordinate members under his control. Perhaps there is no situation where these important points of consideration should be more maturely weighed, than in cases relative to the internal management of our men of war; and there certainly never was a crisis which demanded the rigorous and impartial execution of justice, in all marine points of duty, so imperiously as the present.—It is one thing to give an acquittal, that may exonerate the accused party from all pains and penalties, thereby personal; and it is another thing to give such an issue to the judicial proceeding, as may be generally acceptable to the observing world.

Two masters of merchant vessels have been recently tried; for *imputed* murders committed upon the high seas, and both have been acquitted: there can be no doubt but that the great and responsible characters before whom they were tried had solid reasons for their conduct on those solemn occasions: yet, unhappily, they were verdicts of a description which have caused some agitation in the public mind.

We do not make any particular application of this reasoning, but merely throw out these cursory observations to effect a general good; and to open the eyes of all parties to a very mature consideration of the possible, if not probable result, of any presumed departure from the equally comprehensive spirit of British jurisprudence.

IN Bombay, Lieutenant Walter Borlase Mosely was indicted for shooting at Captain Martin, wilfully and maliciously, whereby he was deprived of his sight: the trial took place on the 2d of May, 1807. This trial occurred before Sir James Mackintosh, who, in his charge to the Jury, drew a proper and delicate distinction between resentment and revenge—(see p. 115, last No.)—The Jury returned a verdict of Guilty, but recommended the prisoner to mercy. He has since been sentenced to be transported for life to New South Wales.

It cannot be expected that, at this distance from the scene of action, we should be enabled to enter completely into all the bearings of the case; but, agreeably to the impressions that we have received, we deem the verdict proper, and hope that the publication of this case will deter all inconsiderate young men from indulging in those habits of folly, which involve a danger to others as well as to themselves; such as levelling pistols, guns, &c. by which many persons are seriously aggrieved, and some have even lost life itself. It will prove but a miserable apology for the perpetrator to aver that he was intoxicated, or did it without design; and leave it to the address of some able Barrister, to draw a subtle sort of demarcation between those perilous niceties of action

which may constitute manslaughter or murder.

AMERICAN DUELLING.—In our last Number, we inserted the account of an extraordinary duel, which happened at Norfolk, in Virginia, on the 23d of last September, between Captain Gordon, of the Chesapeake, and Dr. Starke, in which Lieutenant Crane, second to the former, shot Dr. S. through the arm, for an alledged violation of the prescribed laws of that duel.

On the subject of duelling, much has been advanced in favour of, and in opposition to, the practice. The moralist urges truly, that its indulgence is a direct infraction of one of the divine behests in holy writ, which commands us to forgive our enemies. But, alas! the bad passions are too governing in the human breast to admit of a due obedience to this beautiful principle in religion. Yet duels, like national warfare, lose much of their deplorable character, when softened down by the exercise of a liberal humanity, in extreme cases, to each other: but this Trans-Atlantic contest certainly does not partake of that mild complexion; and we have heard of nothing, in modern times, so personally barbarous in its features. When the Duke of Hamilton fought Lord Mohun, both parties fell; but the obligations of a polite honour were not openly infringed by their seconds, and, in the fall of the principals, the affair terminated, which is not likely to be the issue in this novel combat, as all the parties will be probably re-engaged in conflict, when Dr. Starke recovers from his wound.

We must now remark, that there are more duels fought in the space of one year in the United States

States of America, than in all Europe; and those duels are very generally of a decided and sanguinary nature. They have not yet acquired the harmless practice of fighting merely for notoriety, as is so frequently done at our watering places, where the *Bloodless* drama is thus arranged:—A. is to give a personal affront to B. who immediately sends a challenge by C. which is accepted, and the ideal aggressor goes to the field, accompanied by D. The ground is measured, and the heroes fire, yet, luckily, none of the party are in danger except the seconds, who, to avoid mischief, generally take their station in the rear of the principals. After this, an explanation takes place, in which a few *ifs* and *buts* qualify the difference. The seconds sign the report, the affair is made as public as possible, and the unscratched duellists are chronicled as men of honour and spirit ever after!

We do not think any of the recent *harmless* duels which have taken place near the metropolis deserve to be recorded, any more than the particulars of duels *prevented*, which would most likely have terminated in quite as *harmless* a way as those which actually did take place.

MR. PLOWDEN has published a three-and-sixpenny pamphlet, entitled, "*The King v. Graham*."—Mr. F. Plowden's Refutation of the Charge of having improvidently and maliciously advised the Prosecution. It contains not only the principal part of that extraordinary trial, taken in short-hand by Mr. Gurney, jun. but a very curious correspondence, and the detail of an estate at nurse, highly interesting to professional and other persons

possessing estates, or charged with trusts.—'It is not the manner of the Romans to condemn any man before that he which is the accused have the accusers face to face, and have license to answer for himself concerning the crimes laid against him.—*Acts*, xxv. 16.'

Having noticed Mr. Graham's trial, &c. in page 135, last month, we may be inclined to *dip* into the above pamphlet, to ascertain whether it contains any thing worth laying before our readers in the next publication.

SOMETHING a little contradictory appears in the two following paragraphs, and which it is not in our power at present to reconcile; they are given as found in the public prints:—

"*Court-Martial*.—Lieutenant-Colonel Bromhead, of the South Lincoln Militia, tried at Hythe, on charges of peculation, presented against him by the Surgeon of the regiment, has been honourably acquitted, and the charges declared groundless, frivolous, malicious, and vexatious."

Thus much said on one side, let us see what follows as a drawback upon this decision:—

"We understand, that the conclusion of his Majesty's decision, on the opinion of the Court Martial lately held at Hythe, on Lieutenant-Colonel Bromhead, of the Lincoln Militia, on charges preferred against him by the Surgeon of the regiment, was as follows:—'That yet, upon a full view of the whole evidence, there did appear to his Majesty to be matter that required explanation, and fit to be the subject of investigation before a Court-Martial.'"

WE now come to a painful task.
In

In our last Magazine, is an account of the proceedings of a Court-Martial held at Chelsea College, for the trial of Sir Charles Hotham, Colonel of the Beverley Buffs, or East York Regiment of Militia.—The *just*, yet *humane* decision, which we here record, bespeaks the uniform conduct of a JUST, HUMANE, and a gracious Monarch, alike FIRM and DISCRIMINATE in the dispensation of those laws which come under his own immediate personal cognisance.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Horse-Guards, Jan. 19, 1808.

Sir Charles Hotham, Bart. Colonel of the East York Regiment of Militia, has been tried by a General Court Martial, on the charge of being "*drunk on duty*." The Court has found Sir Charles Hotham *GUILTY* of the crime alledged against him, and has sentenced him to be *cashiered*, which sentence his Majesty has been pleased to confirm, and has commanded it to be thus publicly communicated to the Army, in order that Officers and Soldiers of all descriptions may be made sensible, that no considerations of rank, or station of life, nor even of past services, will induce his Majesty to pardon an offence of this nature, so injurious to the discipline of the army.

His Majesty has, at the same time, been most graciously pleased to declare his regret, on feeling the necessity of dismissing from his service an Officer, to whose good character so many General Officers have borne testimony; but, under all circumstances of the case, his Majesty has it not in his power to pay attention to the recommendation of the Court, and is reluctantly obliged to confirm the sentence to its extent.

By the Commander-in-Chief's command,
HARRY CALVERT, Adj. Gen.

LIEUTENANT FAIRMAN, HIS MATCH AGAINST TIME.

LIEUTENANT Fairman performed his long-expected match to Harrow and back, being upwards of twenty miles, in three hours, on the very worst road all round London, on Tuesday, the 12th instant.

This engagement had excited unusual interest in the sporting circles, as well from the acknowledged arduousness of the undertaking as from his having previously paid forfeit, repeatedly postponed the attempt, and at length, as it was supposed, totally declined it.—All the amateurs in town were present; by whom it was allowed, from the badness of the road and other unfavourable circumstances, to be as *bottomed* and as *game* a display as they ever witnessed.

He started from Cumberland Gate precisely at eleven minutes past ten, where he arrived on his return, having touched the Church at seven minutes after one, being four minutes under his time.

Some equestrian friends, headed by Gregson and a party of pugilists, attended him throughout: they took infinite pains to keep the ground, and clear a passage for him.

On his way back, he drank a glass of Madeira at a gentleman's house, the foot of Harrow Hill, which was in readiness as he passed. After this he resumed his journey, and performed the remainder of his distance without further stoppage.

Notwithstanding the day of starting was purposely concealed, and had not publicly transpired, the multitude assembled was great beyond precedent. From the end of Oxford-street to Paddington, the road was thronged with spectators

on

on both sides, many of whom were mounted in carts, and on the roofs of coaches. In passing through these lines, he was cheered and carressed in the most flattering manner; the ladies waived their handkerchiefs, the men huzzaed: with great gallantry and politeness, he acknowledged the kind salutations of the former, by repeatedly bowing to them as he went along. Towards the end of his journey, he was much oppressed by the people's closing in upon him.

On his arrival at the place where he started, he proclaimed boldly and aloud, "that he would run any man in England, on the same terms that Barclay did Wood."

The day in itself was fortunate in the extreme, but the roads were heavy beyond conception, as was fully evinced by his splashed and dirty condition on coming in.

He was dressed in a white flannel jacket and pantaloons, with a white handkerchief about his head. Round his neck was tied a blue silk one, and about his waist was girt another. His average rate of going was a mile in eight minutes and a half.

His style of running is so peculiar as to be entitled to description. His arms are compressed, and pinned close to his sides, and their weight is supported by a loop pendous from each shoulder, into which he places his thumbs. By thus contracting himself into the smallest compass, his progress is the less impeded, and the fatigue much diminished.

It is with sincere concern we have to state, owing to some mistake between Lieutenant Fairman and his friends, who were to have taken bets for him, that his labours have not been attended with their merited reward. Indeed, it was a

high sense of honour, and a true sporting spirit, that alone urged him to the performance. To the united efforts of him and Captain Barclay, the country is indebted for the revival of this useful and noble exercise. Desirous of re-establishing that confidence which was lately impaired at Newmarket, and of preventing feats of personal strength and activity, by repeated disappointments, from falling into disrepute, we know, from the most unquestionable authority, that he underwent this manly, but extraordinary exertion, without deriving from it the advantage of a guinea.

Lieutenant Fairman now, we think, has established at least an equal claim to the laurel of England; but he has grounded his ultimate pretensions to the prize on the issue of the following bold and public challenge! He offers to run any gentleman of his own stature, 100 miles for 1000 guineas;—to start against any man in the kingdom, on receiving 20 miles in 24 hours;—or to perform a greater distance without taking refreshment, than any man in the world!

LIEUTENANT HALIFAX, HIS LABORIOUS UNDERTAKING.

*Extract of a Letter from Exeter,
dated Jan. 21, 1808.*

THIS day Lieutenant Halifax, of the Royal Lancashire Militia, who had engaged to walk thirty miles per day for twenty successive days, completed his laborious undertaking, and he was ushered into this city in triumph, preceded by the regimental band of music, and accompanied by an immense concourse of people, both on horse-back

back and on foot, who celebrated his victory by continually-repeated huzzas. The number of persons of all ranks, both of this city and the neighbourhood, who lined the Topsham road, the hedges, and the streets through which he passed, can scarcely be credited; they must have amounted to scarcely less than twenty thousand. On his return to the hotel, he came forward, and, in a neat speech, returned his thanks to the inhabitants for their kindness, and the interest they had taken in his favour; and as some injurious, though absurd, reports had been circulated, that his brother officers had endeavoured to act unfairly by him, and that the waiters at the hotel had been employed for that purpose, he assured them, that the whole was totally void of foundation, as he had received the greatest assistance, and the most marked attention, from each and all of his brother officers; and every possible civility and accommodation from Mr. Phillips, of the hotel, and every individual belonging to his house. The address was received by the populace with the loudest acclamation.

To estimate this exploit properly, our readers should be informed, that when Mr. Halifax made his bet, he had undergone no training, previously to its commencement; he had been unaccustomed to such violent exertion; and could scarcely have reflected at all on the magnitude of the undertaking.—Not tall, but large limbed; rather what may be termed lusty, than muscular; his step not light and springy, but heavy and laboured; in a word, with what is called a lounging walk; the weather wet, and the road heavy; illness or accident not provided against, and the bet *play or pay*.—These circumstances weighed so strongly with all who knew him, that it was considered impossi-

ble he could win; but his resolution and spirits bore him up against every impediment, and crowned his exertions with success. The fatigue he suffered on the second and third days was extreme; besides which, his feet were blistered, and he was feverish. The very great attention, and care, however, of Mr. Stephenson, the regimental surgeon, removed those difficulties. Each succeeding day gave him fresh vigour; his body became by degrees inured to the exertion; he acquired a firmer step, and, as the time advanced, he was enabled to do his work with more ease to himself. Thus, by perseverance, and an invincible spirit, he has been enabled to accomplish an exploit, which his friends, and those who reflected on the disadvantages under which he laboured, deemed impossible. We have great pleasure in congratulating Mr. Halifax on the successful termination of his labour; but, reflecting on the fatigue and inconvenience he has encountered in this his first essay as a pedestrian, that his time and attention have been entirely absorbed by it for three weeks past, depriving him of every other amusement, and all the comforts of social society, we will venture to predict, that he will not easily be led, at any future period, to make a similar engagement.

Several accounts of minor foot races appear in our SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—We have here to announce, that, in consequence of Lieut. Halifax's performance, and another gentleman having undertaken to go *forty miles* a day for *ten* successive days, Mr. Barclay, of Ury, has lately declared, that he would go *fifty miles* a day for *twenty* successive days, and his friends in town are ready to back him for any sum. In that case, the whole distance would be *one thousand miles*.

THE

THE
PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.

NO. IV.

"THE hero from the north said, it is a black silver profile; the hero from the south said, it is a white one: flat contradictions produced fatal consequences; their swords flew out, and they cut and hacked each other in a most unmerciful manner, till, fainting with the loss of blood, they both fell down, each on the opposite to that on which they began the combat, when, looking up too late, they saw their mistake. At this instant, a venerable hermit coming by, bound up their wounds, and replaced them on their horses, giving them this piece of friendly advice—henceforward, in all political disputes, and matters of a public nature, never to trust themselves till they had examined both sides the question."—*Stevens's Lecture on Heads.*

Were men capable of seeing and examining each concern and matter in life with the same degree of candour and impartiality, they would be nearly all of one mind. This we never do, perhaps we are incapable of doing it were we fully disposed, for each individual has his views, and but few will take the trouble of examining an object on all sides; therefore one man sees what another does not, and their sentiments clash: but this disquisition being too nice for the present occasion, I shall proceed to observe, that

Man is a compounded being in himself, made up of gross matter, pervaded throughout with intelligencies, and spiritualised with lofty, diffusive ideas; in a word, man is a thinking, judging, and reasoning

being, most wonderfully compounded in the essence of his nature. Man, in his concerns of life, is no less compounded, the objects by which he is surrounded, his necessities, and his motives and incitements to action, being no less various than his ideas, widely and diffusively as they spread, and proudly as they may soar. Nay, man's ideas seldom, very seldom, keep pace with his motives for and incitements to action. Were our passions weaker, our wants less, and our concerns few, the wide field of reflection and judging would be much contracted, and our motives for embracing one thing and avoiding another would be much diminished; our calls for the exertions of reasoning and discrimination would be proportionably lessened, and we should be less liable to act and judge amiss.—This, however, is by no means the case with mankind, for we are every where surrounded with various objects; our wants are many, our necessities are urgent, our incitements to pleasure, amusements, and gratifications, strong and alluring; while our passions, likings, and aversions, are almost ungovernable; these, altogether, stir up the inventive faculties of mankind, which take a boundless range, and bring established customs and habits to an almost endless variety of modes for supplying them. On this variety of established customs and habits, and dissimilarity of pursuits, which are so conspicuously prevalent in every nation, but more particularly so in commercial kingdoms, something may be justly said in vindication, and in derogation, of almost every one; but the man of candour, impartiality, and mature reflection, will discover something

of utility and real convenience in most of the customs, habits, and pursuits in life. Error and culpability he will frequently see; but, by candidly examining both sides of the question, he finds that they arise from the commission of some excess, or from the neglect of something necessary to be observed and constantly adhered to, and that those errors and culpabilities are not the unavoidable consequences of the custom or pursuit.

I have been led into this train of reflection, from circumstances that occurred during a week's visit at a friend's house in the month of September. My friend, Mr. Bias, is one of the greatest philanthropists in the county; nor are his love and humanity toward the brute creation much inferior to that which he bears towards his own species; he is, of course, an excellent moral man, a kind humane master, and a charitable, good neighbour. On humanity, tenderness of conduct, and charity, he argues with feeling and good sense, but start any thing that looks like an objection to his refined and exalted notions of philanthropy and general humanity, and no man is more warm than he; he cannot hear with temper or patience that they may be carried to any excess, or that a man can err in his sentiments who is a philanthropist.

He had with him a promising youth from the University, passing his vacation weeks with his uncle in the country. The spirited young student is, perhaps, fonder of a dog and gun than of a classic author. He had no gun of his own, but he brought with him a fine pointer dog. Mr. Bias has an excellent gun, but he kept it carefully out of sight. George made faint enquiries after the gun, and mo-

destly hinted his wishes to be permitted the use of it, and to have a day's sporting to try the qualities of his pointer. "Study your task, George, and make your progress in the folio," was the reply. "I keep my gun for no other purpose, than of frightening the birds from my fruit."

The next morning, Mr. Bias was peculiarly cheerful and in good humour. George thought this a favourable opportunity for again circuitously hinting his wishes.—"Are you a good shot, as they call him who is the most murderous sportsman?" asked the uncle.—"I have never had much practice," answered George, "and am unable to say whether I am a good shot or not." "I have a notion, George," said he, "that you will only frighten the poor birds, and therefore you shall have the gun to try your dog with to-day."

George embraced the gun with a kind of rapture, and took it out for examination—he handled it very adroitly. "You are well acquainted with the kind of tube under your hands," said I.—"I have handled a gun before," said he—"but what am I to do? Should I kill any game, I must not produce it. If I throw it away after having killed it, a discovery may be made, which would probably have a still worse effect with my uncle; and to fire purposely beside the mark I cannot endure, for that would be practising an error." "Whatever you may kill," said I, "produce; and should your uncle be seriously hurt and offended at it, I will endeavour to convince him that your crime is pardonable, and justify my opinion by my own sentiments, as well as by the general practice of gentlemen."

As we were sitting down to dinner,

ner. George entered. "Well, George," said Mr. Bias, "where is your game?" "I left it in the bag in the kitchen," answered he. "Aye, aye, I do suppose so," returned the uncle; "you are not apprehensive of its being stolen," smiling at me. Soon after we had finished our repast, my friend Bias went into the kitchen to give some orders, and returned with the game-bag in his hand, from whence he took out a fine hare and three birds. "See here," said he, addressing himself to me, "what havoc the cruel depredator has made." "Custom, my good Sir," returned I, "authorises such depredations. The sports of the field are of great antiquity; besides, youth wants exercise." "Exercise let them have," answered he, almost furiously; "but no such exercise as this will I suffer in any one whilst they are under this roof. The ancients hunted, it is true; but then they hunted wild boars, monstrous serpents, lions, and tigers: but where do you read of their ever having hunted a poor helpless timid hare, or of shooting their arrows at partridges? They exercised themselves in throwing the coit, pitching the bar, in running, wrestling, and training their horses; but never, that I could find, did they condescend to wage war with hares and partridges."

"I do not know," returned I, "that it is recorded in those ancient authors who have reached our time that they did; but the ancient historians and poets, I must observe, were very fond of relating the actions and great achievements of heroes and mighty men of renown, and might probably think that the general sports of the field were of too little moment to deserve a place in their writings, as not having

danger enough in them to be ranked with the mighty deeds of their great men. Several of the great ancients are said to have hunted; but the wild boar, the lion, or the tiger, it seems, was the object of their pursuit, which they made either to conquer, or to perish nobly in that attempt; or, when an ancient author was forming a peculiarly great hero, then the poet sent him out to free some country of an uncommon beast or horrid monster; but whether these great heroes ever took up arms against hares and partridges, I shall not determine. It might then be thought an exercise unworthy the great hero, though not esteemed a criminal or inhuman pastime; of course the sports of the field fell to vulgar hands and arms, which took hares, partridges, and other game, for the use of these great heroes' tables, who, though they might look on as a degradation to their great names to take themselves, yet they probably ate freely of them, and with a peculiar gust. It is true, the pious hero Eneas is said to have killed a stag; but it was probably pure necessity which prompted him to that action; an action which he would not have descended to had he been in a plentiful country, and his followers well supplied with the necessaries of life."

"Dare you to think," said Mr. Bias, sternly, "that the ancient poets were as great liars as the moderns? they did not draw their characters in miniature portraits, or in profile, but at full length and dimensions; they sung the man as well as his arms." "We will not dispute," said I, "about ancient heroes, or their poets. I, for my part, shall suppose, that the ancient poets took the liberty of embellishing their characters as

well as the moderns; that they carefully drew some parts of their characters in shades, and threw light plentifully upon others; and that the great heroes themselves would pick the bones of a hare or partridge, though they might hold it a disgrace to their great names to let fly an arrow at either, thinking that their immortal fame depended on their depopulating some neighbouring nation, more innocent and more virtuous, but less powerful, than their mightinesses."

"I am not alone," said friend Bias, "in my sentiments on this subject, though you are not disposed to hear me, or to think my sentiments altogether just and reasonable; yet hear," said he, rising, and taking down Thomson's Seasons, "what the humane poet of the Seasons has to say on the sports of the field." He turned over to Autumn, began reading at line 360, and read with great devotion to line 437, dwelling with peculiar energy and emphasis on the following passage:—

"As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye,
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings; entangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe;
The gun
O'erakes their sounding pinions, and again
Immediate, brings them from the tow'ring wing
Dead to the ground, or drives them wide dispers'd,
Wounded and wheeling various, down the wind.
These are not subjects for the peaceful muse.

"Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful, barb'rous game of death,

This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn.

Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;

But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.
—Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare."

Friend Bias, having finished the feeling effusions of the descriptive poet, looked with a kind of triumphant confidence, and as though he expected applause. No applause, however, ensued. George was silent, and I was grave and thoughtful. I told my friend that I would give the subject an impartial and candid discussion on my pillow; and if any thing occurred to my mind that I might think worthy of committing to paper, I would do it in the morning, and lay the matter before him to judge and criticise.

M.

ON THE ART OF SCREAMING.

Mr. Editor,

AS the public have now had leisure and opportunity to recover from the shock occasioned to their finer feelings, by the late accident at Sadler's Wells (which, by the way, they have done surprisingly soon), I beg leave to trouble you with a few desultory thoughts upon the subject, in consequence of a conversation with some persons present on that celebrated night. I hope that now, when we are all calm and quiet, a little good advice will not be refused a patient hearing.

Having

Having been for many years a frequenter of public places, and, by virtue of my rank in life, admitted to all the most fashionable circles, I have had sundry and excellent opportunities to study the whole theory and practice of *frights* and *fears*; and I have, therefore, no hesitation at all in pronouncing, that the late accident was occasioned—not by pickpockets—nor by fire—nor by water—but solely by SCREAMING.—Your readers may exclaim pooh! and pish! at this opinion, but I trust they will at the same time permit me to explain myself.

I repeat it, Sir, that the whole mischief was occasioned by *Screaming*, a genteel accomplishment usually brought forward in all cases where there is *no* danger, and generally as carefully suppressed where there is.—Now, Sir, I should have no objection whatever to *screaming*, if it were put under due regulation. I am aware that to *scream* prettily is part of the education of every young lady of fashion; but although it is taught at school along with other species of music, along with the piano-forte, the harp, the triangle, and the rest of the necessary branches of polite education, I am afraid that the theory and practice of it is very ill understood in some of our genteel seminaries, and therefore very awkwardly performed at home.

The general routine of teaching the art of *screaming* is, to give *Miss* a few elementary lessons with a *spider*; or a *father-long-legs*, placed first on her arm, and next, if she can go through that lesson with a pretty *squall*, the creeping intruder is placed on her bosom, although it is well known that a spider had rather see a *blue-bottle* than all the bosoms of an Opera-

benefit. But this by the bye. As soon as the pupil is perfect in the *spider* and *father-long-legs*, she is to be taught to *scream* at a *mouse*, and here there are several gradations, for which, I believe, our governesses generally make an *extra charge*. First, there is only the *report* of a mouse, which may pass off with a few *Good Lords!* or *Oh La!s*. Next, the *noise* of a mouse is heard behind the wainscot, and this generally produces a very promising and tolerably shrill cry; and lastly, the little animal is introduced in *propria persona*, running across the room, which is followed by the true musical-shriek in *alt.* heard all over the house, bringing up the maids, and perhaps the footmen, to see that it don't come too near the open end of *Miss's* petticoats, if she happen to be so far *undrest* as to have any.

From these lessons they are taught to advance pretty rapidly to the highest notes on the scale of *screaming* (which, like our modern pianos, has got additional keys), and they learn, at the same time (if their parents choose to go to the expence), the *sostenuto*, the *crescendo*, the swell, and all the other graces of exclamation, accompanied with the usual prayers of *Oh! L—d; Good G—d; help; murder; fire, &c.* all which produce, I will do them the justice to say, a very fine effect in genteel company; overturning tables and chairs, spilling boiling water, bruising the lap-dog or cat, and perhaps throwing a lighted candle on the train of a muslin gown: the father swears, the mother faints, the daughters are in fits, and the company jump about; and in a few minutes it is unanimously agreed, that there was nothing the matter, but they *were* so frightened?

Now,

Now, Sir, in all this system of education, genteel and useful as it is, there are some small defects. Although the pupil is not only told that *screaming* in company, or at a public assembly, is a fine accomplishment, and mighty attractive, but is likewise taught how to *scream* from the lowest note to the top of the gamut; yet, unfortunately, she is not taught the proper occasions when to *scream*, and when to sit quiet; nor how elegant outcries should be managed so as to produce only elegant mischief, awkward mistakes, and dress-disordering disclosures of the *dear me!* and *bless me!* kind; and other little *rumpings* and *rumpusses*, which have a tendency to draw people's attention, and *make one be talked of*. It is plain that, for want of a due management of the *tonish scream*, some people have lost their lives, and others their limbs, which is not a very pleasant circumstance, and however we may speculate on such matters, there is really no affectation, and nothing graceful in dislocations, or compound fractures. How horrid, Mr. Editor, to think! instead of a gay Colonel, or a dozen of Bond-street beaux, hanging over one with hartshorn, eau-de-luce, and burnt feathers—to have a filthy Coroner, and his dozen of jury-men, pawing one about, nobody knows where, to find out a verdict!

I would therefore, Sir, recommend it to those Governesses who teach frights by the quarter, to consider whether it may not be possible to reduce the science of *screaming* to some decent regulations: for example, to teach their pupils that an *ear-wig* may be killed without ringing the family *tocsin*, and that a *mouse* may be caught without a *posse-comitatus* of ushers, teachers, *huacas*, and ser-

vants roused from their four-pair-of-stairs beds, and armed with flat candlesticks, pokers, and pewter p—. They may also, while they preserve the privilege of *screaming* in full force, hint to their pupils, that it would be as well if violent outcries, and sentimental timidities, were confined to domestic circles, or ladies' routs at farthest.—Among *friends*, such things are very becoming, and added to the equally genteel accomplishments of fits, faintings, &c. give a grace, and a *Je ne sçai quoi*, to the young votaries of artificial manners. But in public places, where there are always a great many of that class whom *nobody knows*, there is less room for the display of graceful timidity; and the *scream*, or even a *chorus of screams*, has too much the appearance of what passes among the vulgar, when they see a man just going to be hanged, or to leap out of a window, or fall from a scaffold, or any of these things which are performed without an attention to the laws of etiquette, the music of the voice, or the graces of attitude.

I beg, however, that in thus endeavouring to limit the practice of *screaming*, I may not be thought to argue against that genteel cowardice and beautiful timidity, those captivating fears, and interesting alarms, which have long been the privilege of well-bred persons. I would not for the world strip them of such terrors as create a pleasing variety in the display of beauty, which are so ingeniously taught at schools, and encouraged by the perusal of novels containing long galleries, blue lights, dark chanabers, deep dungeons, and ghastly spectres. I argue against nothing of the kind, from a shriek to a convulsion, that can be practised with
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debat in company, and graced by the usual accompaniments of chalked floors, and variegated lamps, displayed in festoons with infinite taste, and glimmering among evergreens. All I contend for is, that where there is *real* danger, they will *sit still*, and reserve the scream, the shriek, and the higher octaves of exclamation, for the amusement of confidential parties, where the sudden shutting of a door, the falling of a screen, the approach of a ravisher, or other such elegant timidities, may be worked up into a fit, heightened by vociferation, and decorated with all the attitudes of the Grecian costume.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

A QUIET SOUL.

ORIENTAL FIELD SPORTS.

A Splendid work, under the above title, has lately made its appearance in the literary world; it professes to be a complete, detailed, and accurate description of the wild sports of the east; and exhibiting in a novel and interesting manner, the natural history of the elephant, the rhinoceros, the tiger, the leopard, the bear, the deer, the buffalo, the wolf, the wild hog, the jackall, the wild dog, the civet, and other undomesticated animals: as likewise the different species of feathered game, fishes, and serpents. The whole interspersed with a variety of original, authentic, and curious anecdotes, which render the work replete with information and amusement. The scenery gives a faithful representation of that picturesque country, together with the manners and customs both of the native and European inhabitants. The narrative

is divided into forty heads, forming collectively a complete work, but so arranged, that each part is a detail of one of the forty coloured engravings with which the publication is embellished. The whole taken from the manuscript and designs of Captain Thomas Williamson, who served upwards of twenty years in Bengal; the drawings, by Samuel Howitt, made uniform in size, and engraved by the first artists, under the direction of Edward Orme.—It is printed in Imperial folio; price 21l. boards.

Much entertainment for the eye, and much information for the mind, will be found in this very splendid volume; but when we advert to its price, we are not a little surprised that the author should expect “an extensive circulation.” Twenty guineas may be a trifle in a Nabob's pocket: but Nabobs are not numerous in England; and we should suppose that the sale of such a work as this cannot be very widely diffused. The wealthy patrons of the arts, however, will, no doubt, encourage so magnificent an undertaking, and will enrich their museums with these Asiatic landscapes; which, we are assured, are faithfully delineated from nature, and are calculated to furnish an accurate idea of the country of the East. The accounts given in the letter-press are either the result of personal information, or are copied from descriptions of undoubted veracity. Fearful of being suspected of apocryphal relations, the author assures us, that, so far from sinning on the side of exaggeration, he has “kept *within* the limits of reality, not venturing, on many occasions, to amplify to the extent which would have been warranted by truth.”

“I am aware, (continues he) that

that many things by no means wonderful or uncommon in one country, are upheld to ridicule in another, as being monstrous and absurd! Thus, when the sailor boy related to his father and mother, that the flying fishes used to drop on board the ship, they silenced him with a severe rebuke, for attempting to impose on them with so palpable a falsehood: but when Jack, altering his tone to make friends with the old folks, said that in weighing their anchor, while up the Red Sea, a large carriage wheel, of solid gold and studded with diamonds, was found hanging to one of its flukes, they acknowledged his fiction as a truth; observing, that Pharaoh and his host were drowned there, and that no doubt it was one of the wheels of his Majesty's chariot."

Appeal is made to gentlemen who have resided in India, especially in Bengal, for evidence of the author's accuracy: but he begs leave to except a certain description of them, who are called "Calcutta cocknies," and who, perhaps, are as ignorant of Oriental as the London cocknies are of European Field Sports.

To the first plate, entitled, "Going out in a Morning," is subjoined an account of an Eastern Hunting Establishment, which, as may be supposed, is very unlike every thing of the kind in our own country. The sport with which we are first presented (the subject of plate 2) consists of "Beating Sugar-Canes for a wild Hog," an animal not to be compared with tame swine. It is stated by the author, that "those unacquainted with the vigour and speed of the jungle hog, will be surprised to learn, that it requires a good horse to keep near a moderate-sized hog,

not rendered tardy by too long voluptuousness among corn or canes; and that it is by no means uncommon to see what is considered but a moderate sized animal, overthrow many horses, with their riders, in succession!—When they are low in flesh, which is the case when they are obliged to seek their food at a distance, and get confirmed in good wind, they seem rather to fly than to run.—I recollect being one of four, well mounted, who were completely distanced in a chase of about three miles."

At the end of this article we read, that "Porcupines are often found in beating canes for hogs: they are easily speared: the flesh of the young ones is very good, and somewhat similar to pork or veal. With respect to shooting their quills, it is merely fabulous; but many horses will not approach them when running, by reason of a peculiar rattling of their quills."

After the remark which has been made on the nature of the wild hog, we can easily credit an observation in the letter-press affixed to plate 3, on the chase of this animal, that "no diversion requires more coolness and judgment than hog-hunting." The spear employed on this occasion is described, as well as the kind of dogs most proper for this sport.

We turn next to the interesting representation (plate 4) of "Hunters coming by surprise on a Tigress and her Cubs;" an occurrence which, we should think, must effectually damp the pleasure of the chase. An incident of this sort, which happened to a party of which the author was one, is related; the affright of the horses is particularly described; and it was scarcely necessary to add, that, "when a tiger is roused, it requires some presence

sence of mind, as well as a firm seat, to prevent mischief. Here no accident took place, but at other times the rencontre has been fatal; and we are informed that the scratches made by the claws of the tiger are in most cases mortal.

Respecting this formidable animal, the following particulars are detailed:—“The opinion entertained that a tiger will not at any time approach fire, is carried much too far; it is true that they are extremely averse to it; but when hungry, nothing will deter them from their object. The posts throughout India travel on foot, one man carrying the mail over his shoulder, and accompanied at night, as also through all suspicious places in the day time, by one or more with small drums, and eventually a *teereudaur*, or archer. Yet this precaution does not suffice to intimidate the ravenous animal during the day, however great his antipathy to noise, any more than two strong flambeaus which the postman has at night. I recollect an instance of a tiger occupying a spot in Goomcah pass for near a fortnight, during which time he daily carried away a man; generally one of the *dawk*, or postmen. At one time he was disappointed of his meal, as he by mistake carried off the leathern bag instead of its bearer: but the following night he seized one of the torchmen, and soon disappeared with him.”

By an anecdote which succeeds, we are led to infer that the human inhabitants are at times scarcely less ferocious than the savage animals; since they will murder with as little compunction, though they do not make a meal of the carcass.

Plates 5, 6, and 7, are intitled, “The Hog at Bay,”—“the Dead Hog,”—and “the Return from

Hog-hunting.” Four plates (8, 9, 10, 11) are devoted to the Elephant, which “may be said to possess the energy of the horse, the sagacity of the dog, and a large portion of the monkey’s cunning.” The drawings represent “Driving elephants into a Keddah,”—“Decoy elephants catching a male,”—“Decoy elephants leaving the male fastened to a tree,”—and “A rhinoceros hunted by elephants.” The Keddah is a strong inclosure or trap, into which herds of wild elephants are driven, and in which they are kept till they become tame. Of the other mode of securing these animals by means of *hoomkies*, or females who voluntarily assist in decoying the males, a full account is given. Numerous anecdotes attest the tractability of the elephant; but every reader will join with the present writer in opinion, that the rhinoceros is “an animal by no means fit to be made a pet.”

The tiger is the subject of eleven plates, (from No. 12 to 22, inclusive) the titles of which are—“A tiger prowling through a village”—“Shooting a tiger from a platform”—“A tiger seizing a bullock in a pass”—“Driving a tiger out of a jungle”—“Chasing a tiger across a river”—“The tiger at bay”—“A tiger springing upon an elephant”—“The dead tiger”—“Shooters coming by surprise on a tiger”—“A tiger hunted by wild dogs”—“A tiger killed by a poisoned arrow.”

When we advert to the desolating ravages of this ferocious beast, we read with pleasure of the means taken for his extirpation. We were therefore gratified by learning from this work, that “of such importance has the search for tigers, and their consequent destruction,

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proved in some parts of Bengal, that large tracts of country, in a manner depopulated by their ravages, or by the apprehensions to which the proximity of such a scourge naturally must give birth, have by persevering exertion been freed from their devastations; and in lieu of being over-run with long grass and brambles, have become remarkable for the state of cultivation to which they have been brought."

Cossimbazar Island is reported to have been nearly cleared of this animal by an athletic German, six feet two inches high, named Paul; who, leaving 'hog-hunting to boys,' as he expressed himself, delighted in encountering the tiger, and "would set off thirty or forty miles, with as many elephants, on hearing of a tiger having committed depredations."

It is well known that this animal's fore-paw is the invariable engine of destruction; and that, by the weight and force of this limb, bullocks and buffaloes are stunned, and even the bones of the skull crushed. "I have seen (says the author) many men and oxen that have been killed by tigers, in most of which no mark of a claw could be seen."

In tiger-hunting, a number of well-sized and well-trained elephants are necessary; and the mode in which these ponderous creatures are employed in this diversion, may be seen in the view of a tiger driven out of a jungle.

The plate of the dead tiger represents him transfixed by the tusks of an elephant; and we are told that "The common method of training an elephant to attack tigers is with a stuffed skin, which being laid in his way, as he proceeds through a grass jungle, at first usual-

ly excites some alarm; but the elephant speedily becomes reconciled to the object, and, after a few trials, may be brought not only to view it with indifference, but to put his foot on the supposed carcase, rolling it backwards and forwards, as it were for amusement, and occasionally bearing his whole weight thereon. When sufficiently reconciled to the complexion and feel of the fictitious enemy, the elephant is taught to receive it on his teeth, when thrown towards his head by one or two men. After this he is made to kill, and press his teeth through the stuffing, so as to fix it to the ground. During all these parts of the tuition, the *mohout*, or driver, uses every soothing means, caressing the elephant, and supplying him liberally with such dainties as he seems to prefer: thus not only rendering him sensible of the advantages attendant on his acquiescence and docility of disposition, but creating a regard for his keeper, which in the sequel is often found to contribute much to his safety."—It is added, however, that this process will not always succeed.

A caution is given to the oriental shooter to avoid those covers which, in the sporting term, appear "rather tigerish;" and as a general direction, it is remarked that, "wherever peacocks and spotted deer abound, the tiger will generally be a visitor; and that the borders of jungles containing such game are highly dangerous," as the writer proceeds to evince on his own experience: but the incident is too long to be transcribed.

Captain Williamson, for we apprehend that he must be considered as the author who is speaking, supposes that some persons who have passed a considerable part of their lives

lives in Bengal will question the fact of tigers being hunted by wild dogs; but he pledges himself to the accuracy of the report, and observes that gentlemen who have been resident on the Western frontiers, from Midnapore to Chamar, will acknowledge the validity of his assertion. The *Dhole*, or wild dog, employed in this chase, is about the size of a small greyhound, having a brilliant eye, with a slender, deep-chested body, and of a rich bay colour. He runs mute, excepting that now and then he utters a whimpering kind of note, similar to that which is expressed by a dog in the moment of anxiety. Notwithstanding the immense powers and activity of tigers, it is asserted that not even the largest and fiercest of them can hold out against the *dholes*. We are even informed of one instance in which a single dog belonging to the author sprang at a tiger; and of another in which "five or six spaniels did not hesitate to attack a tiger which they accidentally encountered, and though one or two felt the force of his paws, the others so completely annoyed him, and remained staunch, as to be the means of his destruction."

As a finale to the chapters which follow in sequence on the tiger, we are told that "It is usual to place a small white triangular flag (in the plate, the flag is red,) fixed to a bamboo staff, of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers, also, each to throw a stone, or brick, near the spot, so that in the course of a little time, a pile equal to a good waggon load is collected.—The sight of the flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not altogether devoid of apprehension."

The next plate (No. 23) represents "Shooting a Leopard in a Tree." This animal has been known to ascend trees when he is pursued, for which reason he is called, in some parts of India, *Lacktree bang*, or the Tree-tiger. In his dispositions and habits, he is reported to be more similar to the cat than even the royal tiger; and to be more shy, subtle, and ravenous, than any other of the feline species. A singular anecdote of an encounter between a British officer and a leopard, is related at p. 90.

To the buffalo two plates are assigned, (24. and 25.) intitled "Exhibition of a battle between a Buffalo and a Tiger," and "Hunting an old Buffalo." In illustration of these representations, the author informs us, that "the wild Buffalo is so very fierce that he will sometimes attack a groupe of elephants; and that there cannot be a more menacing object than a single wild buffalo, disturbed from wallowing in the mud." A species of amphitheatric exhibition is sometimes given by the Nabobs, in which a tiger and a buffalo are the *dramatis personæ*; who, being turned into a strong wooden inclosure built for the occasion, engage in bloody fight for the amusement of numerous spectators, arranged under an elegant awning, on an elevated stage, and enjoying the spectacle without being endangered. The nature of the contest is thus described;

"Persons unacquainted with the true character of the tiger, would expect to see him attack the buffalo as soon as he might enter the area. But no; as soon as the buffalo makes his appearance, the tiger, which, perhaps, till then does not betray any marked apprehension, or probably seems to menace the
z 2 spectators,

spectators, swelling his fur, and shewing his teeth, or occasionally snarling and lashing his sides with his tail, all at once sinks into the most contemptible despondency.—He sneaks along under the palisade, crouching and turning on his back to avoid the buffalo's charge. He tries every device his situation will admit, and often suffers himself to be gored, or to be lifted from his pusillanimous lurking by the buffalo's horn, before he can be induced to stand on his defence. When, however, he does on such occasions, summon up courage to oppose the assailant, he displays wonderful vigour and activity! His claws are distended, and wherever they touch, they fail not to draw streams of blood; actuating the buffalo to the most desperate efforts, but which are not of long duration. The immense strength of the tiger lais (lies) in his fore-arm, and would prove fatal to the buffalo if there were opportunity given for a blow to take proper effect. The buffalo, being on his guard, avoids too close an engagement, but ever keeping a front to his opponent, rushes towards him with his whole force, and recedes with surprising celerity as soon as the tiger shews his intention to strike. Sometimes the tiger will follow, and make a desperate spring; which, however, the buffalo either avoids by rapidly shifting his ground, or, at the same moment darting forwards, meets the tiger with his horns. There are instances, that on such occasions, the tiger has sprung over the buffalo's back, causing the combatants to change places, and affording to the buffalo an excellent chance of transfixing the tiger before he could recover from the fall invariably attendant on such a circumstance."

From this minute account, the

reader may collect the nature and the issue of the contest: the buffalo is generally the victor;—and in hunting, the buffalo at bay must be a very formidable animal.

Plates 26 and 27, represent, "Peacock shooting," and "Shooting at the edge of a jungle;" and in the illustrative letter-press, we read, that in the Jungleterry district "whole woods are covered with the beautiful plumage of peafowls, to which the rising sun imparts additional brilliancy;" that during the cold season, geese, ducks, teal, wigeons, &c. are often found in such numbers as to cover the surface; and that partridges of various kinds, quails, florikens (a species of bustard), snipes; (but few woodcocks), wild pigeons, ortolans, hares, &c. are abundant in India.

Bruin forms the subject of plates 28 and 29, the titles of which are, "Driving a Bear out of sugar canes," and "Death of the Bear." Sceptics on the subject of the existence of bears in India will have their doubts removed by this publication; in which the fact is ascertained, and the distinguishing properties of the Bengal bear are described. He is represented to be the most cruel, most fierce, and most implacable of animals.

In the next plate (No. 30) is delineated the "Hunting of a Kuttauss or civet," an animal which is "little known to Europeans, though such profuse encomiums are lavished on its alledged perfumes. The fact is, that, like many other scents which may be too strong to please, the kuttauss is really offensive, and absolutely sickens both man and beast. It has a rank smell, somewhat like musk, and so powerful as to occasion such dogs as mouth it, to vomit.—It is the most

most obnoxious of all the wild tribes known in India."

The remainder of the plates (from No. 31. to 40. inclusive) represent "Hunting Jackalls"—"Chase of a Wolf"—"The common wolf trap"—"Smoking wolves from their earths"—"The Ganges breaking its banks, with fishing," &c.—"Killing game in boats"—"Dooreahs or dog-keepers leading out dogs"—"Syces or groomis leading out horses"—"Hunting a hog-deer"—"The hog-deer at bay."—In the explanations affixed to these, and indeed to all the other views, various matters of curious and interesting information are introduced, which are not indicated by the titles, as snakes, alligators, &c. and which it has been impossible for us even cursorily to notice: but, from the extracts which we have made, our readers may perceive that the typography constitutes a valuable part of this performance; though the language is not always correct, and though in one place (p. 14.) the author has been guilty of an Irish blunder, by informing us that the only instance of a man being killed in hunting by a tiger was a man killed by a leopard.

Of the extreme venom of the snake, the following short passage will give a tolerable idea:—"Persons working in fields are often bitten, and as no puncture in general appears, the poor fellows are apt to attribute the uneasiness first felt, to the prickings of thorns, thistles, &c. A few minutes, however, never fail to exhibit the real state of the case; the unfortunate victim becoming sick, with cold sweats and stupor, and gradually subsiding, perhaps occasionally convulsed, into the arms of death! Few survive more than half an

hour; and many die within five minutes."

A pure preparation of *eau-de-luce*, taken in the proportion of a tea-spoonful to a wine-glass of water, and repeated two or three times, is mentioned as an antidote. The *eau-de-luce* is said to prevent the stagnation of the blood. If this be a fact, it is very important, and ought to be known to all our countrymen who visit the East; especially as we cannot obtain the secret of resisting this poison, said to be possessed by the native snake-catchers: for we are told that the *cobra* or *coura capella*, one of the most venomous of all the snake-tribe, is not confined to the fields, but insinuates itself into the habitations of man, getting into the thatch, and under furniture. "I once (says the author) was dipping with a friend, when our attention was suddenly arrested by a *coura capella* and a rat falling upon one of the dishes on the table. I know not which of the party were first out of the room." He might fairly have added, that gentlemen ought to be liberally remunerated for residing in a country, in which they are continually liable to such interruptions.

While the plates represent the subjects to which they more immediately relate, we are assured that the scenery, foliage, &c. of the country, are also very faithfully delineated. They are taken from accurate drawings, and are beautifully coloured, constituting a series of engravings which all who view them must wish to possess. Handsomely framed, they would make an appropriate decoration of an apartment fitted up in the Asiatic style. The size of each plate is 18 inches by 13; and the pages of the volume measure 24 inches by 19.

DECISION

DECISION

ON

THE RIGHT OF SHOOTING AND
HUNTING*Over Commons and Waste Lands.*

LORD ERSKINE having had a case laid before him when he was at the bar, requesting his opinion, whether a lord of a manor could prevent a land-owner within the manor from killing game upon a common, where he had a right of common of pasture; and not having answered it before he was promoted to the Great Seal, he sent it to Edward Christian, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, the judicious editor of Blackstone's Commentaries, who, in consequence, has collected the following authorities upon the subject.

It appears, both from principles and authorities, that a land-owner within a manor, who has nothing more than a right of common upon the waste, although he may have a qualification to kill game, has no right to kill game upon the waste or common; but that where the commoners have only common of pasture, the lord of the manor has the exclusive right to the game upon the commons and waste within the manor.

A tenant of a manor or a landholder may have a right of hunting or fishing upon the waste, as he has a right of pasturage; but they are distinct and independent rights; they must each be proved and supported, either by an existing grant or by prescription, which presumes an original grant from the lord, to whom the soil and the whole interest attached to it still belong, except what has been so granted to the commoners.

Fleta makes the distinction in

lib. iv, c. 23, 24, & 26. In c. 23, *De Admens. Past.* he says, "Illi autem, qui communiam tantum habent in fundo alicujus, aliud remedium non competit nisi admensuratio," sect. 2. In c. 24, he calls communia pasturæ "*jus pascendi.*" In c. 26, he says, "Item poterit quis communiam cum alio et *jus fodiendi*, sicut *jus pascendi* et *jus venandi*, *piscandi*, *potandi*, *hauriendi*, et alia plura, quæ infinita sunt, faciendi cum libero accessu et recessu secundum quod ad dictam communiam pasturæ pertinet." The tenant may have *jus venandi* et *piscandi*, but these rights are not necessarily annexed to the *jus pascendi*, or common of pasture, any more than the *jus fodiendi*, or the right of digging turf or of opening mines.

The right of common of pasture can only be enjoyed, according to the words of Lord Coke, by the mouths of the cattle of him who has that right.

That the commoner has no right to kill or to take the game upon the common, seems to be fully established in Coney's case. Godbolt, 122. 29 Eliz.—An action of trespass was brought against John Coney, for digging of the plaintiff's close, and killing eighteen coneyes there. The defendant pleaded, as to all the trespass, but killing of two coneyes, Not Guilty; and as to them he said, that the place where the trespass is supposed is a heath, in which he hath common of pasture; and that he found them eating of the grass; and that he killed them and carried them away, as it was lawful for him to do.

This case was argued by Lord Coke, and his argument equally applies to every species of game as to rabbits. He made two points: the first was, "Whether a commoner

commoner having common of pasture may kill the coney which are upon the ground? and he said he might not. And first he said, it is to be considered what interest he who hath the freehold may have in such things as are *feræ naturæ*.—Secondly, what authority a commoner hath in the ground in which he hath common. To the first he said, although such beasts are *feræ naturæ*, yet they are reduced to such property when they are in my ground by reason of my possession, which I there have in them, that I may have an action of trespass against him who takes them. But it is said, that he hath common there: what then?—yet he cannot meddle with the sand, wood, or grass, but by taking of the same with the mouths of his cattle.

“If he who hath the freehold bring an action against the commoner for entering into his land; if he plead Not Guilty, he cannot give in evidence that he hath common there. It is doubted whether a man can have property in things which are *feræ naturæ*; but in 10 Hen. VII. fo. 6, it is holden, that an account lieth for things *feræ naturæ*—Vide 14 Hen. VIII. fo. 1, the Bishop of London's case. As long as they are in his ground they are in his possession, and he shall have an action of trespass for the taking of them; and the writ shall be *damus suas*. And in the Register, 102, it is *quare ducentos cuniculos suos pretii, &c. cepit*.” After hearing the argument on the other side, Gaudy, Ch. Justice, observed, he cannot kill the coney: and the court gave judgment for the plaintiff.

In the 43 Eliz. a commoner attempted to justify killing coney upon a common, because they were there damage feasant; and

the court there made a distinction between profitable animals and vermin. *Bellew v. Langdon*. Cro. Eliz. 876. Trespass for breaking his close, and killing there two hundred coney. The defendant justifies, for that he there had common appurtenant to such a house by prescription, and because the coney were there damage feasant, he killed them; and it was thereupon demurred. The court resolved, that the plea was not good; for the coney is a beast of warren, and profitable as deer are, and are not to be compared to vermin; and therefore the keeping of them by the owner of the soil is lawful, and the killing of them unlawful and not justifiable.—Judgment for the plaintiff.

This doctrine is not confined to rabbits or deer, but comprehends every species of game, and also every other species of animal which is profitable and saleable, and not of that noxious nature which the public benefit justifies every subject in destroying. In the case of *Sutton v. Moody*, 2 Salk. 556, and in 1 *Ld Raymn.* 251, Lord Holt and the court expressly declared, “that a man has no more property in coney in a warren than any man has in his own land. If A. starts a hare in my close, and kills her there, it is my hare. The property continues all the while in me; but if he hunts it into the ground of a third person, then it is the hunter's.” And this he took upon the authority of 12 Hen. VIII. 9.

I remember an action of trover tried before Lord Kenyon at the sittings at Westminster. A gentleman, the plaintiff, started a hare in one man's ground, and coarsed it into the ground of another, where his greyhounds killed it.

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owner of the field where it was killed, took it up and carried it away. Lord Kenyon directed a verdict for the plaintiff, and cited the distinction of Lord Holt with approbation.

The right of a commoner is well described in Bridgman's Reports, p. 10, in these words:—"And as the commoner may not meddle with the soil, so cannot he meddle with any thing arising out of the land, or that doth grow, or is nourished by the same, otherwise than to have his cattle fed there; and therefore it is adjudged, Mich. 5 Jac. that a commoner cannot kill coney there, but may bring his action out of the case." Though this was only the argument of Bridgman when he was counsel, yet this is adopted with approbation by Lord Kenyon, 6 T. R. 486.

I have been favoured by Mr. Nares with a case from his father's notes, in which it was not only decided that a commoner has no right to kill game upon the common, but that, after notice to refrain, the trespass must be certified to be wilful and malicious, so as to entitle the lord, the plaintiff, to full costs. It is the case of *Swinberton v. Jarvis*, tried before Mr. Justice Nares, Stafford spring assizes, 1782. It was an action of trespass for breaking and entering, &c. It was proved that the plaintiff was lord of the manor, and that the defendant was shooting on the waste, a heath where there was black game. The defendant had notice from the plaintiff to go off; he continued shooting two hours afterwards. It was proved the defendant had a large estate, and a right of common upon the heath.—Verdict for the plaintiff, damages, one penny.

Then follows this entry in the

judge's note book. "I refused a certificate, not thinking it a wilful trespass, he never having been there before nor since, and thinking he had a right on account of his estate. However, the Court of Common Pleas held that his staying one moment after notice made it wilful, and that I was bound to certify, and therefore entered one *nunc pro tunc*."

This case must have been decided upon the principle that the lord of the manor is the owner of the soil upon the waste, and therefore has a right to the whole produce except the grass, which may be taken by the mouths of the cattle of the commoners. It is a consequence of that general rule, "*Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cælum et ad inferos*." The right to the soil does not give the owner merely a right to those animals which are denominated game, but to every other species of animal which is of value to an individual, and not noxious or hurtful to the public.

In the year-book, 22 Hen. VI. fo. 54, it was held, that an action might be brought for taking and carrying away *sex juvenes goshawks*, "six young goshawks." And it was laid down generally, *En ce cas le ley entend de proprete des bestes en moy*. "In that case the law understands the property of the beasts to be in me." The owner of the soil has every production, mineral, vegetable, and animal.—All wild *bestes*, or creatures, while they remain upon the soil, the law considers in his possession, and gives him alone the right of taking. Fish are not game, and are every way annexed to the soil, where there is not an inconsistent right originating either in an existing or presumed grant.

The

The law is even more extensive than the maxim "Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cælum et ad inferos;" for where there is a right of property of any kind, the owner is entitled to all the produce of that property, both natural and adventitious. As where one has the soil, and another a tree growing upon it, the owner of the tree has not only the exclusive right to the fruit, but to every animal production, whilst it remains in or upon that tree. That is expressly decided in the bishop of London's case, cited by lord Coke in his argument from the year-book, 14 Hen. VIII. fo. 1.

The following were the circumstances of the bishop of London's case. The bishop of London brought an action of trespass against the defendant for entering his close and taking away his herons and shovelers. The defendant pleaded, that the place where the trespass was supposed to be committed was called the park, and was demised to him by the bishop for a term of years. The bishop replied, that he had demised the park with an exception of the trees, and that the herons when taken were resting and abiding in the trees. Upon demurrer, the court held, that by the exception of the trees the bishop had reserved to himself a right of ingress to the trees, and that he alone had a right to take the herons and shovelers, or bees, or wild honey, or whatever was annexed or attached to the trees, whilst it continued so annexed or attached; and they gave judgment for the plaintiff.

It is frequently said, that game ought to be made the property of the owner of the ground. The ancient common law of England has made it such, as far as property can exist in animals, which no fence

can confine, and which have a power of conveying themselves at any time from one owner to another. That right in the case of pheasants and partridges, was expressly declared by parliament in the preamble of 11 Hen. VII. c. 17, in these words; "Forasmuch as divers persons, having little substance to live upon, use many times to take and destroy pheasants and partridges upon the lands and tenements of divers owners of the same, by the which the same owners lose not only their pleasure that they should have about hunting and taking the same, but also lose the profit and avail that by that occasion should grow to their household." The statute then enacts, that if any person should take any pheasants, or partridges upon the freehold of another without the consent of the owner of the ground, he should forfeit ten pounds; one half to the prosecutor and one half to the owner. This statute is still in force, and it protects the profit and avail of two animals only by a penalty. But the profit and avail of every other innoxious animal is secured to the owner by the common law in an action of trespass, not merely for an injury to the soil and herbage, but for taking and carrying away *sua animalia*.

Silk-worms are only a species of caterpillar; but where the breed of them is preserved by the owner of the soil, every one ought both in moral and legal justice to make full compensation to the owner for any injury done to them. So frogs, snails, or butterflies, if they had a pecuniary value, would equally belong to the owner of the soil. Wild bees and honey, are declared to be his property in the bishop of London's case, or to belong to the owner of the tree, if he is a different

A a person

person from the owner of the ground. The law of England upon this subject is consistent with itself, and with the rules of abstract justice respecting property.

If every man's house is his castle, so every man's field is his garden; and no one has a better right to take a pheasant, woodcock, lark, or butterfly, out of another's field, than he has out of his garden or out of his house.

If the tenants of a manor have immemorially exercised the right of killing game upon the waste, then it might be sustained as a *jus venandi* originally granted by the lord; but I should think the judges would require, besides proof of several instances of the exercise, strong traditional evidence, or evidence of reputation, that the tenants of that manor had a right of that sort peculiar to themselves, and different from the rights of commoners in general.

EDWARD CHRISTIAN.

Lincoln's Inn, Sept. 1, 1807.

It is but justice to acknowledge, that the foregoing important question on the right of shooting and hunting over commons and waste lands, is extracted from *Wilkes's Encyclopædia Londinensis*, vol. viii. p. 237.

THE HUMOURS OF WHIST,

A DRAMATIC SATIRE.

Continued from page 176, of our last Vol.

SEENE changes to an Anti-chamber in Lady Tenace's house; discovers several tables of refreshments, and the groom of the chambers at a table with cards.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. **M**ORE cards—more cards—quick.

Groom.—The deuce is in them, Smart, I think, for tearing the cards to night. They have destroyed me more than in any night since my being in Lady Tenace's family.

Serv.—What need you repine at that, as it is so much the better for you?

Groom.—I know that, but I'll be hang'd if Lady Deuce is not on the losing pin.

Serv.—Ay, and Arabella too.

Groom.—That's somewhat strange, and Capt. Rookwood her partner!

Serv.—O pox!—I can see he loses for the nonce.—I smook him.

Groom.—Well! what unaccountable things, Smart, are these same ladies!

Serv.—And what a deal do they subscribe to our Operas! They love Operas, say they, because they lull the passions of the soul, and yet one quarter of an hour afterwards they fall to gaming, and very often pay for unlulling them again.

Groom.—As you say, they put themselves into strange passions at play.

Serv.—One would not believe it, if one had not seen it often. How they laugh when they win! How angry are they when they lose! How fearful those who have a little to lose! and how avaricious those who have a great deal! I wonder they won't do that for the sake of their faces, which they cannot be brought to do for the sake of any thing else.—In short, they impair their healths, as well as their fortunes; for as Addison says, haggard looks and pale complexions are the natural indications of a female gamester.—But, come, come—make haste,—the cards.

Groom.—I have but two packs left.

left—there, take them, till I run and fetch more.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Lady Deuce.

Lady Deuce.—Strip, strip—my money, necklace, rings, watch—all gone—curse on the cards—sure never woman was so unfortunate! O, for fifty pieces now to turn luck.

Enter Captain Rookwood.

Capt. Rook.—Your Ladyship's pleasure? I thought you gave me a look as if you would speak with me.

Lady Deuce.—I did—Dear Captain, you see I am quite broke—for heav'n's sake, let me have fifty pieces.

Capt. Rook.—Fifty pieces, Madam! Upon my soul they should have been at your devotion; but I am quite exhausted myself.

Lady Deuce.—Come—Forty, then.

Capt. Rook.—I vow, my lady, it is not in my power.

Lady Deuce.—Well, twenty shall do—You can't be without that.

Capt. Rook.—Not left me, upon my honour.

Lady Deuce.—Send home then. You won't, sure, refuse me such a trifle?

Capt. Rook.—Not if I were master of it—but really I'm as bare as your ladyship.

Lady Deuce.—'Tis false! false as the vows you made of everlasting constancy. Barbarous man! a month ago I might have commanded your whole fortune; and shall I now ask in vain for 20 pieces, which in an hour, perhaps, I might repay!—Come, you but try my temper.—You are not that ungenerous creature you would seem.

Capt. Rook.—Look ye, madam, I really have no money; but if I had, it would be madness to lend it where I knew it would be of no service to the person I obliged. You know that your luck is always very bad; besides you play again. Believe me, it would be much more prudent to take the advice of your friends, and refrain the game.

Lady Deuce.—Perfidious man! Why did not you always talk thus? Was it not yourself who took the advantage of my foible? Encouraged it on every occasion? Extolled me for my skill in the game? Frequently broke me, and at last bartered for my honour with my own money?—But I'll never see you more.

[*Exit in a Rage.*]

Capt. Rook.—Ha! ha! ha! obliging to the last degree! How like the ghost of departed love is a stale face, when one is in pursuit of a new one!—[*Going in, is met by Arabella.*]

Enter Arabella.

Ara.—My chair there.

Capt. Rook.—How madam! Not going, sure?

Ara.—Having lost all my money, Captain, I have no further business here.

Re-enter Lady Deuce.

Lady Deuce.—[*Aside.*] I'll try him once more.—Hah! Arabella—She has lost too. I'll observe.

[*Stands to listen.*]

Capt. Rook.—It is true, madam,—you have not had the luckiest partner of me. But fortune, madam, may smile upon us again.—Never give out for an ill hand, or two—'Tis an observation with gamblers, that those who borrow generally win.—I have 500 pieces at your service.

Lady Deuce.—Villain! [*Aside.*]

Ara.—I thank you, Captain,—but if I should be an exception to the observation you mention, this sum, with what I have already lost, might lay me under inconveniences I would choose to avoid.

Capt. Rook.—Inconveniencies? Not in the least by heaven! I should be so far from putting you to the blush by any mention of it, that I shall never think on't, and beg you would not yourself, any farther than to remind you, that on all occasions my fortune is entirely at your service.

Lady Deuce.—The very words by which I was censured!

[*Aside.*]
Ara.—You are very polite.—But these are obligations, Captain, which a woman of honour ought not to receive, and therefore—

Capt. Rook.—Nay madam—I must not be refused—it will be doing the generous thing to me, in affording me an opportunity of winning back my own.—Revenge will give a keenness of play to us both.

Ara.—'Tis certain the cards can't run for ever against us.

Capt. Rook.—Impossible!

Ara.—Well, I'll even try my fortune once more.

Capt. Rook.—Command all mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

Lady Deuce comes forward.

Lady Deuce.—Monster! common betrayer of our sex! What scandalous methods will not men of fortune and family often take, so they afford them but variety of victims to their brutal inclinations! Arabella, too—with how much ease she swallowed the bait!—But this discovery was lucky.—Thank heaven! Revenge, that darling attribute of woman, is yet in my power.

I'll to Sir John Medium this instant, and acquaint him with this conversation—Hah! He saves me the labour.

Enter Sir John Medium.

Sir John.—Is your ladyship going already?

Lady Deuce.—'Tis time, Sir John—I've lost all.

Sir John.—I'm sorry for it.—Is Arabella within?

Lady Deuce.—Yes, Sir John—She has lost too—But there is this difference between our ill luck; she has had the good fortune to have five hundred pieces offered her by Captain Rookwood to give her another chance; whereas it was not in my power to procure even twenty—You're going in, I suppose?

Sir John.—Yes, madam.—Offered her, did your ladyship say?

Lady Deuce.—I mean lent her.

Sir John.—Lent her?

Lady Deuce.—Yes, I tell you—Your servant.

[*Exit Lady Deuce.*]

Sir John.—What an inadvertency! I will not, cannot call it by any other name; but I know not what time and such repeated obligations might not convert it to—I must break the neck of this kind of good offices—And a thought comes into my head, that will at once shew her the folly of accepting them, be a means perhaps of curing her of play, and thereby rendering her an object truly capable of making me happy.—For that reason I will not join them. Oh, here comes Sir Calculation. I may make him subservient to my design.

Enter Sir Calculation.

Sir Cal.—Well, how go matters here; Sir John? Lady Tenace sent to me just now in all haste, to know

know what were the odds of having one card out of any three certain cards, and I can tell her now. I have been in calculation ever since 'tis exactly—let me see—Pox! 'tis either two to five, or five to two. Has her ladyship been asking for me?

Sir John.—I can't tell.

Sir Cal.—How so?

Sir John.—Just as I was opening the door, I received a piece of news that obliges me to go immediately. But, I suppose, I shall see you by-and-by at Lord Stakeland's?

Sir Cal.—O gad, yes.—'Twould be cruel else—Poor Stakeland! 'tis his last night—He sets forward early in the morning to his banishment abroad. I pity him; but his father will have it so.

Sir John.—Does Arabella go?

Sir Cal.—Ay, ay—we must all go—I will step in and do what is not my custom—make them leave off play. Adieu. [Goes in.]

Sir John.—*Jusqu' d' tantot.*

[Exit.]

To be continued.

THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE RIGHTS OF HOSPITALITY.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE,

TUESDAY, JAN. 12.

THIS new drama is said to be the production of Mr. C. Kemble. The following are the principal characters:—

Sigismund	Mr. C. Kemble.
Valdestein	Mr. Pope.
Sparre	Mr. Brunton.
Ramsey	Mr. Fawcett.
Countess Valdestein..	Miss Smith.
Christina.....	Miss Norton.

THE PLOT.

The plot is as simple as it is improbable. Sigismund, a pretender to the throne of Sweden, having sustained a single defeat at Strangebow, flies, by accident, for refuge, to the castle of Count Valdestein, whose life he is said to have saved somewhere. The Count is absent; but his wife, touched by the distresses of the illustrious fugitive, gives him an asylum. Sparre, an officer attached to the royal party, and a lover of Christina, is also in the castle at the same time. Valdestein, having been shipwrecked on his return from Finland, loses his wardrobe, and takes up a temporary abode at the house of a fisherman on the coast, from whence he apprises the Countess of his forlorn situation.—When Sigismund and Sparre meet, the Countess dexterously avail herself of this circumstance to conceal the rank of her host, and imposes him on the latter for her husband. She is foiled in various attempts to procure his escape, and elude the vigilance of his pursuers, who environ the castle, under the idea that he is concealed among the rocks which surround it. In these Ramsay is the principal instrument. At length, Valdestein appears in the dress which he procured after his shipwreck, and, recognising Sigismund, saves his life, by avowing himself an impostor, and the assumer of a name to which he had no title.

This piece is said to be a translation from an unsuccessful one, brought out about three years since at Paris, the author of which was banished.

The house was crowded, and the play announced for a second representation with loud and reiterated applauses.

EARL

EARL GROSVENOR'S STUD.

THE late Earl Grosvenor* commenced upon the turf in 1753, in which year his Lordship started a grey horse for the Wallasey Stakes in Cheshire; and in 1754, he started a bay filly and a bay horse at Chester; after which, his Lordship began to purchase blood horses, and was the owner of one of the most numerous and valuable studs of horses, &c. of any other nobleman or gentleman in the kingdom.

His Lordship regularly kept several stallions, and a very large number of brood mares, in his stud, and was the greatest breeder of racing stock of any gentleman in England. He was a great supporter of the turf, having nominated horses, &c. for upwards of forty years, for nearly all the great stakes at Newmarket, and engaging in numerous matches

for considerable sums, in which he was very successful.

His Lordship also nominated for the Derby and Oaks† Stakes at Epsom, and generally named three or four for each; he was likewise a liberal subscriber to the various stakes at York, Brighton, Lewes, Ascot, Doncaster, Stamford, &c. &c.

His Lordship was also a great supporter of the races in Cheshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire, &c. &c. and though it was supposed by many that the turf would suffer by his Lordship's death, the supposition was soon done away, by the succession of the present Earl and General Grosvenor.—It can with strict truth be said of the late Earl, that no one was more respected, or ever left the turf with greater honour.

The following is a correct list of his Lordship's Stud:—

Those marked [S.] were Stallions, and those [B.] were Brood Mares.

Horses*, &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
S. Bandy	Cade	Mr. Vane's Little Partner, by Partner, Greyhound, Makeless, Brimmer,	1747
B. Miss Wilkinson	Regulus	Mr. Lodge's Roan Mare, by Partner	1747
B. Amelia	Ld Godolphin's D. Arabian	Devonshire's Childers, Young True-Blue, the Cyprus Arabian, out of Bonny Black	1748
B. Lady Augusta	Mr. Hutton's Crab Spot	out of Miss Jigg, (sister to Partner) by Jigg	1748
S. Trajan	Regulus	Duke of Devonshire's Black-legs, Mr. Smith's Son of Snake, Montague, Grey Hautboy	1748

* His Lordship was born in June, 1731, and died at Earl's Court, Kensington, August 5, 1809. He was the son of Sir Robert Grosvenor, of Belgrave, near Chester, whom he succeeded in 1753, and was the first Peer of his family, being created Baron Grosvenor in 1761, and Earl Grosvenor in 1784.

† The Oaks Stakes first commenced in 1779, and the Derby Stakes in 1780.

Master, his Name.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year Sold in.
Taste	Black Chance	Alcides' dam, by the Duke of Bolton's Starling, Partner	1749
S. Romulus	Regulus	Cato's dam, by Partner	1750
B. Stately	Mogul (brother to Babram)	Mr. Hutton's Blacklegs, Bay Bolton, Coneyshins, Grey Barb	1750
Alderman	Regulus	1751
Theseus	Regulus	1751
Falstaff	Cade	Lightfoot's dam, by Bay Bolton	1752
Skeleton	Golden Ball	1752
Tweddie	Rib	1752
B. Daphne	Lord Godol-	Weasel's dam, by Fox, Childers, phin's Arab. Makeless	1753
Dragon	Cade	Sister to Mr. Vane's Little Partner, by Partner	1753
Pistoes	Blaze	1753
Wildair	Babram	1753
Algebra	Cade	Shock	1754
Belford	Cade	Mr. Bartlett's Childers, Mr. Honeywood's Arabian, Captain Byerley's Turk	1754
B. Fairy	Mr. Shepherd's Miss, by Lath, Childers, Crab	Belvoir	1754
S. Panglos	Cade	Belford's dam	1755
Primrose	Regulus	Sedbury	1755
Raphael	Wolseley Barb	Trajan's dam, by Blacklegs	1755
B. Sally (Nay-lor's)	Blank	Ward, Merlin, Pert, St. Martin	1755
S. Boreas	Cade	Belford and Panglos's dam	1756
Honest Billy	Cade	1756
S. Kenton	Snip	Mr. Croft's Ladythigh, by Partner	1756
Leeds	Second	Duke of Bolton's Starling, out of a sister to Mr. Vane's Little Partner	1756
B. Alipes	Regulus	Lusty, by Locust, out of Pamela, by Orion, Young Greyhound	1757
B. Camilla	Cade	Coneywarren, by a son of Aleppo	1757
Creeper	Wolseley Barb	Bajazet	1757
B. Sybilla	Cade	Flylax's dam, by Crab, Fox	1757
B. Aurora	Regulus	Lusty (Alipes' dam) by Locust	1758
B. Eloisa	Regulus	Belford, Panglos and Boreas's dam	1758
S. Tripod	Blank	Blossom, (Cygnet's dam) by Crab, Childers	1758
Cowslip	Bandy	Patch Mare	1759
B. Miss Leeds Snap	Miss Wilkinson, by Regulus	1759
B. Snapdragon Snap	Fribble's dam, by Regulus, Mr. Bartlett's Childers, out of the dam of the two True-Blues, by Captain Byerley's Turk	1759
Wilful	Trajan	1759
B. Bonduca	Bandy	Cygnet's dam, by Crab, Childers	1760
		S. Car-	

Horsey, &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	The Sire's Price
S. Cardinal	Puff Babram	Wasp, by Snip, out of Mr. Croft's Ladythigh, by Partner	1760
S. Cheshire	Regulus	Locusta, by Locust, out of Pamela, the grandam of Alipes	1760
B. Curiosity	Snap	Snapdragon's dam, by Regulus	1760
S. Pop	Babram	Snap's dam, by Fox	1760
S. Gimcrack	Cripple	Miss Elliott, by Mr. Grisewood's Partner; grandam by Mr. Croft's Partner, Bloody Buttocks, Greyhound, out of Brocklesby Betty	1760
Winnifred	Trajan	Stately, by Mogul	1760
B. Angelica	Snap	Fribble, Snapdragon, and Curiosity's dam, by Regulus	1761
Compromise	Snap		1761
B. Dairymaid	Bandy	Stately, by Mogul	1761
S. Dux	Match'em	Mr. Fenwick's Duchess, by Match'em; grandam, Miss Slamerkin, (Bustard, Othello, and Oroonoko's dam) by Young True-Blue	1761
Fireaway	Wolseley Barb	Sister to Mr Curzon's Cardinal, by Cade, Partner	1761
B. Miss Ingram	Regulus	Mr. Hale's Miss Doe, by Sedbury, out of Miss Mayes, by Mr. Bartlett's Childers, Counsellor	1761
Osmar	Bajazet	Captain's dam, by the Duke of Devonshire's Blacklegs	1761
Teddy	Snap	Bolton (a son of Sweepstakes)	1761
Valerius	Snap	Cade	1761
Count	Mr. Shafto's Barb		1762
Flash	Young Snip	Blameless's dam, by Partner	1762
B. Milkmaid	Bandy	Saip	1762
Nautilus	Blank	Whiteneck, by Crab, Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1762
B. Riddle	Wolseley Barb	Lady Augusta, by Crab	1762
B. Y. Stately	Bandy	Stately, by Mogul	1762
Icarus	Snap	Mr. Naylor's Sally, by Blank	1762
Julia	Regulus		1763
Mouse	Trajan		1763
S. Pacolet*	Blank	Whiteneck, (Nautilus's dam) by Crab	1763
S. Ancient Pistol	Snap	Eloisa, by Regulus	1764
S. Bodfach	Tripod	Lady Augusta, by Spot	1764

* Pacolet was sold to William Garforth, Esq. and was rode for several years as a common hack; notwithstanding, he was sire of Faith, that bred Brilliant, Caroline, Dion, Marcia, Vesta, Grey Hambletonian Colt, &c.—He was also sire of the two good runners; viz. Mr. Garforth's Young Pacolet, and Mr. Gorwood's Citizen.—See Pick's *Thrf Register*.

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
B. Folly	Blank	Sister to Regulus; (Filch and Coquette's dam) by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1764
Grimalkin	Snap	Louisa, by Babram	1764
B. Moonshine	Regulus	Morwick-Ball's dam, by Traveller	1764
S. Bay Halkin	Bandy	Eloisa, by Regulus	1764
S. Chemist	Match'em	Mr. Fenwick's Duchess, by White-nose	1765
B. Grasshopper	Bandy	Alipes, by Regulus	1765
B. Lucretia	Locust	Miss Wilkinson, by Regulus	1765
Oberon	Mr. Shepherd's	Crab	1765
Scholes	Whistlejacket	Dulcinea's dam, by Cade	1765
B. Slap	Mr. Shepherd's	Daphne, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian, Fox, Childers	1765
Whirligig	Captain	Babram; grandam, (Charlotte and Doge's dam) by Crab	1765
Cervantes	Sampson	Dulcinea's dam, by Cade	1766
Gemini	Bandy	Shakspeare, Cade	1766
S. Hengist	Blank	Fairy, by Mr. Shepherd's Crab	1766
B. Lady Bo-Squirrel	Cypron	(King Herod's dam) by Blazebroke, out of Selima, by Mr. Bethell's Arabian	1766
Mandane	Ld Grosvenor's	Amelia, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian, Childers	1766
S. Euryalus	Ld Grosvenor's	Fairy, by Mr. Shepherd's Crab	1767
B. Imogen	Belford	Alipes, by Regulus	1767
B. Miss Timms	Match'em	Mr. Pratt's Squirt Mare, by Squirt, Mogul, out of Camilla, by Bay Bolton	1767
B. Nosegay	Snap	Flora, by Young Cade, out of Midge, by a son of Bay Bolton	1767
Piscator	Match'em	Whitenose, Greyhound	1767
Scholasticus	Whistlejacket	Dulcinea's dam, by Cade	1767
B. Winnifred	Bandy	Eloisa, by Regulus	1767
Alborac	Match'em	Curiosity, by Snap	1768
B. Arminda	Snap	Miss Cleveland, by Regulus	1768
B. Elfrida	Snap	Miss Belsea, by Regulus	1768
B. Fair Rosa	Mr. Shafto's	Fribble, (Snapdragon, Curiosity, and Angelica's dam) by Regulus	1768
B. Flippanta	Snap	Miss Cranbourne, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1768
B. Flora	Squirrel	Angelica, by Snap	1768
Fotz	Boreas	Miss Wilkinson, by Regulus	1768
S. Mambrino	Engineer	Dulcinea's dam, by Cade; grandam by the Duke of Bolton's Little John, out of Favourite, by a Son of the Bald Galloway	1768

Horses, &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
B. Merlton.. Snap	Miss Windsor, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian, Young Belgrade	1768	
B. Milliner .. Match'em....	Cassandra, by Blank, out of a sister to Snip and Second, by Childers, Basto	1768	
B. Mopsqueez-Match'em....	Lady, by Mr. C. Turner's Sweepstakes, out of Syphon's dam, by Patriot, Crab, Bay Bolton	1768	
Mungo	Engineer, Locust, Cade, out of Miss Makeless, by Young Greyhound	1768	
Sir David Gam Ld Grosvenor's	Eloisa, by Regulus	1768	
Stoic.....	Saanah Arabian Oroonoko, out of Mirza's sister, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1768	
S. Sweetwil- Syphon:.....	Sister to Twigg, by Cade, out of liam Madam, by Bloody-Buttocks, Partner	1768	
Don Dun Brilliant	Regulus Tartar, by Regulus	1769	
S. Evergreen .. King Herod ..	Angelica, by Snap	1769	
Mahomet..... Snap.....	Miss Belsea, by Regulus	1769	
Mecca	Ld Grosvenor's	1769	
B. Minx Match'em....	Regulus Crimp, by Regulus	1769	
S. Morwick .. Match'em....	Morwick-Ball's dam, by Traveller. .	1769	
B. Papillon... Snap	Miss Cleveland, by Regulus	1769	
B. Pigeon.... Match'em....	Duke of Ancaster's Starling, out of Look-at-me-Lads, by Grasshopper	1769	
B. Rarity.... Match'em....	Snapdragon, by Snap	1769	
S. Sweetbriar .Syphon.....	Shakespeare; grandam, Miss Meredith, by Cade, out of Mr. Hartley's Little Mare, by Mr. Bartley's Childers	1769	
Anabaptist.... Dux	Sprite, by Blank, out of Fancy, by Goliah	1770	
Bathsheba... Panglos.....	Lady Augusta, by Spot	1770	
Firebrass.... Dux	Jet, by Black-and-All-Black	1770	
B. Fly	Ld Grosvenor's Sister to Bajazet, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1770	
Gilkicker Dainty-Davy.	Snapdragon, by Snap	1770	
B. Maiden*... Match'em....	Mr. Pratt's Squirt Mare	1770	

*. At Newmarket, in April, 1774, Mr. Pratt sold Maiden to Lord Grosvenor, to race for two years.—After which, Mr. Pratt raced her till April, 1778, when she was covered by King Herod, and in 1779, she produced the dam of Precipitate, Gehanna, &c.—She also ran at York, in August, 1778.—She was also the dam of Challenger, Leveret, Matron, Young Maiden, Walnut, &c.; Leveret was the dam of Lilliput, &c. and Matron was the dam of Sir Solomon, &c.

Mexico.

Horses, &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
Mexico	Snap	Match'em Middleton, by Match'em, out of Miss Middleton, by Regu- lus	1770
B. MissSkeggs	Match'em	Regulus out of Cypron, the dam of King Herod, &c.	1770
S. Protector	Match'em	Cypron, (King Herod's. dam) by Blaze, out of Selima, by Mr. Be- thell's Arabian, Græm's Champion	1770
B. RoanMare,	Match'em	Sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon	1770
(dam of Fid- get, &c.)			
Stephano	Belford	Lucretia, by Locust	1770
Bacchanal	Squirrel	Mr. Shepherd's Crab, Blank	1771
Barbary	Panglos	Riddle, by the Wolseley Barb	1771
B. Bay Mare,	Dux	Folly, by Blank	1771
dam of Dart and Test			
Civil Will	Dux	Grey Cade, by Cade, Snip	1771
Deucalion	Match'em	Lady, the dam of Mopsqueezer	1771
Glimpse	Dux	Slap, by Mr. Shepherd's Crab	1771
Indian	Snap	Match'em	1771
Laurel	Dux	Bonduca, by Bandy	1771
B. Miriam	Snap	Miss Cape, by Regulus	1771
Petton, after-	Dux	Miss Wilkinson, by Regulus	1771
wards Man- chester			
Squirrel	Squirrel	Angelica's dam, by Regulus	1771
Twig'em	Twig	Sod's dam, by Blaze, Mogul	1771
B. Ursula	Snap	Miss Windsor, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1771
Allfours	Mr. Barry's	All-Young Marsk's dam, by Blank	1772
fours			
B. Cypher	Squirrel	Angelica's dam, by Regulus	1772
Little Gim	Gimcrack	Eloisa, by Regulus	1772
B. Middlesex	Snap	Miss Cleveland, by Regulus	1772
Phaeton	Gimcrack	Moonshine, by Regulus	1772
Scramble	Gimcrack	Miss Ingram, by Regulus	1772
B. Selima	Lord Ossory's	Snapdragon, by Snap	1772
Arabian			
B. Sweetheart	Eclipse	Bonduca, by Bandy	1772
Y. Pantaloon	Match'em	Curiosity by Snap	1772
Brother to Mop-	Match'em	Lady, the dam of Deucalion, &c.	1773
squeezer			
Grey Robin*	Gimcrack	Snapdragon, by Snap	1773

* At Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 1777, Grey Robin won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, p. p. (56 subscribers) Beacon Course, beating Prince, Potso's, Rebel, Tremamondo, Dictator, and 13 others.—This was the greatest Stakes ever run for.

To be continued.

THE PTARMIGAN, OR WHITE GROUSE.

AN ENGRAVING.

Drawn from a preserved bird of this species, in the possession of Mr. Thompson, whose communications to this Magazine have been frequent and interesting.

THE Ptarmigan, or White Grouse, is found in great plenty among the hills of Norway, but in England very seldom to be met with; to the highlands of Scotland, indeed, they are no strangers, and the Duke of Athol has to boast of their covies in the proper season on many parts of his estate. They are also found, but not so plentiful, on the Morvan hills, so celebrated in the sublime songs of Ossian. Instances may be produced, to shew that this bird has been found in Westmoreland, and on the mountains about the Lakes; but being by nature particularly shy, and of course difficult to come at, the Sportsman, in the pursuit, finds as little profit as pleasure. The Ptarmigan is a most delicious dainty; its flesh has a rich flavour, which no other game bird (if we may credit the epicure) possesses.

In Norway, the Ptarmigan is in colour like the snow, and most difficult to distinguish: in Scotland they differ; the white is agreeably interspersed with spots of a pale red; and their legs are covered with feathers to the heels, like the Fantam cock. They breed in the inaccessible parts of mountains, and when their young have strength of wing, they are led forth by the parent bird to the lesser hills and wide-extended heaths, and places seldom visited by the foot of man. Among the heaths, is found the food they most delight in. In size,

they differ very little from the Grouse of our own country: I have heard it asserted that in Scotland they have been shot as large as barn-door fowls; but this is report, and the fact must be settled by experience.

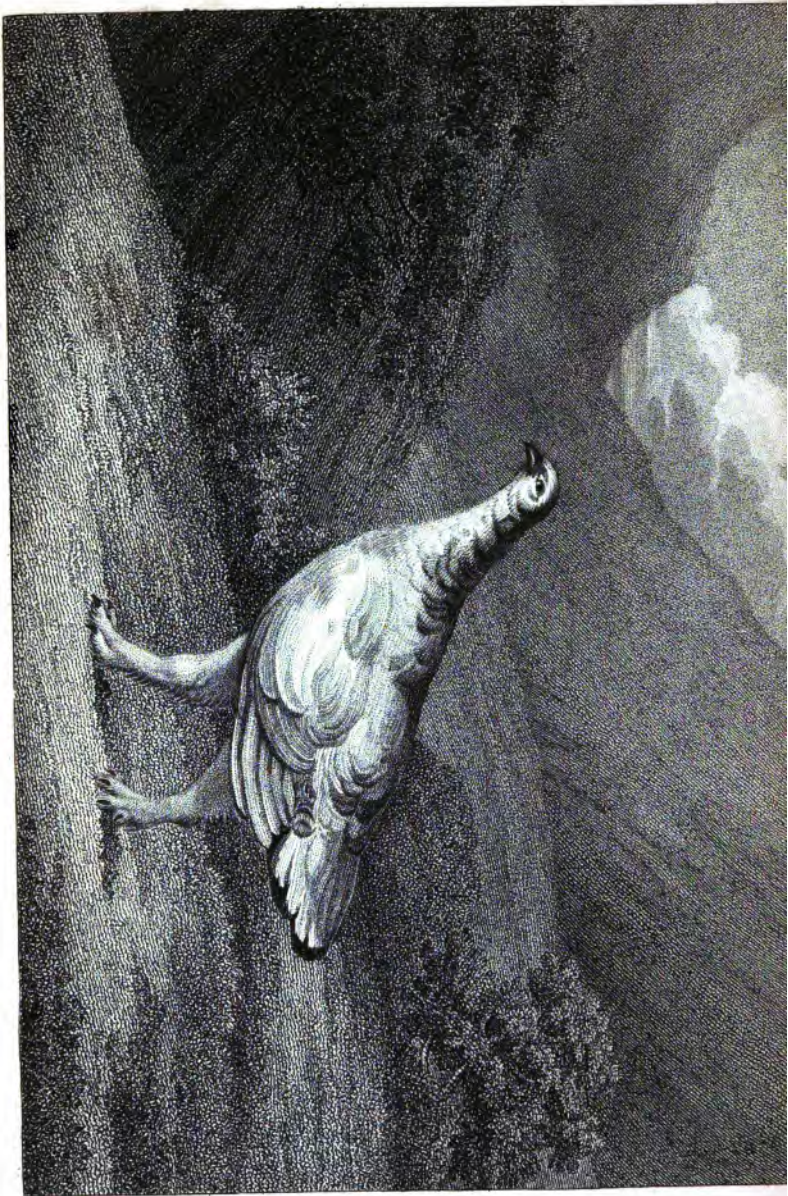
AN ESSAY

ON THE

USE AND ABUSE OF HORSES.

THE horse, in every part of the universe where it is known, has been duly considered as one of the most useful animals that Providence has ordained to assist man, in the useful purposes of human society. Whenever this noble animal is maltreated, it is a sufficient indication of the barbarism of the inhabitants, if they do not take measures to counteract the cowardly cruelty: for what species of action can be more despicable, than to exercise the harshness of our disposition upon a generous creature, who is always ready to assist our wants, and who is incapable of resisting the inflictions of a brutal spirit, or reporting the savage process of his unfeeling tyrant!

It is well known that the Arab tribes, however untutored and wild in other respects, never use their horses unkindly: they properly and naturally consider them as their best animal friends, and possess a sympathy towards them which totally disarms their nature of those unfeeling propensities, which so frequently degrade the Christian character in Europe!—The benevolent author of "The Studies of Nature," relates the following anecdote: "The whole stock of a poor Arabian of the desert, consisted of a beautiful



Ptarmigan or White Grouse.

Engraved by J. W. Smith, Warwick, 1800.

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ART AND
ARCHITECTURE

a beautiful mare: this the French Consul, as said, offered to purchase, with an intention to send her to Louis the Fourteenth. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time, but at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum of money, which he named. The Consul wrote to France for permission to close the bargain, and having obtained it, sent immediately to the Arab the information. The man, so poor as to possess only a miserable rag as a covering for his body, arrived with his magnificent courser. He dismounted, and looking first at the gold, and then stedfastly at his mare, heaved a deep sigh—"To whom is it," he exclaimed, "that I am going to yield thee up? to Europeans! who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable! return with me, my beauty, my jewel! and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced the last words, he sprang upon her back, and was out of sight almost in a moment.

What an amiable and affecting sensibility in a man, who, in the midst of distress, could prefer all the disasters attendant on poverty, rather than surrender the animal that he had long fostered in his tent, and had been, as it were, the child of his bosom, to what he supposed, inevitable slavery! and misery! The temptation even of riches, and an effectual relief from poverty, had not sufficient allurements to induce him to so cruel an act, as he deemed it, of resigning his useful *animal friend*, to the probable chances of a course of barbarous usage.

Though endowed with vast strength and great powers, such is the disposition of the horse, that it rarely exerts either to its master's

prejudice: on the contrary, it will endure fatigues, even to death, for our advantage. Providence seems to have implanted in him a benevolent disposition, and a fear of the human race, with, at the same time, a certain consciousness of the services we can render him. We have, however, one instance of recollection of injury, and an attempt to avenge it. This is inserted in a work of D. Rolle, Esq. of Torrington, in Devonshire.—A Baronet, one of whose hunters had never tired in the longest chase, once encouraged the cruel thought of attempting completely to fatigue him: after a long chase, therefore, he dined, and again mounting, rode him furiously among the hills. When brought to the stable, his strength appeared exhausted, and he was scarcely able to walk. The groom, possessed of more feeling than his brutal master, could not refrain from tears at the sight of so noble an animal thus sunk down. The Baronet some time after entered the stable, and the horse made a furious spring upon him, and, had not the groom interfered, would soon have put it out of his power of ever again misusing his animals.

There is a sporting anecdote, on record, which savours more of cruelty than policy: a gentleman (if such a person deserves that title) had engaged to run his horse against another for a considerable sum. The challenge was public, and signified that the possessor of a gelding would run his beast against any other of the same description, for a considerable sum, being persuaded, that no known gelding in England was able to cope with his:—The person alluded to had a stallion of matchless spirit and speed, and accepted the challenge for a
very

very large sum : when the time for starting had arrived, he ordered the noble animal to be produced, and savagely commanded that his genitals should be cut away, in the moment that the jockey mounted : the brutal order was obeyed, and the noble animal won the bet, in this state of bleeding deprivation, but dropped down dead immediately after, at the feet of his unfeeling master. We have a law enforced in our courts of justice, enacting, that persons of a certain description shall not be admitted to sit as jurors during the trial of a criminal ; from a supposition that their feelings may have been blunted from too frequent an intercourse with scenes of blood ; and, without calling in question the wisdom or efficacy of this interdiction, we will presume to add, that the perpetrator of wanton acts of barbarity, like that we have been relating, should not merely be excluded from the jury bench, but from every social circle where Christianity formed the basis of moral thought, and the practice of mercy be expected, as the indispensable result of such a principle of ethical goodness.

We remember to have seen a carman some years since, who was lashing two horses up the acclivity of a street that leads from Thames-street to Tower-street ; his cart was laden with hogsheads of tobacco, so heavily, that it became impossible for the generous, ductile creatures to proceed with their load ; which so exasperated their more brutal driver, that he lashed the agonised animals on the tenderest parts of the anatomy, without cessation, for some time, without any reference to the impracticability of their agency. He had struck the suffering creatures seve-

ral times in their eyes with the butt end of his whip, uttering the most horrid imprecations ; when some humane passengers interfered, and their remonstrances being answered with ferocious insolence, a scuffle ensued, in which the hardened ruffian proved himself to be as cowardly, when opposed to a man, as he was cruel, when lacerating an unoffending patient beast, for not doing that which he had not the ability to perform.

Not many years since, a similar miscreant was tried at the Old Bailey for tearing out the tongue of a horse, in a fit of senseless rage, and was punished as he merited.—Innumerable instances might be adduced, illustrative of the cruelty of drivers towards this very useful animal ; but we shall stop here, in the full hope, that those who may peruse this limited essay will be convinced, on reflection, of the necessity there is to be kind towards horses, at least so far as may be consistent with personal safety, and the convenience of society ; and if our feeble endeavours can produce an effect of this tendency we shall be doubly gratified, inasmuch as it will be advantageous both to the horse and his proprietor, by making the first more willing and serviceable, and the other more happy and prosperous. W.

EXERCISES FOR WAGERS.

FROM the many wagers, which have been lately contended for by feats of personal dexterity and strength, it may be hoped, that a fashion is about to arise more creditable for our manhood and humanity than that which finds pleasure, or fame, in exorbitant exertions,

tions, wrung from the animals, whose usefulness, if there were no other claim, entitles them to our protection.

Upon a comparison of merits between him who achieves something by his own faculties, and him who merely provides another animal for some achievement, we readily enough perceive the difference between them. In the first case, the risk, if any, is encountered by the creature who is to receive the reward; and the pain, or distress, of the performance is endured by a thinking being, acting upon his own motives, and, of course, doing himself no more harm than he consents to. Cruelty is thus put out of the question. At the same time a good deal that is meritorious is left in it, even though the exercise should be one chiefly of the animal faculties; for it is known, that a free enjoyment of these faculties has a beneficial influence upon the temper, and, although one would not insist upon any very strict criterion arising out of them, it is certain, that men and other animals who have, or have had, in their prime of life, the most bodily power, are seldom deficient in good-nature. There is, perhaps, a kind of dignity, though certainly not the highest, which accompanies the consciousness of such power. On the other hand, what are we to say of the man, who merely speculates upon the faculties of some animals which may be at his command? If there be no cruelty in the case he deserves no blame, and this is the best that can be said of him. But in nine cases out of ten there is cruelty; and in all matches for running horses against *time*, or even against each other, if for more than a few minutes, there is more or less of cruelty, and generally a dreadful degree of it.

The *heat* of the true sportsman should be the measure of all such matches. It is very seldom that this is exceeded, without giving more pain to a noble animal than we can have a right to inflict, either for profit or amusement. How is it possible that any such inflictions can make a man proud? Suppose his horse to have won twenty matches against time, each more difficult than the former, what can he boast? After allowing that he may have innocently, by training, improved the speed of his horse, it is then to be added, that he has had the cruelty to force a generous animal through such exertions as it was not believed any torture could wring from him. Such is the only *praise* to which a wretch of that sort is entitled.

This is no cant against recreations and amusements; it is a mere recommendation of those, which hurt none, and fairly gratify those who excel in them, or witness them, instead of those which are generally cruel, and never can exhibit one valuable quality in the practisers of them. As these must and ought to be out-of-door amusements, we shall gladly record any instances of fair activity and strength in them; such an instance, among others, as those of which Captain B. and Lieut. H. afford examples. Cricket, rowing, tennis, are all good exercises. In short, any thing is good, which promotes manhood, without exciting ferocity. Boxing matches have some tendency indeed to the latter, and are further blameable for the profligacy and the waste of time and money they occasion in the lower classes; but there is not in twenty boxing matches so much cruelty, as in one horse race against *time*, one cock-fight, or one of that most contemptible of all cruelties, a match at *pigeon shooting*.

ALPHA-

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c.

IN 1807.

Continued from Page 133 of our last Number.

By GAY.

Years Old.

No. of Prizes.

- a. **YOU-KNOW-ME**, Duke of Richmond's, 70gs at Goodwood, and 100gs at Lewes 2

By GLAUCUS (aged 21).

- 7 Glaucides, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 50gs at Holywell-Hunt 1
— Pembedw, Mr. Townshend's, 100gs at Chester. 1

By GOHANNA (aged 17).

- 3 Bay Colt, (out of Trumpetta) Mr. Trevaunon's, 50l. at Lewes. 1
-3 Brighton, Lord Egremont's, 110gs at Brighton; Mr. Fermor's, 100gs at Lewes 2
4 Canopus, Lord Egremont's, 60gs at Goodwood; 200gs at Brighton; the Gold Cup value 100gs, with 90gs in specie, and 75gs, at Egham; Mr. Wyndham's, the King's Plate, 171l. 10s. and 100gs, at Newmarket 7
5 Cardinal Beaufort, Mr. Arthur's, 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Lloyd's, 75gs at Newmarket. 2
5 Cerberus, Mr. Fermor's, 50l. at Epsom; twice 50l. at Ascot-Heath; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 10gs in specie, at Winchester; 400gs and 500gs at Newmarket 6
3 Coriolanus, Mr. Lake's, 100gs at Brighton. 1
3 Corsican Fairy, (late Mouse) Lord Egremont's, the Magna Charta Stakes of 200gs at Egham; Mr. Wyndham's, 500gs and 200gs at Newmarket 3
3 Election, Lord Egremont's, the Derby Stakes of 1175gs at Epsom 1
4 Hedley, Mr. Howorth's, 100gs at Newmarket. 1
2 Quail, Lord Egremont's, 150gs at Brighton, and 170gs at Epsom 2
4 Trafalgar, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 1000gs and 500gs at York Spring Meeting 2
4 Wretch, Mr. Arthur's, 50gs and 40gs at Newmarket. 2

By GOUTY (aged 11).

- 3 Bay Filly, Mr. Hyde's, 50l. at Canterbury 1
4 Canterbury, Mr. Hyde's, 50l. at Canterbury. 1
5 Gaiety, Mr. Lake's, 165gs at Ascot-Heath 1
4 Humility, Mr. Lake's, 90gs at Ascot-Heath. 1
3 Nymphina, Mr. Lake's, 100gs at Ascot-Heath, and 89gs at Newmarket 2

By GRIFFIN (aged 17, a Son of DUNGANNON).

- Br. Horse, Mr. Richardson's, 60gs at Beverley, and 70gs at Lincoln 2

By GROG, (aged 21).

- Dust-O! Mr. Peach's, 100gs at Blandford 1

By GROUSE (aged 17).

- 5 Farce, Mr. Price's, 80gs at Tré-Madock 1

3 Fawn.

Years Old.

No. of Prizes.

- 3 Fawn, Duke of Grafton's, 250gs and 200gs at Newmarket; Sir J. Shelley's, 25gs at Newmarket; Mr Payne's, 100gs at Newmarket 4

- 4 Forester, D. of Grafton's, 90gs at Newmarket 1

By GUILDFORD (aged 15).

- 4 Corsican, Mr. Ladbroke's, 25gs at Epsom, 50l. at Oxford, 140gs at Egham, and 50l. at Bedford 4

By HAMBLETONIAN (aged 15).

- 3 Bay Colt, (dam by Walnut) Duke of Hamilton's, 50l. at Newton .. 1

- 3 Br. Filly, (dam by Trumpator) Mr. Mellish's, 100gs at York Spring Meeting 1

- 1 Br. Filly, (out of Constantia) Sir W. Gerard's, 100gs at Knutsford 1

- 3 Br. Filly, (out of Lady Sarah) Sir H. T. Vane's, 200gs at York Spring Meeting 1

- 3 Ches. Colt, (dam by Buzzard) Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 600gs at Ascot-Heath 1

- 4 Have-at-'em, General Grosvenor's, 50gs at Newmarket 1

- 3 Rigdumfunnidus, Mr. Benson's, 50l. at Shrewsbury 1

- 4 St. Domingo, Lord Stamford's, 50l. at Bridgenorth, 90gs and 50l. at Worcester, 50l. at Hereford, and 50l. at Warwick 3

- 5 Sir Andrew, Mr. Johnson's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 20gs in specie, at Nottingham; 50l. at Derby, and the King's Plate at Litchfield 3

- 4 Smuggler, Mr. Wilson's, 900gs and 50gs at Newmarket; and 800gs at York August Meeting 3

- 5 Timekeeper, Mr. Worral's, 25gs at Maddington, 310gs and 50gs at Bibury 3

By HAMMER (dead).

- 7 Bright Phoebe, Mr. Burton's, twice 50gs at Beverley; Hon. Mr. Hawke's, 100gs at York August Meeting 3

By HARLEQUIN (son of AMARANTHUS).

- Ches. Gelding, Mr. Lakeland's, 65gs at Northallerton 1

By HELMET.

- 5 Gleaner, Mr. Wynne's, a Silver Cup, value 50l. at Oswestry 1

By HIGHLAND-FLING (aged 9).

- 2 Highland-Lass, Mr. Emden's, 80gs at Ascot-Heath 1

By HIGHOVER.

- 4 Hector, Lord Darlington's, 50gs at Newmarket, 200gs at Brighton 2

By HUBY (aged 19; sold into Russia).

- 9 Driver, Mr. S. Duncombe's, 100gs at Burton-Hunt, Lincoln Course 1

By HYACINTHUS (aged 10).

- 3 Bay Colt, (dam by Foxhunter) Mr. Morley's, 70gs at Catterick-Bridge 1

- 3 Buckler, Mr. Day's, 50l. at Exeter 1

- 3 Ranger, Mr. Bell's, the Ladies' Plate at Newcastle; Mr. Nalton's, 50l. at Carlisle, and 50l. at Doncaster 3

Years Old.

No. of Prizes.

By HYPERION (aged 14).	
3 Palermo, Lord Boringdon's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath.....	1
By JOE ANDREWS (dead).	
5 Bay Gelding, Mr. Townroe's, 50gs at Pontefract.....	1
By JOHN BULL (aged 18).	
6 Captain Absolute, Lord Foley's, 50l. at Newmarket.....	1
— Columbus, Mr. Haytor's, 55gs at Southampton.....	1
6 Enterprise, Mr. Howorth's, 200gs, 100gs, and 200gs at Newmar- ket; 150gs at Bibury; Lord Jersey's, 50l. at Bibury; Mr. Ho- worth's, 100gs at Bibury.....	6
3 Ferdinand, Mr. Payne's, 181l. 10s. 200gs, 100gs, and 200gs at Newmarket.....	4
3 Job Thornberry, Lord F. Bentinck's, 100gs, 50l. and twice 100gs at Newmarket.....	4
4 Juno, Mr. Goodall's, 50l. at Warwick.....	1
4 Tudor, Mr. Payne's, 100gs at Newmarket.....	1
5 Violante, Lord Grosvenor's, 325gs, 200gs, 450gs, 200gs, 200gs, 200gs, and 80gs, at Newmarket.....	7
By JOHNNY (aged 13).	
3 Master Jackey, Mr. Durand's, 130gs at Epsom; 105gs, and the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 10gs in specie, at Ascot-Heath; Mr. Ladbroke's, 90gs at Abingdon, and 125gs at Newmarket ..	5
By LAUREL.	
— Creeping Jenny, Captain Poole's, 50gs at Lewes.....	1
By LOP (aged 16).	
3 Woodcutter, Mr. Northey's, 200gs and 50gs at Newmarket.....	2
By MAGIC (aged 13, sold into Russia).	
5 Mountaineer, Mr. Goddard's, 50gs and 30gs at Newmarket; 50l. at Winchester; 200gs at Kingscote; and 50l. at Tewkesbury..	5
By MARSK (Mr. Richardson's, aged 15).	
4. Newton, Mr. Astlèy's, 50l. at Manchester, 50l. at Newton, and twice 50l. at Newcastle, Staffordshire.....	4
By METEOR (aged 24).	
5 Aladdin, Mr. Price's, a Silver Cup, value 50l. at Oswestry.....	1
4 General Benningsen, Sir W. W. Wynne's, the Earl of Chester's Plate of 100gs, 50l. and the Silver Cup value 50l. at Chester; 80l. at Manchester, a Piece of Silver Plate, value 50l. and 125gs, at Tré-Madoc.....	6
5 Meteora, Lord Grosvenor's, 375gs, and 200gs at Newmarket; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 20gs in specie, and 90gs at Stam- ford; also 100gs, and 310gs at Newmarket.....	6
3 Musidora, Lord Grosvenor's, 50gs at Newmarket.....	1
By Mr. TEAZLE (aged 14).	
3 Colt, Mr. J. Legh's, 100gs at Newton.....	1
3 Pic Nic, Mr. Gage's, 50l. at Goodwood; Mr. Blachford's, 25gs at Bibury.....	2
3 Volumnia, Mr. Lake's, 35gs at Lewes, 50gs at Newmarket.....	2

To be continued.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

A Young Lady of family, who intends marrying a gentleman in trade, a few days ago said to a female friend, who disapproved of the match, as too degrading—"I hope you will persuade your relations in London to deal with me."—"Yes," replied the other, "my relations shall deal, and I will cut with you."

An author in the country wrote to his friend in town a few days ago, that he had hit on the plan of a periodical work which the *Spectator* had never seen—the *Tatler* never blabbed—was never confided to the *Guardian*—which the *Rambler* missed, and the *Idler* was too lazy to think of.

As some gentlemen were dining one day at a tavern on roast beef, one of them observed, "that the Irish made more bulls than any other nation;" an Irishman, standing by, replied, "And by J—s, the English swallow more."

THE Hon. Henry Erskine is as distinguished for that species of wit called punning, as George Selwyn was formerly in England.—"Punning is the lowest sort of wit," said a gentleman to him one day; "It is so," said he, "and is therefore the foundation of all wit!"

A WAG asked an undertaker, if ever he made any grottoes?—"Grottoes! (cried the undertaker) What the D—l should I have to do with such things?"—"I thought you might (replied the wit); they

are all in your way, who deal so largely in shells."

ONE of our ladies recently raised to the higher walks on the stage of life, in preparing the various arrangements of her new rank, is said not to have forgotten the taking of a suitable *pew* in a fashionable chapel. Habit, second only to nature, will prevail. A well-dressed Knight of the Rainbow came, as the story goes, "to order a box" for her *Ladyship*; and, if that could not be obtained, "three seats in a front row." Her *Ladyship*, it is added, was obliged to put up with the gallery.

MODERN Dramas.—The following letter was written a few days ago, from a lady in town to her friend in the country:—

"Dear Mary—As you are fond of Theatricals, I hasten to tell you, that a new play is to be brought out one of these nights, at one of the Theatres. If you do not hasten to town, you'll not overtake it alive!—Your's, &c. M. C."

Two portraits are advertised of the Game Chicken and Guller; with great propriety, they are described to be striking likenesses.

A LATE number of the New South Wales Gazette, contains the following curious paragraph:—

"Last Monday, a fine goat, with cart and harness, was purchased for the sum of eight pounds, having the same morning drawn ten bushels of wheat from Prospect

Hill to the wharf at Paramatta, a distance of seven miles. The creature is acknowledged to be well broke in for draught, and the present owner will, in all probability, accustom him to the saddle!"

WOMEN.

THE cautious fool is frightened but to find

A female gifted with a spark of mind;
The dart of wit oppos'd to folly's shield,
Compels him trembling from the routed field.

He seeks for those, if such there well can be,

Beneath him sunk in folly one degree;
That women should be fools you seem to think,

Like purblind owls on season's sunshine blink.

Perhaps with justice you this creed advance—

Had women wit, puppies could stand no chance. KATE.

In consequence of the late suit in Chancery relating to Drury-lane Theatre, a number of writers were employed, who used to sit daily in the office of the solicitor; and in order that two or more might write from one draft copy, it was usual for the writer, who had it before him, to read it aloud. These men, of course, were far from illiterate, but the dictator on one of these occasions, either from want of knowing better or inadvertence, coming to the word *pusillanimous*, pronounced it *poo-silla-mouse*, which Mr. Sheridan hearing, (who was frequently present on these occasions) in rather an ill-natured manner asked the transcriber, what he had been bid to? his answer was, "writing for the law;" at which the Treasurer expressed his surprise, that he should not know better how to pronounce so common a word as *pusillanimous*; "Sir," said the man rather bluntly, "I am neither actor, orator, nor au-

thor, but only a transcriber; and though I generally understand the meaning of what I write, I have never yet had sufficient leisure to study *Sheridan's Dictionary*."

A COACHMAN having taken an unwelcome taxi, and being told to "drive to Covent-Garden Theatre, and set down in Bow-street," expressed his fear that he should have to take them up there for his money.

THE Power of Music.—A fiddler, returning from a merry meeting between Alston and Harwood in Teesdale, in the stormy night of the 20th ult. took shelter in a low out-house on Alston Moor, which was so overblown with the snow that he could not get out, nor did any part of the house appear; and here he must have perished, had not some shepherds, who were seeking their sheep, discovered him by the sound of his fiddle under the snow, his playing on which was unquestionably the means of saving his life.

THE bigamist, who was sent to the hulks the other day, in order to be transported, complains that he has been too severely dealt with, for an offence which carries its own punishment along with it.

FORMERLY, it was not in the power of Porter Brewers to raise the price of their commodity without applying to Parliament, though latterly this legal mode has been dispensed with. In the early part of the reign of his present Majesty, when porter was raised from three pence to threepence halfpenny a pot, the people thought they were much imposed on, and among the lower orders it occasioned a considerable

terrible degree of fermentation, particularly on those nights the King went to the theatre, when the gods in the galleries were generally very vociferous. It seems on some occasions the managers of the play-houses took part with the mob, as in a dramatic spectacle a farmer was introduced, speaking thus to his labourers:—"Well, my lads, as you have worked well to-day, here's a shilling for a gallon of porter to drink my health."—One of the men stepped forward, took the shilling, thanked his master, and pretended to go for the beer, but presently returned, saying, they would not let him have a gallon of porter without two-pence more. "What!" said the farmer, "fourteen-pence a gallon for porter! where did you go to get it?" "I went," answered the labourer, "to the sign of King George the THIRD, and they said it was raised, and they could take no less." "If that be the case," replied the farmer, "you had better go back to King George the SECOND; it is well known that in his reign, porter could always be had for three-pence a pot."—This occasioned such a shout of acclamation, that the performance was delayed for some minutes; and his Majesty clearly perceived how obnoxious this additional duty on porter was generally considered.

ANECDOTE.—A country clergyman, who, in the matrimonial lottery, had drawn much worse than a blank, and without the patience of Socrates had to encounter the turbulent spirit of Xantippe, was interrupted in the middle of a curtain lecture by the arrival of a pair, requesting his assistance to introduce them to the blessed state of wedlock. The poor Priest, actu-

ated at the moment by his own feelings and particular experience, rather than a sense of canonical duty, opened the book, and began, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble," &c. repeating the funeral service. The astonished bridegroom exclaimed, "Sir! Sir! you mistake; I came here to be married, not to be buried!"—"Well!" replied the clergyman, "if you insist on it, I am obliged to marry you: but believe me, my friend, you had better be buried!"

A MOVING PIECE.—The organist of a church in one of the midland counties, who had, in the course of many years service, made all the congregation perfectly well acquainted not only with his manner of playing, but also with the pieces which he played, was, on occasion, requested by two or three of the principal parishioners to allow a brother professor (of the modern school) to officiate for him the following Sunday.—The request was complied with.—The congregation were delighted with the stranger's performance during the service; and, at the conclusion, the *Vale* appeared to attract their attention still more particularly, and very few of them seemed inclined to leave the church. The old gentleman, who was also in the organ gallery, grew uneasy at this; he had not been accustomed to such attendance. In short, he grew quite peevish; and, pushing the stranger from his seat, (while he exclaimed, "Sir, they will never go away whilst you play—I will give them a moving piece") he clapt his pats upon the keys, and the loiterers were off in *tempo allegro*, before he had played five bars.

HODGE AND THE DOCTOR.

WITH a big bottle nose, and an acre of chin,

His whole physiognomy ugly as sin,
With a huge grizzle wig, and triangular hat,

And a snuff-besmeared handkerchief tied over that,

Doctor Bos, riding out on his old Rosinante,

In hair very rich, but in flesh very scanty,

Was a little alarm'd, out of fear for his bones,

Seeing Hodge cross the way with a barrow of stones.

"Hip! friend," cried the Doctor, with no little force,

"Do set down your barrow — you'll frighten my horse."

Hodge quickly replied, as an Erskine or Garrow,

"You're a curs'd deal more likely to frighten my barrow."

A NEW Institution of a library, reading rooms, &c. in Coram-street, to be called the Russell Rooms, has been resolved upon by the lettered opulence of that neighbourhood. Mr. *Scarlet* being in the chair, an old punster remarked, that the last circumstance was highly favourable to the character of a literary institution, Mr. *Scarlet* having been always allowed to be the deepest red man in his profession.

A NEW Tragedy, in which Garrick was a principal performer, was presented to the public in the year 1775, the first, second, third, and fourth acts of which were received without any marks of disapprobation, and with occasional applause. The poor author, in the utmost agitation, alternately swayed by hope and fear, eagerly enquired of the actors if they thought his piece would succeed; and, at the commencement of the fifth act, requested Mr. Garrick's opinion, who told him, he could see no reason

why it should not pass, as so far it had proceeded unmolested; but yet he hardly knew what to think, for he had observed in the pit, during the whole performance, a d—d surly-looking old fellow, with his chin resting on his walking stick, who eyed him with a stare of malignity every time he appeared on the stage, and he feared this boded no good.

"Good Lord! (as somebody sublimely sings)

What great effects arise from little things!"

The last scene of the fifth act was now presented, when Garrick, who in the play personated a king retiring from regal dignity, and without a male successor, addressed himself in the following words to the two princesses:

"To you, my daughters, I resign my crown."

Which was scarcely delivered, when the man in the pit with the malignant aspect, jumping on his seat, vociferated, "Just HALF a Crown a piece, by G—d!" This convulsed the audience with bursts of laughter; and the confusion became so great, that in spite of the utmost exertions of the actors to give it out for a second representation, the play was damned.

THE following epitaph is inscribed upon a stone in a churchyard in Herefordshire:—

HERE rests my wife—no pair through life

So equal liv'd as—we did:

Alike we shar'd perpetual strife,
Nor knew I rest—till she did.

THE barbers in the metropolis, by raising the price of shaving, caused a deal of bloodshed, several of their customers having attempted to shave themselves.

FARM.

FARMING AND FOX-HUNTING.

THE two following letters will be read and judged of by our readers in their own way.—We recollect an instance of a Leicestershire gentleman, who liberally consented to allow his tenants a compensation, for any injury done to their crops, &c. by fox-hunters; he nevertheless, as a lover of the sport, permitted no farmer to hold under him, that shewed a refractory spirit in hostility to his favourite manly diversion of fox-hunting.

To the Editor of the Hampshire Chronicle,

SIR,—I am a farmer in extensive business, and unfortunately situated in the hunt of a large pack of fox-hounds, which are generally accompanied by a numerous train of horsemen. I call it unfortunate, because I am continually injured by them; namely, they leave open my gates, beat down my hedges, and tread my corn in the dirt; in short, they pay no regard to the injury they do me. Would you believe it, Sir, I have often known ten or fifteen horsemen gallop through a field of wheat, immediately after a large fall of rain, when they might have easily passed on either side of it without doing the smallest injury. What can such gentlemen think? Surely they cannot be insensible at such a time that they are doing an injury; if they are, they must be insensible indeed. Nor can they, I presume, be so weak as to think farmers' crops grow spontaneously, like the sea weed, without trouble or expence. Mine, I must tell them, is quite the reverse. I rent my land at an exorbitant price, cultivate it at great labour and expence, and use every effort to make my crops productive;

and then to have them regardlessly trodden in the dirt, is a grievance too great to be suffered.

If you will be so kind, Sir, as to give these my complaints a place in your paper, possibly it may do some good, and, among many others, you will particularly oblige your's,

A CONSTANT READER.

Hambledon, Jan. 9, 1808.

To the Editor of the Hampshire Chronicle.

SIR,—I beg to offer a few words in reply to your correspondent of last week, who signs himself "A Constant Reader."—I, too, am a farmer. I have, for a number of years, had in my occupation 2000 acres of land (the greatest part of which is strong wheat land); I have been also in the constant habit of valuing crops, at different periods of the year and of all kinds of land, and I never had the smallest reason to consider fox-hunting as spoiling the corn at any time of the regular hunting season. I should rather fear, if there be a failure in your correspondent's crop, that it is more the consequence of improper management, than from injury occasioned by fox-hunters. The sport of fox-hunting has been handed down to us from our hardy ancestors, and I trust it will be continued by Englishmen, (who are qualified for it) as a healthy and manly pursuit. Intelligent farmers have always encouraged this sport; and your correspondent, when he has more experience, will, I dare, cease to make querulous objections to its exercise.

*A Friend to Farming and
Fox-Hunting.*

Winchester, Jan. 1808.

THE

THE EARL OF ELGIN AND MR. FERGUSSON.

TRIAL FOR CRIM. CON.

TUESDAY the 22d ult. in the Sheriff's Court, Lord Elgin v. Fergusson.—The inquisition of damages in the action brought against the defendant for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife, came on to be assessed this day, before Mr. Burchell, the Under Sheriff, and a special Jury. Mr. Garrow, as leading counsel for the plaintiff, stated to the jury the circumstances of the case: his Lordship intermarried with his lady in Scotland in the year 1799, and soon afterwards was appointed to the embassy to Constantinople, where his Lordship resided until the year 1803. At that time he was on his return to Europe, and passing through France, was, in common with other Englishmen, arrested by the order of the government. The defendant, Mr. Fergusson, was also at that time in France, and was one of the persons detained by the French government. Similarity of fortune united the persons thus circumstanced in a greater degree of intimacy. Lord Elgin and the defendant became very intimate. He was received as the most welcome visitant at his Lordship's house, but unfortunately, he availed himself of that intimacy to injure his unsuspecting friend in the tenderest part. Mr. Fergusson obtained his liberation from France much earlier than Lord Elgin. Her Ladyship continued with him until the year 1805, when she came to England, to endeavour to procure his Lordship's liberation, in which Mr. Fergusson appeared to lend his most cordial assistance; and, in fact, many of the letters written to Lord

Elgin upon that subject, were written from them both. At length, the French government agreed to accept General Boyer in exchange for Lord Elgin, and his Lordship returned to England in April, 1806. While her Ladyship had been in England there was reason to believe that her affections from her husband had been totally alienated. Whilst he was thus agitated to discover from what cause this conduct of his wife could arise, a letter by chance fell into his hands, directed in a coarse hand for "*Me Laidi Elgin*." On opening the envelope, he was astonished to find a letter from the defendant, couched in such passionate language, as left no doubt of the dishonour which had been imposed upon him. The Sheriff having summed up the evidence at considerable length, made such observations as occurred to him upon it. The jury retired for about a quarter of an hour, and on their re-appearance, gave a verdict for plaintiff, damages, 10,000*l*.

TO DESTROY WEASELS.

WEASELS, though in some respects beneficial, inasmuch as (when domesticated) they destroy rats, mice, moles, and other noxious vermin, are nevertheless, in a wild state, formidable foes to poultry and rabbits: they may be destroyed by putting in their haunts small pieces of paste, consisting of pulverised sal ammoniac, mixed up with the white of an egg, wheaten flour, and honey.—The strewing of rue round the place where hons lay, is also said to drive away these depredators: so also will the smell of a burnt cat: as all animals are terrified at the burning of their own, or of a similar species.

SPORT.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

BETTING-ROOM, Jan. 18, 1908.

STATE of the odds for the Derby and Oatland Stakes.—Correct statement.

DERBY.

- 9 to 2 agst the brother to Castrel.
- 9 to 1 agst Clinker.
- 9 to 1 agst the brother to Trafalgar.
- 10 to 1 agst Vandyke (Duke of Grafton's).
- 12 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor's colt, by Sir Peter.
- 15 to 1 agst any other.

OATLANDS.

- 2 to 1 agst Violante.
- 3 to 1 agst Cerberus.
- 4 to 1 agst Thomasina.
- 6 to 1 agst Thorn.

THERE are twenty-eight Subscribers for the St. Leger Stakes, at Doncaster, this year, the Nominations for which finally closed on the first instant, and though not so numerous as last year, it is likely to be a very great betting race, owing to so many favourites being named.—Laurel-Leaf, who won the Two-year Olds' Stakes at York, Pontefract, and Doncaster, also a match at York last year, appears to be the first favourite; the other favourites are, Charcoal, Poulton, Clinker, Mr. Watt's colt, and Lord Egremont's.

Sir Henry Vane Tempest has got a horse to make a first effort for the plate at the ensuing Newmarket.

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Meeting, whose speed is expected to prove superior to that of Hambletonian, or Diamond, of sporting celebrity.

Mas. Howe generally plays at chess with his Majesty; the sum played for never exceeds a guinea a game. This lady is the only visitor who has a privilege of entering the palace by the same door as the Royal Family.

Two new clubs have been lately formed; one at Boroughbridge, consisting of the members of Lord Darlington's hunt; the other at Beverley, consisting of the members of Mr. Watt's and Sir M. Masterman Sykes's establishments: each to wear the uniform of their respective hunts.

AN account of a late fox-chase, in Kent, by the Lodge hounds, concludes thus:—"This chase lasted, without interruption, an hour and twenty-eight minutes, and completely realised Mr. Beckford's ideas of a fox chase, which he wished never to continue less than an hour, nor to exceed two; and that it should correspond with Lord Chatham's notion of a battle; 'it should be short, sharp, and decisive.'"

FRIDAY the 15th inst. a match for 20gs. was run over the course of Cragelare, on which were erected three 5-foot walls, between Mr. Wlick Burke's, of Strangford, celebrated bay horse, B. Delany, carrying

ing twelve stone, rode by Mr. John Rathbourne—and Mr. Blake's, of Corbally, untried mare, Sal Walsh, (by Bacchus) carrying same weight, and rode by his groom, which was won with the greatest ease by Mr. Blake's mare. At starting, the odds were considerably in favour of Delany. The knowing ones all taken in.

Same day two matches were run between Mr. Rathbourne, Mr. Burke, Mr. Bert, Mr. Persse, and Mr. Robert D'Arcy's horses, rode by gentlemen—the first won by Mr. Rathbourne, and the latter by Mr. D'Arcy.

EXPERIMENTS are making in Guernsey, under the direction of those experienced officers, Lieut. Gen. Sir John Doyle and Brigadier Gen. Fraser, with muskets, improved as we understand by a very simple process, but which appears already to have so far succeeded, as to have doubled the effect of the common musket, when firing at the same target. This improvement is said to be adapted to every kind of musket firing, but is particularly expected to increase the effect of fire from sharp-shooters, and light troops of all descriptions.

Two Lancashire gentlemen, of the name of Unsworth, father and son, have challenged all England to fire with ball at a target, at twenty rods distance, for *one thousand pounds*. We understand the challenge has been accepted.

On the 14th inst. W. Moyse, late of Yaxley, Suffolk, jobber, was convicted by the Rev. Thomas Methold, in the mitigated penalty of £10l. for using snares in the night, for the destruction of the game, in the parish of Framsden.

THE fashionable broche now worn, seems to be a very beautiful figure of a greyhound at full speed, with the name of *Snoutball* under it. The execution of the dog is admirable.

At Earl Grosvenor's second dinner, at Chester, as mayor of that city, on Friday, the 1st instant, there was a large Christmas Pie, which contained three geese, three turkeys, seven hares, twelve partridges, a ham, and a leg of veal: the whole, when baked, weighed 154lbs.!

IN the Court of King's Bench, last month, a cause was tried, *Saunders v. Cornic*. This was an action brought to recover the sum of 32l. being the value of a horse, under the following circumstances: the plaintiff sent a chesnut horse for sale at Dixon's Repository, and he was sold there accordingly, being knocked down for the above sum at auction. It happened that another chesnut horse was also sold there for 21l. The defendant, who was at the sale, purchased the latter, and having in two days afterwards called for his bargain, the boy who attended being ignorant of the descriptions of the several purchasers, delivered to him the chesnut horse that was sold to another bidder for 32l. and he immediately took it away, notwithstanding that the brother of the defendant, who accompanied him, said it was not the chesnut horse that he bought. The mistake being speedily discovered, the horse was demanded back, but the defendant refused to return it, alledging, that the chesnut horse delivered to him was the horse which he actually purchased at the auction. To contradict this allegation, several witnesses were called, such as the per-

son who really bought him, the owner's servants who were present, and the man belonging to Mr. Dixon's Repository, whose testimony concurring, and being quite satisfactory, the Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, to the full amount of the value of the horse.

CAPTAIN Thompson, of the *Fuerte* frigate, has brought home from South America a breed of the *Chili Beagle*, so much esteemed for its extraordinary scent, which, no doubt, will much improve the breed in this country.

On Tuesday, the 12th, a large party of gentlemen and farmers met on Mere Downs, Wiltshire, by leave of Sir Richard Hoare, Bart, and coursed twelve brace of hares, four brace of which were killed. The hares gave excellent sport, and the dogs were capital: several of them ran two miles to cover without a turn. It was the general opinion of the company present, that such a day's sport was never seen on the Downs before.

A COVEY of partridges, consisting of thirteen birds, come every day to the door of Henry Wilson, Esq. at St. Helen's, near Lancaster, to be fed; they feed among the poultry, and are so tame, that they will even pick corn out of the hands of any of the domestics.

LATELY was shot, by George Pringle, at Staingate, near Danby-Lodge, (the sporting seat of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Downe, Yorkshire) an Eagle, of the following remarkable dimensions:—its breadth, between the tip of the wings, two yards ten inches; the length, from its beak to the tip of the tail, thirty-eight inches; the extreme breadth of the tail, twenty-five inches. When placed in

an erect posture, its height, two feet seven inches; weight, sixteen pounds two ounces; the colour, a mixed brown and white, the back nearly all white. This extraordinary bird has been put into a state of preservation by Mr. Frank, at Danby-Lodge.

Lewes, Jan. 25, 1808.—On Friday, one of the stately swans which have for some time past ornamented our river, was shot at and killed by some person at present unknown, but who, we sincerely hope, will shortly be discovered and punished as he deserves. Five guineas are offered as a reward to any person giving such information of the offender, as shall be the means of his discovery and conviction.

No less than eight of the above royal birds have been destroyed in a similar manner, on the Ouse, within these three years; whilst on the Thames they are known to sail from Oxford to London in the greatest security. The proprietors, we understand, are determined, in future, to prosecute such offenders as they can detect with the utmost severity of the law.

BOXING.—A very severe battle was fought near Clifton, on Monday the 28th ult. between two expert bruisers, whose fame has not yet attracted the notice of the town amateurs. The names of the parties were Gore and Maddox, and the battle was for a purse of fifteen guineas. In science, it was nearly equal to that which was displayed by Young Belcher and Dutch Sam, and the conflict was as sanguinary as at the late battle between Grogson and Gulley. After an hour's real fighting, Gore was carried off as the victor, he being unable to walk, and perhaps worse beaten

than ever was before witnessed in a winner.

On Thursday, January 7, was fought, at Horsington, Somerset, a pitched battle, between Hazard, a butcher, and Stacy, a shoemaker, two noted bruisers. The combatants entered a large ring, with their seconds and bottle-holders: Tom Hazard, a sailor, seconded his brother, and Clarke seconded Stacy. The contest continued with little variation till the fiftieth round, when Stacy sprained his wrist so badly, that he could not make a blow with his right hand; and, after nine more severe rounds, appearing very weak, he, at the repeated request of the gentlemen present, gave in. A dispute having taken place between the two seconds, a challenge was given, and accepted; and after the above was decided they set to, when another very severe contest took place.—After thirty-two rounds of hard fighting, victory was declared in favour of Hazard. Several amateurs and gentlemen present declared, that in all the matches they had ever witnessed they never saw two harder contests. The former lasted an hour and sixteen minutes, and the latter fifty-two minutes.

The *Saint Monday* Gentlemen held their diversions on the 18th, near Clay-hill, which consisted of a pugilistic exhibition between G. Wilkie, a coster-monger, and Jeffrey Smith, a professor, but little calculated to astonish the spectators at his professional skill. The battle was for ten guineas; and, after a contest of about forty minutes, in which the combatants were decently *scabbed*, and the head of Jeffrey was a good deal disfigured, he resigned the contest, and the coster-monger was carried to West-

minster in triumph, whilst the fallen hero was silently ushered into Dyot-street, by the *kiddeys* and barrow-women of that fertile spot.

THE renewal of an obstinate pitched battle, fought in the neighbourhood of Bassleton, Oxfordshire, a month since, between two men of the names of Cart and Wells, took place on Monday, the , at Barford Common, a short distance from Bassleton. Cart, who is said to be a relation of the man of that name, who felt the effects of opposing the Game Chicken, at Moulsey Hurst, two years since, possesses more science and bravery than his relative, but is inferior in strength and stature. Wells is a weaver, formerly of Manchester, and no novice at boxing. In the former battle between the combatants, after above an hour's resolute fighting, they were unable to face each other, and it was made a drawn battle. The stakes were ten guineas only, and it was agreed that the parties should contend again for twenty, within a month. The second battle was not of so sanguinary a description as the first, although it lasted longer, but each seemed to avoid as much as possible risking the effects of his adversary's blows. Wells hit his opponent on the left temple in the 60th round, and he did not face him again, but both appeared exhausted. There were about two hundred and forty persons present.

SEPARING.—The magistrates for the county of Surrey, having received information that a number of idle dissolute fellows were harboured at a sparring club in their district, the officers were dispatched to the Southwark Tavern, in Tooley-street, on twelfth night, and found there many apprentice boys, servants,

servants, and journeymen, of the lowest order, with a plentiful sprinkling of the minor order of boxers, from Petticoat lane, Duke's Place, and Kent-street. Door money, at sixpence per head, was taken, and one penny each for the gloves. A proper account was taken of the lads, who were dismissed for the present, with a suitable admonition as to their future conduct. The landlord came in for his share of reprimand.

THE following curious wager was decided on Wednesday, the 30th ult. at Knight-bridge. A miller, of the name of Pownal, undertook to carry a sack of flour, weighing 20 stone, upon one shoulder, the distance of a mile, without halting, in the space of twenty minutes. The distance was measured on a piece of ground near Sloane-street, upwards of two hundred yards in length; and there was a multitude of persons to witness the Herculean strength of the performer. He performed the task in three minutes less than the given time, but not without considerable difficulty. The wager was for five guineas and a dinner.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

PRELIMINARY ARTICLE.

Brighton, Jan. 18.—A trial of skill at pigeon-shooting is to take place to-morrow, at Patcham, when Mr. James Shoubridge, a gentleman from London, is to shoot at twenty-four pigeons, turned out of a box, at twelve yards distance; on every one of which his friends bet four guineas to one he kills; each bird to fall within 100 yards from the box. Considerable sums, we understand, have been betted; but opinion seems rather against the odds winning, for if the shooter fail to bring down five of the twen-

ty-four birds, his friends must be losers.

ISSUE OF THE CONTEST.

Brighton, Jan. 25.—Mr. Shoubridge, who betted four guineas to one on every shot, that he brought down twenty-four pigeons, to be turned out of a box, at the distance of twelve yards, as more particularly stated in our last letter, exhibited on Tuesday, at Patcham, and obtained great celebrity as a marksman, in having won every bet. Mr. Shoubridge afterwards shot at two pigeons, which were suffered to escape from the box at the same time, and, to the amazement of all present, killed them both. He next joined in a match, when he killed five more, and then withdrew, having established his shooting fame, in bringing down thirty-one birds in thirty shots.—We understand he is, at some future time, to try his skill in a similar way, betted the same odds, at sparrows.

A numerous field of sportsmen assembled at Little Easing, on Tuesday, the 10th, where a grand pigeon match took place for an honorary medal, value 20l. and a fat hog, value 10l. The field was open for competition, and the most celebrated shots, within ten miles of London, were candidates for the prizes, and a considerable number of distinguished amateurs attended to witness the pastime. There were twenty competitors, who were allowed three birds each, but the weather being unfavourable, and the pigeons very small and tough, and quick on the wing, only three of the candidates killed two out of the three; a Mr. Atkin having, as it was thought, killed his second bird, but on his being about to bag it, the pigeon rose and flew out of bounds. The three candidates who beat

beat their adversaries, and had to shoot off the ties, were, Messrs. Moreton, Collison, and Snell, and they agreed to shoot at single pigeons for a decision. It is remarkable, that the whole of the three missed their first birds, and Collison and Moreton missed their second, but Snell killed his second bird, and consequently won the prizes. Before the shooting commenced, Moreton and Collison were the favourites against the field, but their performances were but very indifferent as scientific shots.

A Pigeon Match took place on Finchley Common, about the same time, for twenty guineas, between Messrs. King and Richardson, known shots. The parties fired at eleven birds each, and Mr. King killed nine, and hit ten. His adversary killed seven, and lost two birds out of bounds, by which he lost the match.

Hoop against Wheel.—A wager between Mr. Bennet and Mr. Parkhouse was decided on Friday morning, 1st inst. on the Clapham road, from the third mile stone on the common to the fifth, Mr. B. who trundled the hoop, having gained the contest by some distance. We understand another wager, of 200gs. has been offered by Mr. B. to trundle a hoop for five miles against any man that can be found to run a wheel the like distance.

Match against Time.—The new pedestrian, who had undertaken, for a wager of fifty guineas, to walk twenty miles in two hours and a half, on Saturday, the 2d instant, play or pay, met his friends at nine o'clock that morning, and proceeded to the spot, where the match was performed on a piece of level ground, between Carshalton and Croydon. Mr. Yardley had trained

himself to twenty miles, and he was said to have performed it at pleasure on the Thursday, consequently he was freely backed. At ten o'clock he started, and continued at a walk for the first mile, which he performed in ten minutes; and the next three miles he did in twenty-three minutes, by a sweeping step. He did not appear fatigued by the speed of the last three miles, but he contrived the step, and went the next four miles in twenty-nine minutes, when he took a slice of fowl, and drank a cup of wine. At the expiration of an hour and fifteen minutes, such being half the time, Mr. Yardley had walked ten miles within a few hundred yards. He was thirty-five minutes going the first four miles of the last half distance. He had to walk six miles in forty minutes, which was at the rate of nine miles an hour, and, from his visible fatigue, it was evident he could not win; he, however, went four miles in thirty-six minutes, and gave in, after having gone eighteen miles in two hours and twenty-six minutes.

CURLEY, the Brighton shepherd, and Cook, the soldier, ran; on the 11th instant, at Blackheath, 120 yards, for 30gs a side. At twelve o'clock, a great concourse of spectators assembled, and the ground was measured under the garden-wall of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The judges were, for Cook, Mr. Giles, a respectable fishmonger, at Billingsgate; and Richmond, the Black, for Curley. They both held a pocket handkerchief at the winning-post. At one they started, and, running elbow to elbow all the way, came in together in thirteen seconds; it was therefore adjudged a dead heat, and the stake-money was returned.

§. POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE BONNY GREY MARE ;

OR,
MARCIA TRIUMPHANT:

YOU Gentlemen Sportsmen give ear
to my song,
'Tis of a Grey Mare that can trip it along ;
By many 'tis said that she does not run
fast,
But if she's beat at first, she will beat
them at last.

Her name it is Marcia, that bonny Grey
Mare,
For whate'er she runs with she does not
much care,
For she lays herself out, and she trips
o'er the ground,
So I think there are few such as her to
be found.

Haphazard and Marcia have often times
met,
And great sums of money betwixt 'em
been bet ;
A race over Knavesmire so nearly was
run,
It was hard to determine which of them
had won.

Brave Marcia has won, a great many did
cry,
But others asserted—No, that's all my
eye ;
Again it was shouted, Haphazard did
win,
So the race to Haphazard was then given
in.

Now brave Mr. Garforth he did not
much care ;
To Pomfret she went, and met Hapha-
zard there ;
Great sums there were betted before they
did run,
And soon 'twas determin'd brave Marcia
had won.

To Doncaster next then away she was
sent,
Leaving Haphazard's friends then in sad
discontent ;
But, alas ! poor Haphazard, he durst not
come there,
For fear of being beat again by the Grey
Mare.

Queen Mab's son was there, and likewise
Sir Paul,
With bonny brave Staveley, suppos'd best
of all ;
To start then they venture, and off soon
they run—
An excellent race, but brave Marcia she
won.

Five times the last year did this noble
mare run,
And 'tis known very well that five prizes
she won ;
Now she's beat all the best, for the worst
she don't care,
This excellent Marcia, the bonny Grey
Mare.

At York the next year, Monday August
eighteen,
A more excellent race scarcely ever was
seen ;
Sir Paul, her opponent, a runner was
reckon'd,
But alas ! poor Sir Paul, he came in only
second.

For the Great Subscription, on Thursday,
she run,
With Lord Darlington's six-year old horse
Ferguson ;
But she beat him with ease, although a
good racer,
And Chariot, Evander, and Paul would
not face her.

Mr Garforth's good health, he is worthy
of praise, t.

And

And Marcia and Vesta, his two bonny
Greys ;
Here's a health to the groom and the
jockey likewise,
And when Marcia e'er starts she will sure
gain the prize.

Now in a full bumper this health let's
resound,
May Marcia and Vesta amiss ne'er be
found ;
Whether four miles or more, why I don't
care a jack,
For if nothing's amiss, sure they'll win
in a crack.

THE STAG HUNT.

THE night has fled, the morning dawns,
The Stag bounds o'er his native lawns,
And while each zephyr's on the wing,
He seeks the soft translucent spring,
Then strides, with heart devoid of pain,
Along the verdant, flow'ry plain.

But, hark ! with echoing, noisy clack,
Behind him come the panting pack ;
He starts, and turns with fearless mien,
As the advancing troop are seen ;
And now, with dignified disdain,
He slowly moves across the plain.

Yet soon he finds his foes draw near,
And stern contempt gives way to fear ;
Concealment's arts at first he tries,
Discover'd soon, he swiftly flies,
And with such force each nerve doth
strain,
He scarcely seems to touch the plain.

Still, trembling beast ! he's doom'd to
find

The persevering pack behind ;
Nearer the horrid noise he hears,
Whilst tenfold terrors fill his fears :
He finds his utmost speed is vain,
And droops dejected on the plain.

Soon the fierce hounds approach their
prey,

Who nobly tries their force to bay ;
But from his breast burst bitter sighs,
And streaming tears bedew his eyes :
Round him fast flock the hunting train,
And death seems hovering o'er the plain.

But speedy dogs he cannot drive,
And bids the dappled victim live.

The disappointed dogs retire,
A whip has quickly cool'd their ire ;
While the poor stag, reliev'd from pain,
Once more in peace stalks o'er the plain.

J. M. L.

January 2, 1808.

ODE TO A TERRIER,

*Who interrupted the Debate in the House of
Commons.*

DEAR Snap, of that true terrier breed,
Whose useful chase is vermin,
Whose teeth would make a weasel bleed,
Ev'n tho' his skin be ermine,

Well thou deserv'st a poet's praise,
For baying that bold prater,
Whose forehead wears such ten-fold braze,
It mars the shafts of satire.

He damn the peace ! which was vile war
Made needful to salvation :
He damn the peace ! thro' whom we
bear
Such loads of curs'd taxation ?

And was there in St. Stephen's fane
But honest Snap alone,
To treat his speech with just disdain,
No cough, no hiss, no groan ?

Ah no ! for they his quondam foes,
Before had shewn him grace,
And with a pension sooth'd the blows
That push'd him out of place.

Bark on, courageous quadruped !
Snarl at such dirty work ;
For now no mortal e'er will heed
That tattling turnspit B——.

Oh, Englishmen ! your feelings lie
Drown'd in too thick a fog :
No more on mongrel-men rely,
But trust an honest dog.

EPIGRAM.

Aut spes, aut timor agitant.

JACK hunts in stile—the fox, the hare
The terrors of his prowess melt ;
Yet JACK himself but flies from care—
But why ? the Snail he would not melt !

QUIZ.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS
OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to
THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FEBRUARY, 1808,

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RACING CALENDAR

Embellished with—I, A striking Likeness of the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, beautifully engraved.—II, The Almond Tumbler, an excellent Engraving.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, FALL-MALL
J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND-PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET
AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS,

WE lament to say, that our Communications from the North did not arrive until within three or four days of the publication of our Magazine, when neither time nor room were left for their insertion. Stallions to Cover, Continuation of Winning Horses in 1807, &c. &c. shall all appear next month.

Our Correspondent, "*An Admirer and Constant Subscriber*," may, perhaps, have it in his power to furnish us with the Sentence of the Court-Martial on the Officer alluded to in his Letter: if not, we shall endeavour to obtain it from another quarter.

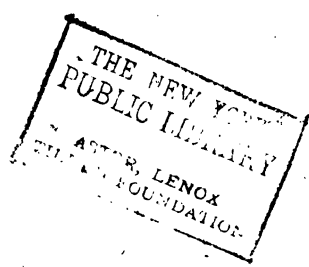
The Drawing from Haverfordwest is received, and shall be engraved.

We have not yet been able to gratify our Plymouth Correspondents, but hope, in the course of the ensuing month, this difficulty will be got over, and that, in the interval, they will be pleased with two *original* Hunting Songs in the present Number; viz. "*The Joys of the Chase*," and "*The Huntsman's Lamentation during a Storm*."

A. B. and several Old Correspondents, are not forgotten.

Erratum.—In the Betting at Tattersall's, in our Sporting Intelligence this Month, page 262, for "9 to 1 agst the Brother to Bustard," read, "9 to 1 agst the Sorcerer colt, out of David's dam."

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.





H.R. Cook sculp.

THE RIGHT HON^{BLE} the EARL of DERBY.

*Engraved for the Sporting Magazine.
by permission of W. F. P. Thompson.
from a fine Portrait painted by Gainstrough.*

Published Feb^y 1. 1808. by J. Whittle, Warwick Square.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
FOR FEBRUARY, 1808.

THE RIGHT HON.
THE EARL OF DERBY.

*Engraved for the Sporting Magazine by
Permission of Mr. J. P. Thompson, from
a fine Portrait painted by Gainsborough.*

IT certainly would have been gratifying to us, to be enabled *here* to give some particulars of the Noble Earl as a Sportsman, and with it a list of his stud, &c. These materials, however, as they are in part derived from a distant contributor, and other sources, must stand over for a future month—we hope not beyond the next.

It should be observed, that we touch on no part of the characters of Noblemen and Gentlemen whose portraits we give, except that which relates to their sporting transactions. Little pitiful biography of living characters is beneath the dignity of literature, and more especially so in cases where the living character is applied to, to write the history of himself!

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES
OF AMBROSIO.

*(Of which a most beautiful Engraving, by
Scott, from Stubbs, was given in our
last Magazine.)*

AMBROSIO, bred by John Lowther, Esq. and sold to Joseph Cookson, Esq. was got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam, Tulip, by

Damper; grandam by Eclipse; great grandam, Rarity, by Match'em; Snapdragon, by Snap; Regulus; Mr. Bartlett's Childers, out of an own sister to the two True-Blues.

At York Spring Meeting, 1796, Ambrosio won 50l. for three and four-year olds, beating Stately, Man-Friday, Golden-Locks, &c.—At York August Meeting, he won a Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. (five subscribers) beating Cardinal, &c. Ambrosio was sold to Mr. Cookson, and in the same Meeting he won a Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. (nine subscribers) beating Harry Rowe, Opposition, &c. At Doncaster, he won the St. Leger Stakes of 25gs. each, (fifteen subscribers) beating Cardinal, Rosolio, Orphan, Opposition, Harry Rowe, and Cecilia: 5 to 4 on Ambrosio.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1797, he won the first class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. (twelve subscribers) Ditch-in, beating Stickler, Gabriel, Play or Pay, &c.: 7 to 4 against Ambrosio. In the Second October Meeting, he received 100gs. from Gas; and in the Houghton Meeting, at 7st. 12lb. he beat Mr. Haworth's Lop, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. the last three miles of B. C. 200gs.: 11 to 10 on Ambrosio.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1798, Ambrosio, 8st. 6lb. won the third class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. (eight subscribers) Ditch-in, beating Stamford, 2 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.; Lilliput, aged,

aged, 8st. 12lb.; King John, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.; Hyperion, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. &c.: 13 to 8 against Stamford, and 5 to 2 against Ambrosio. In the First Spring Meeting, at 8st. 9lb. he won the Main of the Oatlands' Stakes of 100gs. each, Ditch-in, beating Stamford, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.; Stickler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.; and Sans Prendre, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.: 6 to 5 on Ambrosio. He also received 50gs. compromise from Spoliator.—On Tuesday, in the Second Spring Meeting, at 8st. 5lb. in a Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. D. C. he received forfeit from Oatlands, 8st. 5lb.; Stickler, 8st. 2lb.; Antæus, 7st. 13lb.; and Doubtful, 7st. 13lb.: Parisot, 7st. 5lb. was allowed to withdraw. On Thursday, he won the Jockey-Club Plate, B. C. beating St. George, Aimator, and Sentinel: 11 to 10 on Ambrosio. He also, in a Stakes with Diamond, received a compromise from Aimator and Spoliator. In the First October Meeting, he won a Stakes of 200gs. each, the first three miles of B. C. beating St. George and Aimator, both aged, 8st. each: 11 to 8 against Ambrosio. In the Second October Meeting, at 8st. 3lb. he beat Oatlands, (same age) 7st. 7lb.; Ditch-in, 200gs.: 5 to 2 on Ambrosio.

In the First Spring Meeting, 1799, *Ambrosio*, 8st. 3lb. won 50l. R. C. beating Johnny, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb., and Spoliator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.: 6 to 4 on Ambrosio. At York August Meeting, he won one of the Subscription Purses, four miles, beating Harry Rowe: 13 to 8 on Ambrosio. And at Doncaster, at 8st. 5lb. he beat Lord Fitzwilliam's Wonder, 7st. 16lb.: 6 to 4 on Ambrosio. This was the last time of his running.

In 1801, *Ambrosio* was a stallion

at Woburn, Bedfordshire, at 10gs. and 10s.6d.—He was afterwards sold to Thomas Haworth, Esq. of Barham-Lodge, Edgware, Middlesex, where he covers, at 10gs. and 10s.6d.

He is sire of Mr. Biggs's Rosario, the Hon. B. Craven's Frances, Mr. Crouch's Jewess, the Hon. C. Wyndham's bay colt, out of Tune-ful, &c.—Very few of his get have yet started.

Tulip (the dam of Ambrosio) was bred by Mr. Hale, and was a good runner. She was foaled in 1783, and her dam was bred by the late Lord Grosvenor, and was also the dam of Mr. Hale's Camel, by Mambrino; Icarus, by Justice; Nettle, Ruby, and Carrots, by Damper. *Tulip*, in 1787, won the King's Plate at Lincoln, beating Maria and Nymph: 3 to 1 on Maria. In 1789, she won the King's Plate at Warwick, beating Buffer, Gunpowder, Woodlark, and Attraction. She also won six 50l. Plates, beating the following horses, &c. Flavia, Braganza, Birch, Speculator, Clayhall, Roscius, Fortunio, Stripling, Valiant, Nina, and many other good runners. *Tulip* was a brood mare in Mr. J. Lowther's stud, and afterwards in Lord Grosvenor's.—She was also the dam of Mr. Wentworth's Augusta, by Highflyer; Roxana, by Sir Peter Teazle; of Lord Grosvenor's Daisy, by Buzzard; Tulipson, Plantagenet, and Tudor, by John Bull:—besides several others.

Damper, (sire of *Tulip*) was bred by the Duke of Grafton, and got by Spectator; his dam, Nancy, (sister to Rocket) by Blank; Crab, out of the Widdrington Mare, by Partner.—*Damper* won a King's Plate, a Subscription of 125gs., a Match of 100gs., and one of 150gs.; a 50gs. Plate, twenty 50l. Plates, and received two for-

feits

feits of 50gs. each.—He was, for length of day, and supporting the severity of running, the best plate horse of his time in the kingdom.

Rarity (grandam of Tulip) was also bred by Lord Grosvenor.—At Newmarket, in 1772, she beat Mr. Vernon's Langham, over B. C. for 600gs.—In 1773, she beat the Duke of Grafton's Promise, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. 500gs.—won a Sweepstakes of 300gs. B. C. beating Lord Ossory's Grace. She also beat Mr. Foley's Miller, 8st. each, B. C. 1000gs; and at 7st. 10lb. she beat Mr. Foley's Pumpkin, 8st. 5lb. B. C. 1000gs: 11 to 10 on Pumpkin. *Rarity* was the dam of Lord Grosvenor's Maid of the Oaks, Tar, Grantham, Balsham, Radish, and grandam of Midge, Euphrosyne, Thalia, &c.

Snapdragon, (the dam of *Rarity*) was bred by Jenison Shafto, Esq. and was also the dam of Paymaster, Gilkicker, Selima, Grey Robin, Crosspatch, Briar, &c.

The *Regulus Mare* (the dam of *Snapdragon*) was bred by Sir William Middleton, Bart. She was also the dam of Fribble, Havannah, Curiosity, Angelica, Chequino, Fair Rosamond, Cypher, &c.

The *Bartlett's Childers Mare*, (dam of the above *Regulus Mare*) was also the dam of Sir Wm. Middleton's Squirrel, Midge, Thwackum, Camilla, and Miss Belsea. Her dam, (own sister to the two *True Blues*) by Gen. Honeywood's White Arabian, out of a Mare, bred by Mr. Bowes, got by the Byerley Turk.

True-Blue (the elder) was bred by Mr. Honeywood, and at York, in 1716, won the King's Gold Cup, value 100gs. 12st. four-mile heats, beating easy Sir William Strickland's Chaunter, and three others. At York, in 1719, he won 40l. for

aged horses, 11st. four-mile heats, beating easy Mr. Darley's Aleppo, and Mr. Ascough's Castaway.—He also won the King's Plates at Nottingham, Lincoln, and Newmarket: likewise several other plates and prizes.—*True-Blue* ran against Chaunter for the Ladies' Plate at York in 1715, but was much out of condition, and ran with scoperills in him.

Young True-Blue (own brother to the above) won several Royal Plates and other prizes: he was an uncommon good runner. He was a stallion, and sire of Mr. Honeywood's Grey Mare that won the King's Plate at Newmarket in 1734, beating Lord Portmore's Ebony, Sir Arthur Hasleridge's Smockface, Mr. Witty's Belinda, Mr. Litten's Bald Peg, the Duke of Devonshire's Young Duchess, &c.—She was the dam of Lord Gower's Miss Vixen, by Fox-Cub, who won the King's Plate at Hambleton in 1742, and at Newmarket, in April, 1743.—*Young True-Blue* also got Marks-Hall, the Rumford Gelding, and the famous Miss Slammerkin, that bred Mr. Panton's Bustard; Lord Portmore's Othello and Oroonoko; Mr. Fenwick's Duchess; the Duke of Bridgewater's Conqueror, &c.—*Miss Slammerkin* was grandam of Victorious, Terrible, Traplin, &c. and great grandam of Bellario, Petruccio, &c. &c.

Mr. Honeywood's White Arabian was first the property of Sir John Williams, Bart. who sold him to Mr. Turner, of Suffolk, and who disposed of him to Mr. Honeywood. It was never known that the above Arabian ever covered any other bred Mare, except the dam of the Two *True-Blues*.

Ambrosio was an extraordinary good runner, and is one of the best-bred

bred stallions to get racers in the kingdom, which will appear on examination of his pedigree, that from the produce of every cross of his valuable blood, from the origin thereof, have sprung the most-esteemed Racers, Stallions, and Brood Mares.

DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c. &c.

IN our last Number, we inserted an account of the trial for *Crim. Con.* between the EARL of ELGIN and Mr. FERGUSON, which was brought in the Sheriff's Court, (the defendant having suffered judgment to go by default) when the plaintiff obtained a verdict for 10,000*l.*

The frequency of these violations of the laws of connubial honour, may render it necessary to offer a few remarks on the present occasion.—The late celebrated Lord Chesterfield has said, in one of his letters to his son, relating to the incontinency of his sister-in-law, Lady Stanhope, that the obligations of matrimony were more imperfectly understood in England, than in any other part of the world: how far that idea may be true, or carried to the literal extent of the declaration, we will not presume to say; but certainly there must be something radically wrong, in the principles of what is termed polite education, otherwise, how shall we account for this alarming recurrence of inroads upon the sacred obligations of moral honour; and those instances of matrimonial infidelity, which have almost ceased to create astonishment, by the celerity with

which they follow each other? It has appeared, in this case, as in too many others of a similar tendency, that Mr. Ferguson was the intimate friend of Lord Elgin.—He was introduced to the lady of the aggrieved Peer at Paris, when an intimacy ensued of the most confidential family character; and certainly the capital of France is not the precise place, where a discreet husband would encourage the advancement of such intimacies upon too wide a scale.—Young men, and young women, cannot be very often in the society of each other, without feeling those symptoms of undescribable attachment, in a greater or lesser degree, which may eventually lead to their mutual injury. It is not enough to say, that the imbibed, and acknowledged laws of duty, should on all occasions of this bearing have an influence sufficient to extinguish the first kindling of an unwarrantable passion. The force of nature is often too formidable for the force of these laws; hence arises the necessity of abridging these opportunities for private intercourse, in which the seeds of mutual destruction are insidiously introduced, by ways and means of which the parties themselves are not completely susceptible.

The statutes of England have wisely provided, that the damages awarded to the complaining husband shall be proportioned to his treatment of his wife: and we have seen, with satisfaction, that a marked line of demarcation has been drawn, between that man, who indirectly encouraged the improprieties of his lady, and those who fulfilled the delicate injunctions of the married state.—That person has but a limited basis for complaint, who yields up the society of his

his wife to other men, and makes his negligence of local protection, very frequently, open the door for the admission of a superseding sentiment.

An esteemed French author, the Abbe de Bellegarde, has written, in a small treatise, upon the necessity of maintaining female modesty inviolate, that too great an intimacy should not be admitted between the younger part of the sexes, even when they can merely correspond through the medium of the eyes.—
"Il y a une si grande correspondance entre les ressorts qui sont de mouvoir le cœur, & ceux qui sont de mouvoir le visage, que l'on peut juger par les dehors, de ce qui ce passe dans l'ame!"

As our felicity is so much interwoven with the maintenance of the genuine dignity of the female character, we cannot be otherwise than grieved, on beholding any dereliction from that delicacy, in the sex on which that dignity is established.—We do not believe that any additional importance has been annexed to our fair countrywomen, since they have assumed habits which approximate to masculine ideas. The custom of wearing round black hats, boots, and a Brutus wig, may be very *stylish*, but certainly they are not calculated to inspire the man with an increased reverence for their character: nor do they cast around their charms that enslaving radiance, which invariably results from the possession of innate modesty.

We have observed likewise, that the modes of flattery seem to increase, in proportion as their more honourable dominion decays: and the adulation of modern beaux, is directed more to their weaknesses than their understanding.—Those admirers who have a real respect

for the ladies, seldom trouble them with those unmeaning epithets of flattery, which should be disgusting to every sensible woman.—When a suitor advances towards his mistress, with a catalogue of hearts and darts, and calls her an angel and a divinity, she should instantly conclude that he was either a block-head or a villain, and that his intentions were not sound and noble: as the too common issue of all this *angelic nonsense* is, to delude innocence and beauty; to swell the offending records of Doctors' Commons, or fill our streets with the unhappy victims of prostitution.

W.

DR. Wm. Pitt Muston, Surgeon of the Royal South Lincoln Militia, has been removed from that regiment, by order of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, in consequence of his having addressed an anonymous letter to his Royal Highness, on the honourable acquittal of Lieutenant-Colonel Bromhead, of that regiment, by a court-martial lately holden at Hythe barracks.

A PARAGRAPH having appeared in several of the papers, that the Hon. General St. John had been tried by a court martial, and *broke*, is erroneous. The General has not been tried; but a Special Board of General Officers was appointed by his Majesty, to enquire into his conduct at the battle of Laswarree; the report of which Board being considered by the Commander in Chief as unfavourable, he has communicated to Gen. St. John, that it is not his Majesty's intention to appoint him to any military command.

HUNTING.

HUNTING.

To the Editors of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIRS,

PRESUMING you wish to collect every extraordinary circumstance that happens in the sporting world, I do not hesitate to trouble you with the following, hoping (should it meet your approbation) it will appear in your monthly publication, as I can vouch for the truth of it.

About a fortnight since, as *four couple* of hounds, belonging to P. Weller, Esq. of Buckland-house, in the north of Devonshire, were trying for a hare, they unkenneled a fine dog fox in some furze, very near Mr. W.'s house, which they ran uncommonly sharp for about an hour and a half, when they came to a check; and while they were trying to regain the scent, a hare jumped up, and two couple of the hounds pursued her, but the others at that moment hitting off the fox, took a different direction, and after running him for full an hour and three quarters longer, ran into him and killed him handsomely, *above ground*, in the middle of a large field. About half an hour after Mr. Weller's servant had returned with the fox and his little pack, some people who had followed the other hounds came home with them and the hare, which they had killed, after a capital run of an hour and forty minutes; thus ended this day's extraordinary sport, much to the satisfaction of those who were eye witnesses of it.

In relating the above occurrence, I have endeavoured to be as brief as possible, well knowing that by particularising every cover the fox ran through, I should afford no amusement to the majority of your readers, who most probably are

wholly unacquainted with the part of the country in which he was run.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient servant.

A SPORTSMAN.

Barnstaple, Feb. 1, 1808.

DURING the present month, a fox broke cover before the hounds of Mr. Wilson, of Hawkeshead, Lancashire, and near that place, when, after a severe run of many miles, in the course of which the wily efforts of reynard to escape were prevented by the superior sagacity and excellence of the hounds, the fox had nearly attained his old retreat. He was, however, so hard pressed, that he leaped into an old coal-pit, where he was soon afterwards followed by two of the foremost hounds; a rope being procured, an intrepid collier consented to go down and learn the fate of poor reynard and the hounds. On his reaching the bottom, he found the fox and one of the hounds lying peaceably together, but the other killed by the fall. By the assistance of the hunters, the collier was hauled to the surface with the fox in one gripe, and the live dog in the other.

SINGLE-STICK PLAYING.

A Grand match of Single-stick Playing took place, at Benson, Somersetshire, on Wednesday, the 10th instant, between twelve competitors, the *Dons* of several counties, for three prizes; viz. a silver cup, value ten guineas, five guineas in money, and twenty yards of blue ribbands. After eight hours diversion, in which time there was constant play, the first prize was adjudged to George Dunn, from Devonshire; the second to Ram, of Gloucestershire; and the third to Weston, of Surrey.

STUD OF THE LATE EARL GROSVENOR.

Continued from page 191.

(Those marked [S.] were Stallions, and those [B.] were Brood Mares.)

Horses, &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
HAPHA- ZARD	Squirrel	Bonduca, by Bandy	1773
Jemima	Gimcrack	Eloisa, by Regulus	1773
B. Nimble	Goldfinder	Imogen, by Belford	1773
S. Pot8o's	Eclipse	Sportsmistress, by Sportsman, out of Goldenlocks, by Oroonoko, Crab, Partner	1773
Ranger	Match'em	Miss Cleveland, by Regulus	1773
Yellow Jack	Dux	Mr. Naylor's Sally, by Blank	1773
B. Bay Mare, Match'em		Barbara, by Snap, out of Miss Ver- dam of Dia- mond, &c.	1774
Crosspatch	Dux	Snapdragon, by Snap	1774
S. Justice	King Herod	Curiosity, by Snap	1774
B. Princess	Squirrel	Regulus, out of Wildair's dam, by Steady	1774
Random	Squirrel	Match'em Middleton, by Match'em	1774
Y. Knavestock	Knavestock	Sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon	1774
S. Adamant	King Herod	Seraphina, by Blank, Blaze	1775
Ch. Mare, dam Eclipse		Rarity, by Match'em	1775
of Tulip, &c.			
Friar	Cardinal Puff	Miss Ingram, by Regulus	1775
Mexican	Snap	Match'em Middleton, by Match'em	1775
B. Misfortune, Dux		Curiosity, by Snap	1775
dam of Buz- zard, &c.			
B. Muse	King Herod	Mr. Shepherd's Crab, out of Miss Meredith, by Cade	1775
B. Sting	King Herod	Florizel's dam, by Cygnet	1775
B. Bay Mare, Panglos		Riddle, by the Wolseley Barb	1776
dam of Small- bones, &c.			
B. Cowslip	King Herod	Sweetwilliam's dam, by Cade	1776
B. Cricket	King Herod	Sophia, by Blank, out of Lord Leigh's Diana, by Second	1776
Flamer	Eclipse	Merlton, by Snap	1776
B. Lucy	King Herod	Boreas, out of Fancy, by Goliah	1776
Medley	Gimcrack	Arminda, by Snap	1776
Russian	Match'em	Sweetbriar's Sister, by Syphon	1776
Sancho	King Herod	Dulcinea's dam, by Cade	1776
Trnth	Chemist	Flora, by Squirrel	1776
Whipcord	King Herod	Miss Ramsden, by Cade	1776

Horses', &c. Name.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
B. Bay Mare, Dux	Sister to Figurante, by Regulus		1777
dam of Tom Tit, &c.			
B. Bay Mare, Cardinal Puff ..	Tatler, grandam by Snip, Lord Go- dolphin's Arabian		1777
grandam of Dick Andrews			
Bramble	Sweetbriar	Miss Timms, by Match'em	1777
Chocolate	Sweetbriar	Bonduca, by Bandy	1777
Diadem	Sweetbriar	Snap, out of Sweetwilliam's dam ..	1777
B. Flyer	Sweetbriar	Squirrel, out of Goldfinder's dam ..	1777
S. Fortitude ..	King Herod ..	Snap, out of an own Sister to Young Cade, by Cade	1777
Geneva	Snap	Swiss, out of Dulcinea's dam	1777
King William ..	King Herod ..	Madcap, by Snap	1777
B. Marigold ..	King Herod ..	Toy, (Sister to Pacolet) by Blank ..	1777
B. Sincerity ..	Match'em	Papillon, by Snap	1777
B. Thetis	Chemist	Curiosity, by Snap	1777
B. Bay Mare, Dux	Sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon ..		1778
(the dam of Cuckoo, &c.)			
Blush	Chemist	Tatler, Snip, Lord Godolphin's Ara- bian	1778
Cauliflower ..	King Herod ..	Marianne, by Squirrel	1778
B. Ches. Mare, Sweetbriar ...	Rarity, by Match'em		1778
dam of Eu- phrosyne, &c.			
Dancer	Sweetbriar	Chrysolite, out of Angelica, by Snap ..	1778
B. Dido	Eclipse	Javelin and Anna's dam, by Spec- tator	1778
Dorilas	Florizel	Highflyer's dam, by Blank	1778
B. Faith	King Herod ..	Curiosity, by Snap	1778
B. Medea	Sweetbriar	Angelica, by Snap	1778
Miss Harvey ..	Gimcrack	Arminda, by Snap	1778
Regent	Protector	Squirrel, out of Goldfinder's dam ..	1778
Smart	Belford	Lucretia, by Locust	1778
B. Temperance	Dux	Sister to Sally, by Blank	1778
B. Bay Mare, Sweetwilliam ..	Middlesex, by Snap		1779
dam of Pro- digal, &c.			
B. Ceres	Sweetwilliam ..	Squirrel, out of Goldfinder's dam ..	1779
B. Latona	King Herod ..	Calypso, by Match'em	1779
Mademoiselle	Sweetbriar ..	Blush's dam, by Tatler	1779
Theodore			
Oliver Crom- well	Protector	Flippanta, (Sister to Gnawpost) by Snap, out of Miss Cranbourne, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1779
S. Racer	Sweetbriar	Elfrida, by Snap	1779
Sweet Robin ..	Sweetbriar	Bonduca, by Bandy	1779

B. Kantippe

Steeple, &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
B. Xantippe..	Eclipse	Grecian Princess, by Mr. Cornforth's Forester	1779
B. Armida ..	Sweetbriar....	Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel	1780
S. Balance....	King Herod..	Curiosity, by Snap	1780
B. Bonduca ..	Justice	Bonduca, by Bandy	1780
Cypher	Protector	Cypher, by Squirrel	1780
Furioso	Marc Antony ..	Harpy, by Snap, Regulus	1780
B. Maid of the Oaks	King Herod..	Rarity, by Matchem	1780
Angelo	Sweetbriar ..	Merlton, by Snap	1781
Camel	Mambrino....	Eclipse, out of Rarity, by Match'em	1781
Carlo Khan ..	Mambrino....	Pigeon, by Match'em	1781
Du-Thé	Sweetbriar ..	Bonduca, by Bandy	1781
B. Editha....	King Herod..	Elfrida, by Snap	1781
Exciseman ..	Sweetbriar ..	Ursula, by Snap	1781
B. Lady Tea-zle	Highflyer....	Papillon, (Sir Peter Teazle's dam) by Snap	1781
B. Laveret ..	Florizel.....	Maiden, by Match'em	1781
B. Premier ..	Sweetbriar ..	Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel	1781
Tar	Justice	Rarity, by Match'em	1781
S. Alexander..	Eclipse	Grecian Princess (Xantippe's dam) by Mr. Cornforth's Forester, the Coalition Colt, Bustard, out of Lord Leigh's Charming Diana, by Second	1782
B. Anna	Eclipse	Javelin and Dido's dam, by Spectator, Blank, out of Lord Leigh's Diana, by Second	1782
B. Blossom ..	Protector	Flora, by Squirrel	1782
Circus	Sweetbriar ..	Fair Rosamond, by Mr. Shafto's Hunter	1782
B. Fairy	Highflyer....	Fairy Queen, by Young Cade, out of Mr. Routh's Blackeyes, by Crab	1782
Grantham....	Mambrino....	Rarity, by Match'em	1782
Jaffier	Eclipse	Spectator	1782
Inca	Highflyer....	Jemima, (Sister to Mexico) by Snap	1782
Le Boo	Sweetbriar ..	Curiosity, by Snap	1782
Polyanthus ..	Sweetwilliam ..	Marianne, by Squirrel	1782
Roundelay ..	Justice	Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel	1782
B. Shepherdess	Justice	Snap, out of Sweetwilliam's dam	1782
B. Stargazer..	Highflyer....	Miss West, by Match'em	1782
B. Trifle	Justice	Cypher, by Squirrel	1782
Vulcan	Justice	Sister to Figurante, by Regulus	1782
B. Winnifred ..	Justice	Florizel's dam, by Cygnet	1782
Balsham	Sweetwilliam ..	Rarity, by Match'em	1782
B. Honeyuckle ..	Sweetwilliam ..	Marigold, by King Herod	1783
B. Isabella ...	Eclipse	Squirrel, out of Ancaster Nancy, (sister to Ancaster) by Blank	1784
B. Marcella...	Mambrino ..	Medea, by Sweetbriar	1783

Horses', &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year Bred in.
S. Meteor....	Eclipse.....	Merlin, out of Mother Pratt, Marksman, Mixbury.....	1783
Mirmillo....	Eclipse.....	Blank, out of Grey Snip, by Snip.....	1783
B. Rosaline...	Mambrino....	Fair Rosamond, by Mr. Shafto's Hunter.....	1783
Savage.....	Sweetbriar....	Sister to Figurante, by Regulus.....	1783
B. Spinner...	Eclipse.....	Cricketer, by King Herod.....	1783
B. Tulip.....	Damper.....	Eclipse, out of Rarity, by Match'em.....	1783
Wheatsheaf..	Sweetwilliam..	Squirrel, out of Goldfinder's dam.....	1783
B. Brighton	Mambrino....	Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel.....	1784
Belle			
Bubble.....	Highflyer....	Boreas, out of Fancy, by Goliath.....	1784
Chaperon....	Sweetbriar....	King Herod.....	1784
Coquette....	Mambrino....	Curiosity, by Snap.....	1784
Flying Ben...	Highflyer....	Marianne, by Squirrel.....	1784
Gayman.....	Sweetbriar....	Lucretia, by Locust.....	1784
S. Mentor....	Justice.....	Sweetbriar's dam, by Shakespeare.....	1784
B. Nelly.....	Postmaster....	Rosebud, by Snap, out of Miss Belsea, by Regulus.....	1784
B. Nimble...	Florizel.....	Rantipole, by Blank, out of Joan, (sister to Careless) by Regulus.....	1784
B. Nina.....	Eclipse.....	Pomona, by King Herod, out of Caroline, by Snap, Regulus.....	1784
Stingo.....	Garrick.....	Sting, by King Herod.....	1784
Sunflower....	Sweetbriar....	Marigold, by King Herod.....	1784
Trifle.....	Bourdeaux....	Cypher, by Squirrel.....	1784
Whitelegs....	Justice.....	Sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon.....	1784
B. Zara.....	Eclipse.....	Isabella's dam, by Squirrel.....	1784
Amades.....	Mambrino....	Flyer, by Sweetbriar.....	1785
S. Aurelius..	Eclipse.....	Blank, out of Bay Snip, by Snip.....	1785
Hidalgo.....	Eclipse.....	Gossamer, by King Herod.....	1785
Rarity.....	Mambrino....	Rarity, by Match'em.....	1785
Squeak.....	Eclipse.....	Meteor's dam, by Merlin.....	1785
Turnip.....	Pot8o's.....	Crosspatch, by Dux.....	1785
B. Violet....	Eclipse.....	Cricketer, by King Herod.....	1785
B. Camilla...	Highflyer....	Sister to Clothier, by Match'em.....	1786
Dimple.....	Mambrino....	Elfrida, by Snap.....	1786
Egbert.....	Mambrino....	Editha, by King Herod.....	1786
B. Esther....	Highflyer....	Escape's dam, by Squirrel.....	1786
Fortitude....	Fortitude....	Medea, by Sweetbriar.....	1786
B. Grey Gawk	Mambrino....	Giantess, by Match'em.....	1786
key			
Maid of All Work	Highflyer....	Sister to Tandem, by Syphon.....	1786
B. Olivia....	Justice.....	Cypher, by Squirrel.....	1786
B. Parsley...	Pot8o's.....	Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel.....	1786
Pickle.....	Highflyer....	Mopsqueezer, by Match'em.....	1786
B. Psyché....	Justice.....	Miriam, by Snap, out of Miss Cape, by Regulus.....	1786
			Skylark

Names, &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
Skylark	Highflyer	Lord Chedworth's Snap	1786
Skyrocket	Highflyer	Sister to Juniper, by Snap	1786
Victory	Fortitude	Sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon	1786
Æacus	Justice	Miss Skeggs, by Match'em	1787
Alderman	Pot8o's	Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel	1787
S. Asparagus	Pot8o's	Justice, out of Marianne, by Squirrel	1787
B. Emmeline	Justice	Elfrida, by Snap	1787
Flea	Pot8o's	Miriam, by Snap	1787
Hopeless	Florizel	Fidget's dam, by Match'em	1787
B. Kiss-my-Lady	Highflyer	Crop's dam, by the Coombe Arabian	1787
B. Missletoe	Pot8o's	Maid of the Oaks, by King Herod	1787
B. Radish	Pot8o's	Rarity, by Match'em	1787
Rhadamanthus	Justice	Flyer, by Sweetbriar	1787
Turniptop	Pot8o's	Crosspatch, by Dux	1787
B. Astarte	Protector	Sister to Flyer, by Sweetbriar	1788
B. Astrea	Justice	Sister to Sweetbriar, by Syphon	1788
Colchis	Fortitude	Medea, by Sweetbriar	1788
B. Florella	Justice	Flyer, by Sweetbriar	1788
Gumcistus	Pot8o's	Elfrida, by Snap	1788
B. Irene	Woodpecker	Zara's dam, by Squirrel	1788
B. Sylph	Saltram	Sting, by King Herod	1788
Wagtail	Woodpecker	Papillon, by Snap	1788
B. Xenia	Challenger	Xantippe, by Eclipse	1788
B. Buldface	Highflyer	Impudence, by Eclipse	1789
Brobdignag	Highflyer	Cypher, by Squirrel	1789
Chayenne	Pot8o's	Sting, by King Herod	1789
Cligwell	Pot8o's	Asparagus's dam, by Justice	1789
Crab	Highflyer	Mopsqueezer, by Match'em	1789
Cynthus	Pot8o's	Latona, by King Herod	1789
S. John Bull	Fortitude	Xantippe, by Eclipse	1789
Pyracmon	Anvil	Eclipse, out of Imperator's dam	1789
Tidy	Highflyer	Eclipse, Blank	1789
B. Volantè	Highflyer	Fanny, (sister to King Fergus) by Eclipse, out of Mr. Tuting's Polly, by Othello; Fanny, by Tartar	1789
Whim	Pot8o's	Winnifred, by Justice	1789
B. Bay Mare, (dam of Alonzo, &c.)	Highflyer	Escape's dam, by Highflyer	1790
B. Celia	Volunteer	Highflyer, out of Giantess, by Match'em	1790
Doricles	Pot8o's	Perdita, by King Herod	1790
Druid	Pot8o's	Maid of the Oaks, by King Herod	1790
Edwin	Pot8o's	Editha, by King Herod	1790
Guy	Pot8o's	Warwick, out of Meteor's dam	1790
Lilliput	Pot8o's	Leveret, by Florizel	1790
S. Nobleman	Highflyer	Crop's dam, by the Coombe Arabian	1790
B. Peggy Bull	Fortitude	Xantippe, by Eclipse	1790

Triptolemus

Stunts, &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled.
Triptolemus ..	Pot8o's	Ceres, by Sweetwilliam	1790
Vesper	Pot8o's	Meteor's dam, by Merlin	1790
Warwick	Pot8o's	Hardwick's dam, by King Herod ..	1790
Capricum	Pot8o's	Sting, by King Herod	1791
Dædalus	Justice	Flyer, by Sweetbriar	1791
Faunus	Pot8o's	Mambrino, out of Marigold, by King Herod	1791
B. Ibis	Woodpecker ..	Isabella, by Eclipse	1791
B. Jenny Bull ..	Justice	Xantippe, by Eclipse	1791
Joker	Highflyer	Smallbones, by Justice	1791
Oliver	Pot8o's	Olivia, by Justice	1791
Shuter	Sir Peter Teazle	Zelia, by Eclipse	1791
B. Ariadne	Justice	Anna, by Eclipse	1792
S. Bedford	Dungannon ..	Fairy, by Highflyer	1792
Confidence	Pot8o's	Emmeline, by Justice	1792
Herrnit	Pot8o's	Maid of the Oaks, by King Herod ..	1792
B. Ivy	Woodpecker ..	Trentham, out of Cunegonde, by Blank	1792
Old Port	Pot8o's	Leveret, by Florizel	1792
Prince Charles ..	Highflyer	Mopsqueezer, by Match'em	1792
Roland	Pot8o's	Olivia, by Justice	1792
S. Speculator ..	Highflyer	Medea, by Sweetbriar	1792
True-Blue	Trumpator ..	Sister to Postmaster, by King Herod, Snap	1792
Yorkshire Bite ..	Pot8o's	Sting, by King Herod	1792
Amicus	Alexander	Nimble, by Florizel	1793
Astronomer	Pot8o's	Stargazer, by Highflyer	1793
Bay Mare, dam ..	Alexander	Dux, out of Folly, by Blank	1793
of Stockton, &c.			
Golden Dab	Pot8o's	Purity, by Match'em	1793
Hard-Apple	Pot8o's	Astarte, by Protector	1793
Madam Cordé	Meteor	Medea, by Sweetbriar	1793
Plumette	Meteor	Sister to Clothier, by Match'em ..	1793
Presumption	Justice	Princess, by Squirrel	1793
Æschylus	Meteor	Maid of the Oaks, by King Herod ..	1794
Brontes	Justice	Eclipse, out of Emperor's dam ..	1794
Foxhunter	Meteor	Ceres, by Sweetwilliam	1794
Henrietta	Sir Peter Teazle	Matron, by Alfred	1794
I-see-you	Alexander	Missletree, by Pot8o's	1794
Lottery	Justice	Sister to Shipton, by Alfred	1794
Miss Teazle	Meteor	Lady Teazle, by Highflyer	1794
Molly Mog	Meteor	Olivia, by Justice	1794
Moonshine	Meteor	Muse, by King Herod	1794
B. Nike	Alexander	Nimble, by Florizel	1794
S. Admiral Nelson	John Bull	Olivia, by Justice	1795
Caper	Meteor	Fairy, by Highflyer	1795
Concave	Asparagus	Nimble, by Florizel	1795

Stables, &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
Florist	John Bull	Florella, by Justice	1795
B. Lady Bull	John Bull	Isabella, by Eclipse	1795
Sabrina	John Bull	Sister to Shipton, by Alfred	1795
S. Schedoni	Pot8o's	Esther, by Highflyer	1795
Trifle	Pot8o's	Trifle, by Justice	1795
S. Worthy	Pot8o's	Maria, by King Herod; Lisette, by Snap, out of Miss Windsor, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	1795
Alfred	John Bull	Cypher, by Squirrel	1796
Bellina	Rockingham	Anna, by Eclipse	1796
Biburina	Meteor	Olivia, by Justice	1796
Bonnylass	Pot8o's	Stargazer, by Highflyer	1796
Canterbury	Pot8o's	Sister to Shipton, by Alfred	1796
Doctor O'Lif-fey	Pot8o's	King Herod, out of Monimia, by Match'em	1796
Flemish	Asparagus	Emmaline, by Justice	1796
Little - Boy - Blue	Asparagus	Lady Teazle, by Highflyer	1796
Montoni	Buzzard	Peggy Bull, by Fortitude	1796
Nanette	John Bull	Nimble, by Florizel	1796
Popgun	Meteor	Leveret, by Florizel	1796
Socrates	Buzzard	Xantippe, by Eclipse	1796
Tripit	Pot8o's	Fairy, by Highflyer	1796
Young Justice	Justice	Dido, by Eclipse	1796
Fortitude	John Bull	Trifle, by Justice	1797
Gazer	John Bull	Stargazer, by Highflyer	1797
Georgiana	John Bull	Missletoe, by Pot8o's	1797
Jack - a - Lan-tern	Meteor	Sister to Shipton, by Alfred	1797
Quick	John Bull	Nimble, by Florizel	1797
Scrub, alias Obi	Pot8o's	Maid of all Work, by Highflyer	1797
S. Alexander the Great	Alexander	Fairy, by Highflyer	1798
Daisy	Buzzard	Tulip, by Damper	1798
S. King Priam	Alexander	Cowslip, by Highflyer	1798
Matthew	John Bull	Maid of all Work, by Highflyer	1798
Muly Moloch	John Bull	Missletoe, by Pot8o's	1798
Pyrrhus	Alexander	Trifle, by Justice	1798
S. Squire Tea-zle	Mr. Teazle	Sister to Shipton, by Alfred	1798
Toy	Asparagus	Kiss-my-Lady, by Highflyer	1798
S. Teddy the Grinder	Asparagus	Stargazer, by Highflyer	1798
Wilkes	Sir Peter Tea-zle	Nina, by Eclipse	1798
Astronomy	John Bull	Stargazer, by Highflyer	1799
S. Hercules	Alexander	Cowslip, by Highflyer	1799
Hind	Sir Peter Tea-zle	Paulina, by Florizel	1799

Horses, &c. Names.	Got by.	Dams, and what got by.	Year foaled in.
Margery	John Bull....	Maid of all Work, by Highflyer.....	1799
Minima	Trumpator	Nikè, by Alexander	1799
Northampton	John Bull....	Anna, by Eclipse	1799
S. Baron Bull	John Bull....	Isabella, by Eclipse	1800
Buss	John Bull....	Kiss-my-Lady, by Highflyer	1800
S. Casario	John Bull....	Olivia, by Justice	1800
Great Britain	John Bull....	Dido, by Eclipse	1800
Jack - of - All- Trades	John Bull....	Maid of all Work, by Highflyer ..	1800
Montalto	John Bull....	Nikè, by Alexander	1800
Nettle	Sir Peter Teazle	Nimble, by Florizel	1800
Nutmeg	John Bull....	Esther, by Highflyer	1800
Tulipson	John Bull....	Tulip, by Damper	1800
Adela	Sir Peter Teazle	Sister to Shipton, by Alfred	1801
Agincourt	John Bull....	Anna, by Eclipse	1801
Bagatelle	Sir Peter Teazle	Trifle, by Justice	1801
Enterprise	John Bull....	Stargazer, by Highflyer	1801
Frank	John Bull....	Leveret, by Florizel	1801
Mony Musk	John Bull....	Maid of all Work, by Highflyer ..	1801
Vandal	John Bull....	Dido, by Eclipse	1801
Viola	John Bull....	Olivia, by Justice	1801
Goth	Sir Peter Teazle	Nimble, by Florizel	1802
Jasper	Sir Peter Teazle	Celia, by Volunteer	1802
Iris	Sir Peter Teazle	Isabella, by Eclipse	1802
Knight Errant	Sir Peter Teazle	Peggy Bull, by Fortitude	1802
Meteora	Meteor	Maid of all Work, by Highflyer	1802
Plantagenet	John Bull....	Tulip, by Damper	1802
Violante	John Bull....	Sister to Skyscraper, by Highflyer, out of Everlasting, by Eclipse ..	1802

Besides the above, Lord Grosvenor was owner and breeder of an unaccountable number of blood horses, &c. many of whom were trained and raced, but the greater part thereof had no particular name given to them, and from whom his Lordship selected his hunters, hacks, &c. and disposed of the remainder.

The following were Stallions in Lord Grosvenor's Stud; viz.

Bandy	Dux	Sweetbriar	Alexander
Trajan	Chemist	Cardinal Puff	Meteor
Tripod	Protector	Mambrino	Asparagus
Wolsley Barb	Gimcrack	Justice	John Bull
Belford	Grosvenor Ara-	Pot&o's	Racer
Panglos	bian	Fortitude	Casario
Boreas	Sweetwilliam	Balance	&c. &c.

* * * The other horses marked S, were either sold before or after racing to various gentlemen, and covered in different parts of the kingdom.—Several were sold into Ireland, America, France, Russia, Germany, &c. &c.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT

OF

A FAMOUS EAST-INDIAN HORSE.

THIS horse, called *King David*, was originally purchased, (when aged) in 1797, at Bussorah, for the trifling sum of seventy rupees; he was a grey Arab, fourteen hands and one inch and a half high; he was of the common cast of horses that carry panniers of dates, and was sent to Bombay with several others for sale; he passed through the hands of several gentlemen, none of whom liked him, being in general a cross-made, heavy, ugly-looking horse. Mr. Shubrick at length purchased him for three hundred rupees; and on the institution of the first Bombay races, he entered him merely to make up one for the aged plate of eight hundred rupees, with little hope of his even saving his distance. He started for this plate, January the 12th, 1798, with three others, viz. a grey Arab horse of Mr. Harding's (*Scandal*); an Egyptian mare of Capt. Cooke's (*Bathsheba*); and a black horse of Sir Charles Mullet's (*Quiz*). He won with great ease, distancing *Scandal* and *Bathsheba* the first heat; the black horse (*Quiz*) was beat hollow the second heat; high odds were against David, and in favour of *Scandal* and *Bathsheba*.

On the 12th of February following, he ran a match for 10,000 rupees, with a famous Arab horse, called *Antelope*, the property of Captain Charles Meats of Surat, brought down it was supposed for the express purpose of beating David; he was acknowledged to be the fleetest horse that ever was remembered at Surat by the oldest native, and the gentlemen of that station positively asserted, that on

trial he ran a mile within the minute. This was a race at score all round; King David took the lead at starting, and kept it, winning by about three lengths.

Immediately after beating this Surat horse, King David became the property of Major Hawkes, under whose care he improved very much.

At the second Bombay races, Dec. 21st, 1798, he again started for the aged plate, against his former competitor, *Antelope*; Capt. Comyns's Portfire, who won the colt plate the last season; Mr. Grant's Arab horse, *Highlander*; and Mr. Hewitson's bay Arab, *King George*. *Antelope* was by much the favourite, the bets being 5 to 3 that he beat David, and 5 to 4 that he won the plate; his being beat the season before being attributed to his having landed out of a boat, on his passage from Surat, the day before he ran. To the astonishment of all present, King David won with the greatest ease, and it was generally supposed, had he been pushed, could have distanced the whole the first heat.

On January the 14th, 1799, King David, at Madras races, won the plate of 100l. beating Mr. Gallimore's *Polly*; Capt. Bird's *Johnny*; and Lieut. Hacket's *Chester*, with great ease; and on the 19th, he won the Handicap Purse of fifty pagodas, beating Major Newton's *Swiftsure*, and Mr. Heafke's *Carnatic Charles*.

After this, in 1800, he won at Bombay three several matches, beating *Brown Bess*, *Dragon*, and the famous mare *Arabella*; he never carried less than 10st. 3lb. but being known for his extraordinary speed and bottom, no horse would start against him, and his fame was established as the *Eclipse*.

G g of

of India. He was afterwards kept by Major Hawkes as a stallion, but never produced any get. He died at Bombay, June the 7th, 1805, aged about 16 years.

ON FASHIONABLE SPORTS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Am one of those old-fashioned people in the world who are not apt to take up common opinions, or to become a willing party to prejudice. This selfishness of the understanding has been, however, a great protection to me on many occasions, and has given me a stubborn habit of forming my own judgment on any subject that might occur.

It has, Sir, been this my independent consideration of the ways and manners of men, which has occasioned me to notice very lately the hue and cry raised against the fashionable sports of the day, such as running horses against time, trotting ponies, boxing matches, walking matches, hopping matches, &c. Now, Sir, one would really imagine, from the violent invectives of the prints and publications, particularly the first of the above-mentioned sports, "running horses to death," that the writers of these articles were of the *Hindoo* persuasion, whose religion forbids them to murder any thing; and which dangerous sentiment might, if suffered, be succeeded by an innovation of temperance and charity that would, in time, extend to deprive us of the choicest luxuries and enjoyments of life; to banish meats from our tables, made white by the

cruelty of the experiment; and of turtle kept alive with difficulty, for the sake of callipash, callipee, and green fat. These fastidious gentlemen seem to forget, that all creation were made for our use, which they, perhaps, would ill-naturedly denominate *mis-use*.

Now, Sir, nothing can be more ungentlemanly than such wanton severity against our national sports: and it is both uncivil and unjust to accuse us of cruelty to our animals. Do we not take especial care to give our horses a feed of corn extraordinary when we are going a journey, lest they might knock up on the road, and leave us to go the rest of the road on foot? Does not the driver of a waggon take particular care, while he chastises his animal severely, that he may not lame him with the blows, lest he should lose his services? and does the owner of a favourite horse or a racer allow his beast to die at the winning post, unless it may be to secure the bets? No; there is a fine commercial spirit about an Englishman, that will not permit any thing to be lost or destroyed that can be useful to him, or that can fetch him a sixpence.

Besides, in addition to this, is not the same sentiment extended to man? who have more consideration than our people of rank and fashion? Will a *great* man ever forsake you while he can make use of you? and will he ever *cease* making you *promises* while you can continue to please him with *performances*? Will a man of higher rank than yourself ever find out that you are not fit company for him at your *own* well-furnished table? and will a modern friend ever forsake you while you've got a guinea? No, Sir; this is truly a nation of arithmeticians:

ticians: and so used are they to balances in their *own* favour, that no one could ever fail in this happy country, did they not sometimes, in their mutual and reciprocal struggles, pull each other to pieces.

But to return to the particular subject of my letter, "running horses against time," &c. I cannot help noticing another very unreasonable, and, as I believe, a very idle objection of these critics against the sport, that it is shameful for any gentleman to drive his beast so hard, just as if they were not the property of the owner, and subject to such *wear* and *tear* as he the lord and owner may choose. — They would, it seems, fain put us on a level with *brutes*, as the author seems to imply who calls them "joint tenants of the shade." I must, nevertheless, confess that it appears to me something remarkable that men of rank and fashion should be so fond of *driving*, when they themselves are so frequently *driven* in various ways, such as expedients to pass time, borrow money, to get bail, &c. &c. and they have such an habitual dislike to be *spurred* on by an attorney to pay their just debts, or to be *goaded* by a law-suit.

In hopes, Sir, that this epistle may have its proper effect on these censors of our manners, I remain, your humble servant,

OLIVER OLD-MODE.

Old-street Road,
New-Year's Day, 1808.

SPECULATIVE GAMBLING.

IN the present era, when trading companies of all descriptions are so strenuously and *affectionately* advertised for the good of the pub-

lic, it may not be unnecessary to revert to the great South-Sea scheme, in 1720, particularly as there are a great number of people, who, though they may not have *sense* enough to take *advice*, may have *feeling* enough to take *warning*.

The inundation of imaginary wealth was such at this period, that luxuries of every kind poured in upon the nation, like a mountain flood, in eating, drinking, apparel, gaming, &c. &c.

'Change-alley was more like a fair crowded with people than a mart of exchange, as were all the avenues leading to it. On busy days, it was the greatest favour to get a transfer done; and frequently, in giving the sum to be bought or sold, a twenty-pound Bank-note was given at the same time, lest the difference of a day might make 100 per cent. It is said there was a little hump-backed man, who, seeing this *mania*, made his fortune by lending his back, as a desk, to make transfers on, to those who could not afford time to run to the coffee-houses.

All questions of public news were absorbed in asking the price of South-Sea stock: it was the first question asked when any two met together at either end of the town, nor was it confined to the metropolis, but flew all over England.

Three hundred millions of pounds were raised by this bubble; and so eager were the general ranks of people to subscribe, that the permits in embryo sold for treble the intended price; but at length the bubble burst, and thousands of families were reduced from opulence to beggary!

In short, such was the rage for all species of gaming and adventuring, which this South-Sea scheme produced, that it nourished a

swarm of sharpers and schemers, who were daily working on the passions of the people for their destruction, as will more particularly appear in the following selection from a number of petitioners for patents to the then Lords Justices (the King being then at Hanover), for raising money upon joint stock and trading companies:—

For inoffensively emptying bog-houses.

For making butter from beech-trees.

For assuring of maidenheads.

For transmuting all metals into gold.

For making deal boards of sawdust.

For japanning shoes.

For trading in Spanish padlocks.

A scheme to learn wise men to cast nativities, &c. &c. &c. !!!

Your's, &c.

ANTI BUBBLE-BLOWER.

January 1, 1808.

ABOLITION

OF THE

ANCIENT OFFICE OF COMMON HUNT,

By the Corporation of the City of London.

THIS Office having been abolished lately, it may not be uninteresting to shew its antiquity, and how connected with the ancient right of chase, as formerly possessed by the Citizens of London.

When the question was agitated in the Court of Common Council lately, it was said by a member, that the office was as *necessary* as that of the Recorder: it certainly, however, was not meant to be urged by the member alluded to, that the office was either as *useful*

or *important* as that of the Recorder, but that it was as necessary, in order to preserve the ancient rights and privileges of the citizens of London. That the office of Common Hunt was nearly a sinecure will be admitted; but perhaps some future Lord Mayor may wish for a pack of hounds and a huntsman, and prefer the manly exercise of the chase to the *petit* amusement of swan-hopping upon the Thames.

The Law Officers of the City; viz. the Recorder, Common Serjeant, and senior Counsel, being called upon for their opinion, they, after stating generally that *the abolition of any Office of high antiquity in a Corporation is a measure that ought not to be adopted without the greatest and most mature consideration*, proceed as follows:—

“The right of chase in the royal forests was a privilege possessed by the city of London beyond time of memory, and recognised and confirmed by repeated charters, and was the highest and noblest distinction that a subject could possibly enjoy. The office of Common Hunt can be traced back on the records of this city to the reign of Richard the Second, and is there mentioned as an ancient well-known office, which affords probable evidence that it was coeval with the franchise itself. The change which has taken place in the manners of the country, and the abolition of the royal forests, have very much lessened the value of this once high privilege of the right of chase. But the permanency of the office of Common Hunt, is indisputable evidence of the exercise and enjoyment of a franchise, which marks, more than any thing else can do, the great pre-eminence and high rank held by

by the city of London in times of the remotest antiquity, and renders it impossible ever to draw that important matter into question. The household of the Lord Mayor was formed in close resemblance to that of the Sovereign, for the purpose of maintaining the state and dignity of the first city in the empire. The household establishment of the Sovereign contained in it an officer to mark out peculiarly his prerogative of chase, of which the Sovereigns of old were more proud and jealous than of any other branch of their prerogative. That officer was the Grand Falconer; and though the pursuit of game by the mode of hawking has been in disuse for a century past, this office is still retained in the royal establishment, is an office of very high dignity, and filled by one of the first Peers in the realm, the Duke of Saint Alban's. The Sovereign has other inferior officers of his prerogative of the chase, as the Master of the Buck-Hounds and others, which it would be needless to mention. The office of Common Hunt is the only badge of participation in this high prerogative, that exists in the state of the city of London, as represented in the household establishment of their Chief Magistrate. On account of the great estimation in which the right of chase was held, the Common Hunt took place as the second Esquire of the Lord Mayor's Household.

"To take from the establishment of the Chief Magistrate an Officer who ranks so high in it; and to blot out from the state of the city this type and badge of the very exalted dignity and privilege possessed by it in the remotest days of antiquity, though within the legal powers of the Court of

Common Council to effect, might, as we humbly submit to their consideration, be highly inexpedient.

Signed)

"JOHN SILVESTER.

"NEWMAN KNOWLYS.

"JOHN VAILLANT.

"*Chancery-Lane, July 9, 1807.*"

INDIAN SPORTS.

FROM HARRIOT'S STRUGGLES THROUGH LIFE.

Mode of Tiger-Shooting.

SOME of the natives will go singly into the most unfrequented wild part of the hills, and remain for two or three days, in the hope of killing a tiger, for the sake of his skin. As their method of proceeding seemed curious to me, the relation may be so to others.

They fix on a tree in a likely situation, whose branches are high, and convenient enough for them to build what they call a man's nest, which is nothing more than a number of sticks and boughs interwoven among the branches, big enough to lie along upon, and high enough to be out of the spring of a tiger. To this they go in the day-time, carrying boiled rice and water sufficient for the time proposed to watch for the chance of a tiger's passing near enough to fire at with a matchlock gun. The principal danger is in passing to and from their nest, which will serve them for a long time. I have, in some situations, seen two of these nests built near enough, though on different trees, to see, converse with, and aid each other; but they commonly remain perfectly silent the whole time of watching.

Tiger.

Tiger-Shooting by Europeans.

Tiger-shooting may seem hazardous, but, as far as I have seen or known concerning it, there is not much sport, and little or no hazard. Along the skirts of woody hills, where tigers are supposed to haunt, there are commonly ruins of old stone buildings to be found, nearly overgrown, and hid by trees and underwood: the parties going on such exploits provide a kid or goat, and fasten it to a bush in good view of the ruin, on the top of which they secure and hide themselves when evening approaches. The poor animal thus tied, soon begins to bleat loud enough to attract the notice of any tiger that is within a reasonable distance. It requires a good look-out on every side to watch a tiger's approach, as he creeps along slow and close: when discovered, the musquets are pointed, and follow his motions, until the captain of the party gives the word *fire*. The most favourable moment is, when the tiger crouches to make his spring at the goat. It is usual likewise to have other musquets ready loaded, carried by Sepoys, in case the first fire should not kill the beast.

Hunting the Wild Boar.

Hunting the wild boar is far more preferable than tiger-shooting, requiring both courage and address. There are dogs in India well calculated for this diversion. It is requisite to be out early in the morning, that you may ride to the ground where you expect to find one before day-light. Before these animals retire to their haunts within the woods, they resort to some favourite watering place to lave and drink; the huntsman's aim is to intercept them on their return to the wood.

When found, the dogs are slipped, and the animal, aware of his danger, attempts to gain the wood. Dogs that are well trained and used to it will frequently make their attack in the following way: the boldest will advance a little wide from each side of the boar's head, ready to seize a favourable opportunity, when the fierce animal is thrown off his guard, by an attack in his rear from other dogs, who, assailing his hind legs or flanks, may trip him on his side; or, being wounded by a spear from a horseman during the chase, and turning on such adversary, an opportunity offers to the dogs of seizing him to the best advantage, and keeping clear of his terrible tusks, than which nothing can be more irresistibly destructive, wherever the enraged animal can make a stroke. Dogs frequently fall victims to their fierce rashness in attacking, nor are the horsemen free from danger. A keen bold sportsman will ride up as near to the animal as he thinks he can make sure of throwing his spear with strength enough to pierce his side; but both horse and rider should know what they are about, and be gradually trained by keeping a more respectful distance, until both are well aware what is to be done the instant the spear is thrown.

I will endeavour to make this understood better, by describing the manœuvre. Riding up at about half or three quarters speed, as it may happen, with his spear in one hand and the bridle tight in the other, and standing in his stirrups, he should, at the moment he has thrown his spear, wheel his horse short round on his heel, otherwise they run considerable risk from the highly-enraged animal, when wounded, turning sharp upon them. I witnessed one accident of this kind,

kind, where Ensign L. a fine spirited little fellow, having wounded the boar, from want of address in the management of his horse, or the horse not readily answering the bit, the boar turned quick enough to strike the horse with his tusk, and ripping 'up his bowels, threw both man and horse. Fortunately, L. escaped any farther injury than the fall, as the men, on foot, armed with spears, and some of the horse-men who dismounted, ran up with their spears to the aid of the dogs, and soon dispatched the boar.

Hawking.

The Moormen in India are very fond of hawking, which, to a keen sportsman, I thought more dangerous than either shooting tigers or hunting the wild boar. In what manner it was formerly followed in Europe, when considered as a royal sport, I do not know: but in India, where the game frequently soar so high a sportsman sees but little of the sport, unless, with his eyes constantly fixed, he follows as hard as he can ride, guiding his horse he knows not whither, at the risk of his neck.

"BE GONE DULL CARE."

A COMEDY.

AT Covent-Garden Theatre, on Tuesday the 9th instant, a new Comedy was brought out, under the title of "*Be Gone Dull Care; or, How will it end?*" the Dramatis Personæ of which were as under:—

Lord Blushdale Mr. Fawcett.
 Sir Arthur St. Albyn ... Mr. Pope.
 Captain Modern Mr. Lewis.
 Algernon St. Albyn
 (his son) Mr. C. Kemble.

Solace Mr. Emery.
 Danvers Mr. Brunton.
 Legis Mr. Creswell.
 Gregory Mr. Simmons.
 Selina (Sir Arthur's
 niece and ward) .. Miss Smith.
 Cicely Miss Norton.
 Deborah (housekeeper
 to Lord Blushdale) Mrs. Davenport.

The plot of the piece may be, in some measure, understood from the following sketch:—

Sir Arthur being involved in great difficulties, to extricate himself from his embarrassments, exerts his utmost influence over Selina to induce her to marry Danvers, (a dissipated young man of fashion) whose uncle, Lord Blushdale, consents to relinquish a claim upon Sir Arthur of 16,000*l.* immediately upon that event taking place, and the Baronet admitting Danvers to a partnership in certain copper-works on his estate. The young lady frees herself from the addresses of Danvers, whom she detests, by procuring Algernon, (who had been discarded by his father) in a letter to Sir Arthur, to state that he had been privately married to her—and Mr. Solace, the superintendant of the copper-works, who had been grossly insulted by Danvers, prevents the partnership from being concluded, by virtue of a power given him by Sir Arthur's deceased father, who, fearing that his son's pursuits might involve him in improper connexions, had taken this method of prevention, and likewise vested a share of the property in Solace, as the reward of his honesty, industry, and skill.

Selina, accompanied by Captain Modern, seeks a temporary asylum in the house of Solace, and explaining to him that the cause of her retreat is her marriage with Sir Arthur's son, in the presence of Cicely,

ly, an orphan brought up and educated by Solace—that young lady, between whom and Algernon a mutual affection has taken place, distracted at the intelligence, forsakes her home, and in her road to the metropolis is humanely entertained by Deborah. Lord Blushdale at this time arrives at his country-house, having left London to avoid the importunities of place-hunters and dependents; and Danvers, though totally foiled in his designs upon Selina, still exerting every means to become a partner with Sir Arthur, waits upon his uncle, and in an interview with his lordship, not finding him so warm in the cause, he threatens to deprive him of his titles and estates, unless he enforces the payment of his demand upon Sir Arthur, hoping thereby that Solace, to extricate the Baronet, would consent to the measure.

Captain Modern, who had been prevailed upon by Selina to go in search of Cicely, in his pursuit of the poor fugitive, happening to call upon Lord Blushdale, accidentally discovers the villainous designs of Danvers against him, and that he is the rightful heir of the estate and title then possessed by Lord Blushdale, who renounces his claims, and cheerfully resigns those honours which had sat so awkwardly upon him; and the defeated and disappointed Danvers hastily withdraws himself.

Cicely, in consequence of a reward, is restored to her friends; and Sir Arthur, at length convinced of the filial affection of his son, is reconciled to him, and consents to his union with Cicely.

Selina bestows her hand on Modern.

This Comedy is ascribed to the pen of Mr. Reynolds. The interest

of the piece is kept alive throughout; the characters are tolerably well drawn; the sentiments strictly appropriate, and the *équivoque* seldom unamusing. It was received with great applause throughout, and its announcement for repetition was sanctioned by the marked approbation of a crowded and brilliant audience.

The Comedy continues to be repeated; and promises to become a favourite with the public.

NEW PEAL OF BELLS.

A New peal of bells, at Flixton, near Manchester, was lately opened by the Society of Change Ringers from Manchester, with grandsire tripples, and, in three hours and forty minutes, rung 5040 changes in that method. The Society of Change Ringers, from Mottram, next took the rôles in hand, only for a short peal, and rung 980 changes of grandsire tripples. Then next came on the College Youths from Ashton-under-line, to ring Mr. John Holt's peal of grandsire tripples, but, after ringing five minutes only, the second bell-ringer was unfortunately taken with the cramp in his arms, and they were under the necessity of immediately setting the bells. The Oldham Youths took their turn, and in the quick time of two hours and forty-seven minutes, brought round the whole peal of grandsire tripples, consisting of 5040 changes, in a proper manner. The Bolton Society of Change Ringers next ascended the steeple, and rung a short peal of grandsire tripples, (they did not attempt the whole length.) Then came on the six bell-ringers from Middleton, Eccles, and

and Prestwich, &c. who rung various peals on the same number of bells, which closed the evening at ten. Next morning was ushered in with the Society of College Youths, from Ashton-under-line, ringing Mr. John Holt's peal of grandsire tripples, containing 5040 changes, which were finely struck, and in the quick time of two hours and forty-five minutes.

TRESPASSES ON THE POWERS OF YOUNG HORSES.

*To the Editors of the Sporting
Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

SPAVINS, ring-bones, crookedness of the joints, and other injuries, are generally brought upon horses by riding them too early, before their tendons are consolidated, and their joints well knit, and more especially from over-weighting and putting young horses to severe labour. Hence the *synovia* of the joints, vulgarly called joint-oil, is forcibly squeezed out, and forming lodgments, becomes gradually indurated, and alternately puts on those appearances, the names of which are given above. The joints also, bending under a weight they are unable to support, become lax, vibrate, and diverge from their centre.

Colts with small joints, and small bone beneath the knee, are most liable to the above misfortune, but more especially if they be of large size, and heavy upward, a defect of proportion which too often happens. In that case, the foundation is totally unable to support the superstructure in the early stage, and such horses are incapable of

any labour, with the hope of keeping them sound and perfect, until arrived at their full growth. Those only are calculated for work when young, which have their lower joints in full proportion of size and strength to the weight of their upper parts. These are generally small and middle-sized horses. It may be farther observed, that their over weight frequently bends awry the pastern joints of large overgrown colts, a misfortune for which, indeed, Osmar proposed a remedy, hitherto, I believe, untried; but when such colts are worked early, the defect must be infinitely increased, and beyond all remedy.

I have seen the above observations constantly verified in the course of almost forty years practice, and two late examples struck me most forcibly. A short time since I went to examine a barb colt, with the desire, not indeed the expectation, of finding him fit for the stud. He was about thirteen hands and a half high; great extent of shoulder, and well filleted, but with legs of lath, and pasterns which a fine lady might have inclosed in her hands. Weight had been loaded upon him so early, that his fore joints were ruined, and behind he had one confirmed and bulky spavin, with another in full progression. It was one of the mixed breed of southern horses, which are so often imported and tried in our racing studs, as the genuine produce of the mountain and the desert.

The other example was of a large well-bred hunter. This horse's fore pastern joints were bulged out, and enlarged to a monstrous size: and great pity it is, for he is a most beautiful horse, and had he been favoured until five years old, would have been able to carry almost any

H h weight

weight over the country, and in all probability in a sound state.

This treatment of young horses is certainly both cruel and unjust, and at last I conceive, if properly appreciated, in accordance with no man's real interest.

I am, Gentlemen, your old correspondent and friend,

A BREEDER.

THE TYTHE-FEAST.

A Short time since, the Rev. Mr., Rector of, held his "*annual Meeting*," for the purpose of receiving the *cheerful* compositions of his *contented* farmers.—In the early part of the day, his "*Audit room*," at the and inn, was *beset* by numbers of these *generous* people, who were "*most desirous*" of contributing their "*allotted quotas*" of his *very moderate* demand, and it was highly gratifying to observe "*the various expressions of joy*" which appeared in their respective faces, on account of their having to deal with "*so considerate a Parson*." After a few hours had thus been passed, "*to the entire satisfaction of all concerned*," a very numerous party adjourned to "*the Dining room*," to partake of "*a most liberal and plentiful supply of our national fare*." The plum puddings were *large and abundant*, and intermixed were seen

"Rump, ribs, and sir-loins, smoking on the board."

On the removal of the cloth, port wine, and goodly bowls of punch, "*with sugar sweet, with fruit high-flavoured, and with spirits strong*," afforded their united aid to keep alive that gaiety which

"Smiled in each face, and sparkled in each eye."

As soon as Mr. had filled his glass, all were eagerly impatient "*to follow so laudable an example*;" every ear listened for the toast, and when Mr., the parish clerk, "*with full-mouthed emphasis*," repeated the same, all, in one voice, with loyalty and zeal, drank

1.
"May lengthen'd years, increase of
comforts bring
To George the Third, our good and
worthy King;
And may we never live to see the
Church
Of good Old England basely—'left
i'th' lurch!"

I should, perhaps, be too tedious, were I to enumerate *all* the toasts which were given upon this "*joyous occasion*;" I will therefore confine myself to such only as were *generally* drank in bumpers, and in a peculiar manner *appropriate* to such "*a happy meeting*."

2.
"May each Farmer, with cheerfulness,
reap where he sows;
And good Parsons find Pulpits supported
by plows."

3.
"Careful plowing, skilful sowing,
Good crops growing, dext'rous mowing,
Once, at least, in every year;
And, when barns are overflowing,
Willingly, the farmers shewing
What the Parsons ought to share."

4.
"May the plow find employment for
sickle and scythe;
And the Parson and Farmer agree for the
Tythe."

5.
"Ever may we live to see
Those live well to live who strive;
Wax and Honey to the Bee,
And no Drones to rob the Hive."

6.
"May the Farmers and Parsons to rail
have no cause,

But

But may each of the other deserve the applause,
And, as long as they live, never quarrel
for STRAWS."

7.

" Good farrowing Sows,
Good milking Cows;
Good scouring Plows,
Good Land to till, and fairly reated,
'To raise the cash,
Good crops to thrash,
And Priests and Landlords ALL contented."

8.

" When Farmers shew a disposition
To pay the Priests fair composition,
May those to take it not inclin'd,
Of good *Hemp* crops 'take Tythe in kind."

9.

" May Parsons practise what they preach,
May Farmers mind what Parsons teach,
May ever each think well of each,
And disputes about Tythe ne'er occasion
a breach."

10.

" May the Plow and the Cow fill the Barn
and the Pail,
Furnish Butter and Cream, and find work
for the Flail;
May the Farmers at Parsons have no
cause to rail,
But with readiness pay them the Tythe
'on the nail."

11.

" May all owners of Land make the Farmers content,
By considering Tythe as a part of the Rent;
And all Parsons all Farmers so liberal find,
As to pay them the worth if they took
Tythe in kind."

12.

Now the Rector expressing his wish
that " rich leas
Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Vetches, Oats,
and Pease,"
Might produce them such Crops as to pay
Tythe with ease,
Fill'd his glass the twelfth time, with " a
smile of delight,"
And then drinking " their healths,"
wish'd them all a good night.
But the Farmers, who like " twenty-two
to a score,"
Put the Clerk in the Chair, and drank ten
bumpers more;

Where, " like master like man," he no
character lost,
But continued the Feast with this clerical
Toast:

13.

" May the Parsons and Farmers like brothers agree;
May the first take one part, and the last
three times three;
And when Parsons of Farmers but ask
'One in ten,'
May the Farmers, as I do, all answer
Amen!"

They their glasses all fill'd, when the
Clerk gave the word,
And " So be it," in bumpers, was drank
round the board.

But, for brevity's sake, I shall now
deem it fit,
Their eight following toasts in this place
to omit;
But their tenth and last toast, as they've
drank it for years
In large full-flowing bumpers, with three
times three cheers,
Should to all who hold farms in the kingdom be told,
And for Parsons be printed "*In Letters of Gold.*"

'Twas—" Our worthy good Priest, and
the Rector who so does,
'Let us pray,' may be made for all Parsons—" *A Modus.*"

Thus the day pass'd away, I with truth
can declare,
To the perfect contentment of all who
were there:
Do you print this account, that your
Readers, at least,
May be told that some Farmers enjoy "*a Tythe Feast!*"

GIPSEY SOLDIERS.

Mr. Editor,

AMONG the various nations,
whether civilised or heathenish,
which have appeared in battle array
as regular troops, it may be new to
most of your readers to hear of
gipsy soldiers. In two Hungarian
regiments, nearly every eighth man
is a gipsy. But their innate pro-
perties seem to be incompatible
H h 2 with

with their profession, and they have little of the essential requisites for serviceable soldiers. The following incident, taken from the Hungarian annals, may serve as proof, whether this suspicion be or be not well founded.

"In 1557, the castle of Nagy Ida, in Hungary, was in danger of being taken by the Imperial troops. The commander collected a thousand gipsies, and stationed them in the outworks with proper means of defence. Every thing was in order when the enemy arrived, and the storm commenced. The gipsies, behind their fortifications, returned the enemy's fire with such alacrity, that the assailants, little suspecting who were the defendants, were actually retreating. They had hardly quitted the ground, when the conquerors, elated with joy on their victory, crept out of their holes, crying after them, "Go and be hanged, you rascals! Thank God we had no more powder and shot, or we would have played the very devil with you!" "What!" replied the retiring besiegers, as they turned about, and, to their great astonishment, instead of regular troops, discovered a motley gipsy tribe—"are you the heroes? is it so with you!" Immediately they drove the black crew back to their works, and in a few minutes totally subdued them."

There are many instances of gipsies having been employed in military expeditions. In the thirty-years war, the Swedes had a body of them in their army. And when, in 1686, Hamburgh was besieged by the Danes, there were three companies of them in the Danish army. They are still employed by the Turks in flying parties, to burn, plunder, or lay waste, the enemy's country.

For further details on this singular race of outcasts, I must refer your readers to the writings of Professor Grellmannr Your's,

NO GIPSEY.

Should the French attempt a landing on the Kentish coast, in the hop-season, government might levy a large body of these heroes, who are employed to pick hops.

THE ALMOND TUMBLER.

An Engraving, executed with great Taste, from a Painting by Mr. Ward.

BUFFON, in his Natural History, bestows many pages on the PIGEON, the various sorts of which are numerous, but all derive their origin from one species, namely the *Stock Dove*, simply meaning the *stock* or *stem* from whence the other domestic kinds have been propagated. By the art of man, these kinds have been so mixed as to produce the beautiful specimens to be met with in the tribe of pigeons.

To illustrate the one we have selected for the subject of our plate, we offer the following as the best account of it:—

"The *Almond Tumbler*, or, as it is by some called, the *ermine tumbler*, is a very beautiful and valuable species, and derived its origin from the common tumblers; (which it nearly resembles in shape and make,) by being judiciously matched so as to sort the feather, to wit, yellows, duns, whites, blacks, black-grizzled, black-splashed, &c. but as these require a length of time, they are not attainable without patience and perseverance: however, when they are brought to a tolerable degree

gree



J. Ward fecit

H. R. Cook sculp.

Almond Thrush

Published Feb 14 1808, by J. Wadsworth, New York.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

gree of perfection, they are esteemed by some as the greatest curiosity in the whole tribe of pigeons.

"Some of these birds are so magnificently elegant in their plumage, that the rump, tail, back, and flight, have been compared to a bed of the finest and best-broken tulips, or to a piece of the best and highest polished Egyptian pebble; the more they are variegated in the flight and tail, especially if the ground is yellow, the greater is the value set upon them; for those of a fine bright yellow ground have always the precedence of all other colours, it being the colour the hardest to acquire. To be complete in feather, the rump, back, and breast, must be variegated, and the flight not barred. There are some of these pigeons that are variously and curiously intermixed with the three colours only, as yellow, white, and black, but these are very scarce. The almond tumbler never arrives at its full beauty of feather till it has moulted several times, and what is remarkable, it increases in beauty every year; but in the decline of life, when it is very old, changes to a mottled, splashed, or some other colour."

KAIS; OR, LOVE IN THE DESERTS.

DRURY-LANE, FEB. 11.

THE following are the principal characters in this new Opera:

Amri, an Emir, or Noble, Father of Leila .. Mr. Raymond.
 Ahmed, Father of Kais, an Arabian Elder Mr. Powell.
 Kais, beloved of Leila .. Mr. Braham.
 Almanzor, a favourite Page of Kais Miss Lyon.

Almorán, a Circassian (first appearing under the feigned name of Marvelozo, in the character of a Teller of Tales, and Keeper of a Coffee Shed,) beloved by Rozella Mr. Bannister.
 Rashed, an old Slave of the Emir's Mr. Matthews.
 Salem, an Officer of the Emir's, in love with Leila Mr. Kelly.
 Prince of Egypt Mr. Putnam.
Arab Chiefs.
 Osmar Mr. Smith.
 Hassan Mr. Dignum.
 Hali Mr. Cook.
Arabs.
 Messrs. Gibbon, Miller, Maddocks, Fitzsimmons, Webb, Fisher, Evans, Tokelley, &c.
 Leila, Daughter of Amri, beloved by Kais Mrs. Mountain.
 Rozella, a Greek, kidnapped from Circassia, beloved by Almorán Signora Storace.
 An old Slave Miss Tidswell.

The scene is laid out at Cairo, its environs and deserts. The following is a sketch of the fable:

Amri, a proud imperious Emir, disapproving of the love of Kais for his daughter Leila, forbids his appearance near his tents, having designed her for the bride of Salem, his favourite. Kais, under the disguise of a dervise, endeavours to procure an interview with his mistress, in which he is aided by Rozella, a Circassian, the slave of Leila. A meeting is appointed by the lovers, under the spreading plane-tree, where Almorán, under the feigned name of Marvelozo, and master of a coffee-shed, resides. Amri, having suspicions of his daughter, follows her—surprises Kais, and reproaches Leila. Kais flies to the deserts in despair, and Leila is guarded to her father's tents.

Almorán being informed by Almanzor, the faithful page of Kais, that

that Rozella, whom he is come in pursuit of from Circassia, is amongst the Emir's slaves, and is teased with the love of Rashed, an aged slave, disguises himself as a travelling perfumer, and meeting his mistress, Rozella, plans her escape. Leila, informed of Kais's flight to the deserts, flies her father's tents, and in a pilgrim's habit falls at the feet of Ahmed, an Arabian Elder, and father to Kais, to entreat his assistance in pursuit of her lover.

Almorán and Rozella join the caravan of Pilgrims on their march from Cairo to Mecca. They are attacked in the deserts by the Arabs, and separated, as are Leila and Ahmed, who are met by the same banditti in their search for Kais.

Kais is traced by Alpanzor, and being informed of Leila's flight in search of him, returns to meet her, but is again driven to despair by the torments of the sands.

A meeting of Amri and Ahmed takes place, where each reproaches the other with the loss of his child; the Prince interferes, and reconciles the enraged parents.

Leila being seized by the Arabs, is rescued by the generosity of Almorán.

Officers having been dispatched in search of the wanderers, a general meeting ensues. They return to the city of Cairo, which is illuminated, and a general rejoicing takes place.

Kais, the hero of the piece, is a species of Octavian. Love and poetry occupy all his thoughts. He is an enthusiastic poet and a distracted lover. The interest of the plot arises out of his stratagems to obtain access to his mistress, and his separations; by which, driven to despair, he flies through the desert, lamenting his sorrow and his pas-

sion amidst the rocks and wilds. Mr. Brandon, who has adopted these beautiful children of Mr. D'Israeli's fancy, has provided, however, better for them than their natural parent. In the original, Kais and Leila are consigned to the tomb. Mr. Brandon crowns them with joy in the temple of Hymen.

The music and scenery are the most beautiful that have been for a long time presented to the public. Some national allusions in the dialogue, which were on the first night considered by the audience as courting applause, were omitted. The piece continues to go off with increased effect.

THE HUMOURS OF WHIST,

A DRAMATIC SATIRE.

Continued from page 185.

SCENE changes to Lord Stakeland's House.

Enter Lord Stakeland and Lord Rally.

Ld. Stake. I Am greatly obliged to your Lordship for the trouble you have given yourself in my son's affair.

Ld. Ral.—I beg you will not mention it, my Lord. Well! what a meanness there is in guilt! Sir John Tricklad and his colleague were so thunder-struck! in such confusion when I went to them, it made me almost pity them. The moment I told them your Lordship's resolution, with silly looks, faltering voice, and trembling hands, they resigned all; and are preparing to go into the country to avoid reproaches, and till the remembrance of so villainous a transaction is buried in oblivion.

Ld.

Ld. Stake.—Time may do much, my Lord. But what reparation can they ever make me for the disorder they have caused in my family? Here, they rob me of a son I love tenderly, and force me to act a severity, my heart is no ways consenting to.

Ld. Ral.—The situation is affecting I grant, my Lord; but in my opinion you cannot well act otherwise.

Ld. Stake.—I am proud your Lordship approves my design. Here comes his poor mother. She has been with him, to let him know my intentions. I must desire, my Lord, what has passed may as yet remain a secret to her. A mother's tenderness might entirely defeat the effects of my scheme.

Enter Lady Stakeland.

Lady Stake.—Your son, my Lord, attends you, and is all obedience to your will. Now let me conjure you not to deal severely with him. His load of grief is already too great to be sustained. Do not, then, add to it, by reproofs which are now, alas, too late.

Ld. Stake.—Madam, I have considered well—nor would admit him, if I could not command my temper.

Lady Stake.—He's here—Unhappy youth!

Enter Young Stakeland.

[Falls at his Father's Feet.]

Y. Stake.—Permit me, Sir, to approach you as an offender ought, who wishes to shew some compunction for his offence.

Ld. Stake.—Rise Harry—It is some consolation under my affliction, to hear you are in such good dispositions.

Y. Stake.—I must be a stock, Sir, if I were insensible what I have brought myself to, by my too great

facility in rushing into the fashionable follies of the age—I am an outcast—a voluntary beggar—and have forfeited all claim to name, family, and fortune.

Ld. Stake.—No, Harry—You have still preserved the noblest and best part of your birth-right—your honour. Had you descended to become associate with your vile undoers, and earn an infamous subsistence by those base arts which have undone yourself, you had indeed become an alien to my blood and favour. But, for the sake of that generous contempt, with which I hear you treated such mean offers, I forgive you all; and though I am obliged to send you from my sight, as the only expedient we could devise in your present circumstances, be not disconsolate—you shall still find I cannot forget I am a father.

Y. Stake.—Mistake not, Sir, that I repine at your wise pleasure. I do not wish to stay a moment longer: But if my heart is bursting, to see mother, sister, relations, friends, and all the family in tears on my account, O charge it not, I beseech you, to any unwillingness to obey you.

Ld. Stake.—Keep down heart.

[Aside.]

Lady Stake.—I can bear no longer—O, my Lord! Is this to be a father?

[Weeps.]

Y. Stake.—Dear,—dear Madam—abate those precious tears, or I shall dissolve away.

[Weeps.]

Lady Stake.—If your son, my Lord, must go—must leave this abominable town, what necessity is there to send him into banishment? Why will not some part of England do as well?

Ld. Stake.—Do you think, my dear, that I have it in my power to give you an answer now? *[Weeps.]*

Come,

Come, come, let us suspend our griefs—I expect some friends here, and I would not receive them in such depth of sorrow.

Enter Sir Calculation, Sir John Medium, and Capt. Rookwood.

Capt. Rook.—[*to Sir Cal. aside entering*] You saw they did what they pleased with us, Sir Calculation.

Sir Cal.—[*aside to the Capt.*] Why they had all the court cards—all the game in their hands; they might well do what they pleased with you, though, methinks, you might have forced them oftener than you did—My Lords,—Madam,—your most obedient.—Dear Harry, bear up, man—We'll all cross the water and pay thee a visit—eh, Lord Rally, Sir John, Captain.

All Three.—Ay, ay, we'll make a party.

Capt. Rook.—Dear Lord Stake-land, I'm sorry to see things at this extremity—I just called at Sir John Tricklad's as I came along, and he tells me —

Ld. Stake.—I desire, Captain, you will not mention his name—'tis very ill-timed.

Capt. Rook.—Your Lordship's pardon—Hah! here's Arabella.

Enter Arabella.

Hark ye, Arabella—how could you mortify me so just now?

Ara.—As how, Captain?

Capt. Rook.—Why, in returning me the trifle you had of me at Lady Tenace's.

Ara.—By whom, for Heaven's sake?

Capt. Rook.—By whom! why, by Sir John Medium, Madam; and by making him your agent, one would think you suspected me of having some sinister views.

Ara.—How's this! I'm strangely alarmed!

[*Aside.*

Capt. Rook.—What confusion she is in! I shrewdly suspect we are both imposed upon, and that this is one of Sir John's delicatesses. He had certainly heard of the affair, and so paid me, in her name, without her knowledge. I-gad! I have no business here. I'll sneak off most politely. [*Aside.—Exit Capt.*

1st. Sist.—Dear Arabella, 'tis kind to come and see the last of my poor brother.

Ara.—I'm very sorry I have the occasion, my dear. We are often as impertinent in our respect to a friend, as we should be accounted rude without any.

Enter a Servant.

Serv.—My Lord—I come—

Ld. Stake.—Well;—what's the matter?

Serv.—I come—I must beg your Lordship's pardon—I feel something rising from my heart, and I cannot speak till it has had vent at my eyes. [*after weeping some time.*

Ld. Stake.—Well—now—speak your message.

Serv.—[*in a faltering voice.*] The coach, my Lord,—the coach—that is to carry—your master—is—at—the door. [*weeps.*

Lady Stake.—O Harry! O Harry! I shall never see you more!

[*weeps.*

Y. Stake.—Dear Madam—sisters do not rend my heart!

Serv.—And the baggage—

Ld. Stake.—Well—What of the baggage?

Serv.—'Tis all put up, my Lord; and the governor is in the coach waiting.

Ld. Stake.—[*after a pause.*] Well, Harry—Take a manly leave of your friends here—

Company.—Nay, nay, my Lord, we are resolved to see him in the coach.

Ld.

Ld. Stake.—Well—give me one embrace, Harry.—Resign yourself, my dear boy, to that Providence, who by means inscrutable often sends relief when least it is expected.—My blessing and best wishes attend you.—Farewell—

Y. Stake.—Farewell, Sir.—Grant Heaven, I may be the last unwary youth, that thus brings sorrow and confusion on his family.

[*Exeunt all but Lord Stakeland.*]

Ld. Stake.—How shocking to reflection, when a man seriously weighs the many evils that may flow from this reigning vice of gaming! It is grown out of all parallel of former times, and improved into a monster that is truly to be feared. It has poisoned the honour of our nobility and gentry; and, like liquor, as it stirs up all the passions, so it renders them capable of any meanness, any fraud, any villainy. Assemblies and coffee-houses, that in themselves are useful and agreeable, are now become the most dangerous places a young person can frequent.—Yet, what is there, after all, so bewitching in play! It is at best but an amusement; and how many thousand more manly amusements may not one find? Yet in this alone we pass whole days and nights—neglect our affairs—our duties—endanger our health, fortune, reputation, and very often virtue.—Dreadful infatuation!

Re-enter Lord Rally, Sir John Meddum, Sir Calculation, and Arabella.

Sir Cal.—Egad, Lord Rally, I have seen enough to-night to make a man forswear play as long as he lives.

Ld. Rai.—And woman too, Sir Calculation!

Ara.—That's at me. [*Aside.*]

Ld. Stake.—But what have you

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done with Lady Stakeland, Arabella?

Ara.—Poor dear Lady! her agony was so great, she was not able to support herself—she's gone to lie down a moment.

Ld. Stake.—I shall soon be able to give her consolation.

Ara.—Pray, do it this instant, then.

Ld. Stake.—First, let me clear myself to the company, lest you should think me cruel in what I have done. You must know, gentlemen, that my son is safe in his fortune: the deeds of reversion are returned. But nevertheless I judged it necessary to keep him ignorant of it, and make the impression of his misfortune sink the deeper; and likewise convenient to send him into a kind of banishment for some time, the better to wean him of his bad company, and destructive haunts. By this means, I hope he will return truly a comfort to us; and which, when Lady Stakeland is made properly acquainted with, I doubt not but it will have all the effect we could wish.

Sir Cal.—Your Lordship has calculated to admiration!

Sir John.—Acted with consummate prudence.—Happy escape!

Ara.—And if fancy, Sir John, you could suggest another.

Sir John.—I know not what you mean, Arabella.

Ara.—Yes, you do; but perhaps you may not think it happy.

Sir John.—Pray, let me understand you.—Happy escape! What? To whom?

Ara.—To one not very far from you.

Sir John.—Mysterious still.

Ara.—Come, come, Sir John, I find you have too much delicacy to understand—But, pray, satisfy me in one thing.

Sir John.—If I can, Madam.

Ara.—I know you can.—How came you to know of my being indebted to Capt. Rookwood?

Sir John.—Lady Deuce happened to overhear the offer.

Ara.—And my indiscretion in accepting it too, I suppose——

Well——How delicate to pay it him unknown to me! I must ever acknowledge it; nor will I blush before all this company to own, I now perceive the precipice I was falling from, and bless my generous deliverer.—You have paid five hundred pounds, Sir John, out of my fortune, indeed, but I believe you will think it well laid out,—that is, if you continue in the same dispositions towards me you have long professed.

Sir John.—And shall eternally, Madam.

Ara.—Then here's my hand, and with it a heart, which from this night's adventure has learned to despise that bewitching evil—gaming.

Company.—Joy, joy, Sir John.

Sir John.—This is an event, my Lords, deserves the name of transport, rapture!

Hence taught to shun the Tricklads of the town,

Let the wise mean your future pleasures crown.

PERSONAL QUARREL IN AMERICA,

BETWEEN MR. RANDOLPH AND
GEN. WILKINSON.

THIS quarrel originated in the former's charging the latter with being a pensioner of Spain. One of the documents produced by Mr. Randolph to Congress, in support of his charge against Wilkinson, is as follows:—

TRANSLATION.

In the galley the *Victoria*, Bernardo Molina, Patron, there have been sent to Don Vincent Folch, nine thousand six hundred and forty dollars, which sum, without making the least use of it, you will hold at my disposal, to deliver it at the moment that an order may be presented to you by the American General, Don James Wilkinson. God preserve you many years.

THE BARON DE CARONDELET.

New Orleans; 20th Jan. 1796.

To Senor Don Thomas Portel.

I certify that the foregoing is a copy of its original, to which I refer. (Signed) **THOMAS PORTEL.**

New Madrid, 27th June, 1796.

From Washington, Dec. 31.

This morning the town was alarmed by bills, stuck up at every tavern, corners of streets, &c. The following is a copy:—

HECTOR UNMASKED :

In justice to my character, I denounce to the world, John Randolph, Member of Congress, a prevaricating, base, calumniating scoundrel, poltroon, and coward.

JAS. WILKINSON.

Correspondence between Randolph and Wilkinson.

Washington, Dec. 24, 1807.

SIR—I understand several expressions have escaped you, in their nature personal, and highly injurious to my reputation. The exceptionable language imputed to you, may be briefly and substantially compassed in the following statement. That you have avowed your opinion I was a rogue—that you have ascribed to me the infernal disposition to commit murder, to prevent the exposition of my sinister

nister designs, and through me have stigmatised those Citizen Soldiers who compose the meritorious military corps of our country.

No person can be more sensible of the pernicious tendency of such cruel and undeserved reflections, in their application to public men or private individuals, than yourself; nor is any man more competent to determine the just reparation to which they establish a fair claim. Under these impressions, I can have no hesitation to appeal to your justice, your magnanimity, and your gallantry, to prescribe the manner and the measure of redress, being persuaded your decision will comport with the feelings of a man of honour, and that you will be found equally prompt to assert a right or repair a wrong.

I transmit this letter through the post-office, and shall expect your answer by such channel as you may deem most proper.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) JAS. WILKINSON.

The Hon. John Randolph.

SIR—Several months ago I was informed of your having said, that you were acquainted with what had passed in the grand jury-room at Richmond last spring, and that you had declared a determination to challenge me. I am to consider your letter of last night, by mail, as the execution of this avowed purpose, and, through the same channel, return you my answer.

Whatever may have been the expressions used by me, in relation to your character, they were the result of deliberate opinion, founded upon the most authentic evidence, the greater part of which my coun-

try imposed upon me the painful duty to weigh and to decide upon; they were such as, to my knowledge and to yours, have been delivered by hundreds of, the first men in the Union, and probably by a full moiety of the American people. In you, Sir, I can recognise no right to hold me accountable for my public or private opinion of your character, that would not subject me to an equal claim from Colonel Burr, or Serjeant Dunbaugh. I cannot descend to your level. This is my final answer.

(Signed) JOHN RANDOLPH.

Brigadier-General Wilkinson.

Washington, Dec. 29.

SIR—I have received your letter of the 25th instant, by mail, in which you violate truth and honour, to indulge the inherent malignity and rancour of your soul. On what 'level,' pray Sir, shall we find the wretch, who, to masquerade his cowardice, fabricates falsehoods, and heaps unprovoked insults upon unmerited injuries? You, John Randolph, are this man, and your own breast can best solve the proposition. You 'cannot descend to my level!' vain equivocal thing! And do you believe this dastardly subterfuge will avail you, or that your lion's skin will longer conceal your true character? Embrace the alternative still within your reach, and ascend to the 'level' of a gentleman, if possible; act like a man, if you can, and spare me the pain of publishing you to the world, for an insolent, slanderous, prevaricating poltroon.

JAMES WILKINSON.

John Randolph, Esq.

N.B. The first idea suggested by the indecency of your response to my letter, was the chastisement

of my cane, from which the sacred respect I owe to the station you occupy in the Councils of the nation has alone protected you; and to the consequent conflict of feeling

and duty must be ascribed the delay of this note.

General Wilkinson has applied for a Court of Enquiry.

WINNERS OF THE ST. LEGER STAKES.

THE following is a complete List of the Winners of the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, from their first commencement:—

Owners.	Winners.	Sires.	Years.
Lord Rockingham's	brown bay filly	Sampson	1776
Mr. Sotherton's	Bourbon	Le Sang	1777
Sir T. Gascoigne's	Hollandoise	Match'em	1778
Mr. Stapleton's	Tommy	Wildair	1779
Mr. Bethell's	Ruler	Young Marsk	1780
Colonel Radcliffe's	Serina	Goldfinder	1781
Mr. Goodricke's	Imperatrix	Alfred	1782
Sir J. L. Kaye's	Phenomenon	King Herod	1783
Mr. Coates's	Omphale	Highflyer	1784
Mr. Hill's	Cowslip	Highflyer	1785
Lord A. Hamilton's	Paragon	Paymaster	1786
Lord A. Hamilton's	Spadille	Highflyer	1787
Lord A. Hamilton's	Young Flora	Highflyer	1788
Lord Fitzwilliam's	Pewett*	Tandem	1789
Mr. Goodricke's	Ambidexter	Phenomenon	1790
Mr. Hutchinson's	Young Traveller	King Fergus	1791
Lord A. Hamilton's	Tartar	Florizel	1792
Mr. Clifton's	Ninety-three	Florizel	1793
Mr. Hutchinson's	Beningbrough	King Fergus	1794
Sir C. Turner's	Hambletonian	King Fergus	1795
Mr. Cookson's	Ambrosio	Sir Peter Teazle	1796
Mr. Goodricke's	Lounger	Drone	1797
Sir T. Gascoigne's	Symmetry	Delpini	1798
Sir H. T. Vane's	Cockfighter	Overton	1799
Mr. Wilson's	Champion	Pot-Eight's	1800
Mr. Goodricke's	Quiz	Buzzard	1801
Lord Fitzwilliam's	Orville	Beningbrough	1802
Lord Strathmore's	Remembrancer	Pipator	1803
Mr. Mellish's	Sancho	Don Quixote	1804
Mr. Mellish's	Staveley	Shuttle	1805
Mr. Clifton's	Fyldener	Sir Peter Teazle	1806
Lord Fitzwilliam's	Paulina	Sir Peter Teazle	1807

* The Duke of Hamilton's Zanga, by Laurel, came in first, but in consequence of a jostle, proved to have been given by the Duke's rider, Pewett was deemed the winner, and Lord Fitzwilliam received the Stakes.

SIN-

SINGULAR CASES OF HYDRO-PHOBIA.

THE following letter was lately addressed to the Editor of the *Chester Chronicle* :—

SIR—Canine madness, during the last winter and this autumn, has been so frequent in London and its neighbourhood, as to cause universal alarm, especially as the efficacy of the Ormskirk, and every other internal remedy, is totally disproved. All individuals are certainly bound to make public any discovery for the general good, (though self-interest too often prevails to prevent it;) I therefore beg you will, in your next paper if possible, publish the following cases:—

Thomas Dale, farmer, who lived in Alsager, in this county, going into his brother's yard, who kept a large mastiff, the dog, though perfectly acquainted with him, flew at him, and seized him by the arm, which he lacerated in a dreadful manner, making several wounds. He directly came to me, much alarmed; I washed the wounds with muriatic acid, or spirit of salt, which brought on inflammation, and an abscess was the consequence, but considering the extent of the wounds was little trouble to him. He took both the Ormskirk medicine and ash-coloured liverwort, to appease his mind. The dog bit a pig, which went mad, and was so violent they were obliged to shoot him.

John Barritt, farmer, in Betchton, near Sandbach, was milking one evening in his cow-house, when a small terrier dog came in; he took it in his arms, and carried it into the house, to shew his wife and children what a beautiful little animal he had got; whilst he had it in his arms, it seized him by the

thumb, and died in a convulsion, in the act of biting. There were two wounds, which were treated in the same manner as Thomas Dale's: but as the wounds were small, little inflammation ensued.

John Downs, an apprentice to Mr. Twiss, smith, in Odd Rode, was bit by a neighbour's dog; he seized him just above the shoe, and there was a wound at least two inches long on each side the tendo achilles. I did not see him until more than twenty-four hours had elapsed: I washed the wounds with muriatic acid, and applied a common poultice to prevent inflammation; on the third day I repeated the application of the acid. He took, three or four times a day, two spoonfuls of a mixture, composed of half an ounce of the acid, a pint of water, and a little syrup. No other means were used; very little inflammation succeeded, and the boy did very well, though several animals went mad that were bit by the same dog.

I took no notes of these cases, the two first of which occurred many years back; but the last was in June, 1806, and I believe the parties are all living. I preferred the muriatic to any other acid, in consequence of the old custom of dipping dogs, &c. in brine, who were bit by a rabid animal, and am confident of its superior success, to incision, actual cautery, or any dry caustic, as the washing the wound with the acid finds the depth each tooth penetrates, and am so confident of its success, that I fancy I should not feel the least uneasiness in being obliged to try its efficacy on myself.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,
RICHARD TWYMELOW.

Stone Chair, Lawton, Cheshire,
20th Dec. 1807.

Dr.

Dr. James Hamilton, of Ipswich, in his Treatise on Rabid Madness, gives several cases where infection was taken without a wound:—A young woman had her apron torn and slavered by a mad dog, but no wound was given; after mending the rent before the saliva was washed off or dried, she bit off the thread with her teeth, and took the infection. A man introduced his hand into the mouth of a mad dog, without receiving any bite, or having any abrasion of the cuticle, yet hydrophobia took place.—Another, in kissing his dog previous to its being drowned, caught the infection. From these, and several other similar cases, it is evident that a wound is not absolutely necessary; and it is extremely probable that simple ablution would have been an effectual preventative.

Dr. Hamilton thinks, that no case has been sufficiently authenticated of true rabid affection taking place from the bite or saliva of any animals but the dog or cat kind, (including the fox, wolf, &c.) though he allows tetanic affections very much resembling it may be induced; but the difference, in his idea, may be ascertained by the latter appearing from the first to the eighth day, whereas true rabid infection will not appear till near three weeks after the accident.

**HYDROPHOBIA SUCCESSFULLY
TREATED BY DR. MOSELEY.**

Mrs. Hannah Lacase, aged thirty years, No. 32, Rupert-street, came to me at Albany, in the afternoon of the 15th of last month (December) for advice, having been bitten by a mad dog. She informed me, that on Tuesday evening, the 1st of December, she saw a little dog on opening the street-

door, at the threshold, trembling, as if suffering from cold. She let him into the house, and put some bread and milk before him, of which, she thinks, he ate a little. On Wednesday, the 2d, he took no notice of food, and seemed stupid, and slept all day under the tables and chairs. One of his eyes appeared blind; he had a running at his nose, and was paralytic in his loins, and dragged his hind legs after him. She carried him into her room when she went to bed. About midnight she heard him tumbling on the floor, and he continued in that disturbed state until morning.—On Thursday, the 3d, she rose early, and while she was lighting the fire, the dog ran at her, and snapped at her right leg, and tore the stocking. In putting him away with her right hand, he seized her little finger in his mouth, and made two small punctures near the end of it with his teeth. He died an hour afterwards. The punctures, though small, must have been deep, or the poison greatly virulent; as she said the pain in her finger, for two hours, was excessive. When the severity of the pain abated, a sensation came on like the pricking of pins, which continued for about a quarter of an hour, and then ceased. On Friday, the 4th, the pain returned in the finger, and continued for about an hour. After an interval of three days, it returned again, and remained for a little time. On Friday and Saturday, the 11th and 12th, she was attacked with a numbness in the finger and hand, with some pain, which advanced to the elbow. The numbness and pain went off in about ten minutes each time. In the course of her sufferings, she went to a very respectable Surgeon, who proposed

to

to have the bitten part removed, but she objected to it. On Tuesday, the 15th, being very ill, she came to me. The numbness and pain which she experienced on Friday and Saturday, returned this morning. Her whole hand was suddenly affected while she was blowing the fire, and the use of it almost entirely taken away.—The bitten finger became livid, but the lividness disappeared in an hour or two. When she came to me, her hand was quite stiff; the finger was hot, and in much pain. She was in great perturbation of mind and body. Her eyes were glassy, and inflamed. She sighed almost continually. Her whole nervous system was extremely affected. Pulse 120, weak, and irregular. No thirst. Nothing remarkable in the throat. She said her dreams for several nights before were shocking; that on the preceding night she could not remain in bed; but got up, put on her clothes, and went down stairs, fancying the house on fire; and that her head was distracted with a noise, which seemed to her like the rattling of coaches.

I offered her some water; but could not prevail on her to attempt to drink it. She said she could not; and was seized with a trembling. She had no difficulty in swallowing any liquid, notwithstanding, as was afterwards proved. I then brought a pewter bason filled with water, and slopped it about before her; but on much agitating the water, and pouring it out of the basin into a pewter pot, and from thence back to the basin a few times, she looked at it with horror, and was so distressed, without having any idea of my motives, that she begged I would take it away, or that she could not stay in the room. When appeased by the removal of the

water, after this experiment, she told me, that in the morning, as she was drawing some water from the cistern in the yard, she was seized with a trembling, giddiness of the head, and terror, at the sight and noise of the water running into the pail. She was ignorant of the cause. I knew, from woeful experience, what mischief was at hand: but knowledge without promptitude, like promptitude without knowledge, here is of no avail. I desired her to go immediately home, and go to bed. I should have had doubts of the utility of applying my usual caustics, *Lapis Infernalis* and *Butter of Antimony* (the cure in recent cases), to the bitten parts, which were healed in three days after the accident, and had now no other visible remains than two small indentations of the skin—but that the state of the finger and hand shewed the virus was still active in the parts adjacent to the original wounds. Therefore I had the skin removed where the wounds had been; and instituted a drain, which was continued through the whole process of treatment.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, I had an ounce of *Unguentum Mercuriale fortius* well rubbed in by herself, about her neck, throat, thighs, and legs; then gave her the following draught, with directions to promote perspiration every way possible.

R. Julep. & Camphora, unc. 2.

Spt. Volat. Aromat. dr. 1.

Rad. Valerian: recent. pulv. dr. ʒ. Misc., et fiat haustus.

This draught was repeated every four hours.

I visited her in the evening, and found her in a great perspiration, pulse 112, small, and tremulous. She had some sleep after the friction and draught. The sighing, terror,

terror, and dread of water, still remained. When the door was shut with some noise, she started up in bed much frightened. She could not bear the light of a candle in her chamber. I asked her why? She said it appeared to her like the light of twenty candles, and distracted her head. I ordered the mercurial friction to be repeated at five o'clock the next morning.

On the 16th, I visited her in the forenoon. She had perspired profusely during the whole night, and had slept at intervals. Her breath was already very offensive, and her gums sore from the two frictions, within the space of nineteen hours. Pulse 96, but irregular; all symptoms abated. I ordered the draught to be continued, and a repetition of the friction at five o'clock in the afternoon. I visited her again at nine o'clock in the evening. She had perspired considerably all the day. Her gums were much affected by the mercury, and the saliva began to flow plentifully.—I ordered the draught to be continued, and the friction to be repeated at five o'clock the following morning.

On the 17th, I visited her about noon. The mercury had disordered her bowels in the night, and brought on tormina and bloody stools. Thus the salivation was checked, and the draught necessarily discontinued. The evils being removed, the salivation returned in the most extensive manner, and continued until the 29th, when it began to abate, declined gradually, and ceased. Four ounces of the ointment, all that was used, were rubbed in, and completely so, at four frictions, within forty-eight hours. She is now in perfect health, and I am under no apprehension concerning her safety.

This is the only case of complete hydrophobia, from the bite of a mad dog, successfully treated, on record. But in this case the hydrophobia was recent, and timely discovered. The dyscataposis, or difficulty in swallowing, and the choking, had not begun their dreadful parts of the tragedy. A few hours more would inevitably have produced them: then all hopes would have been cut off from any advantage by internal remedies, which are now of the utmost auxiliary importance, in preventing, what can never be cured—these direful precursors of the fatal Rabies.

It has been customary to call this disease by the general name of Hydrophobia, but that is incorrect; therefore I divide the disease into three stages:—

I. *Hydrophobia*, or the dread of water.

II. *Dyscataposis*, or difficulty in swallowing, and choking.

III. *Rabies*, or convulsion, attended with spitting and foaming at the mouth.

It is my practice, and I recommend it to others, when called to patients bitten by a mad dog; to try them immediately, and from time to time, with water, in the manner above related, in order to detect, as early as possible, the hydrophobia, or first decided symptom produced by the poison of a mad dog. Had I not done so in this case, the patient would have been lost. A few hours more elapsed, there would have been no possibility of exhibiting medicines internally; and the period between the second stage of the disease and death is so short, that there is no time for external applications, to find their way, effectually, into the system.

I have

I have known several instances, two of which lately occurred in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, of people dying from the bites of mad dogs, without its having ever been ascertained whether there was hydrophobia. This leaves room for doubts, and wrong conclusions, among those who are not acquainted with all the characteristics of the disease; especially when the power of swallowing liquids, without much difficulty, returns—as it did in one of these two cases, and also in that of young Metcalfe. This return of the power of swallowing has never been noticed before; but I must observe, it is very common after the cessation of the violence of the convulsive struggling, spitting, and foaming at the mouth, which usually happen a little before the patient dies.

BENJAMIN MOSELEY, M.D.
Chelsea Hospital, Jan. 15, 1808.

DESTRUCTIVE TRAPS.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JAN. 26.

Watson or Wathen v. Townsend.

MR. Dauncey shewed cause against a rule which had been obtained in this case, for a rule *nisi*, to set aside the verdict, and grant a new trial (*see the Sporting Mag. for November last, page 85*).

The defendant was a keen sportsman in the county of Gloucester, and the plaintiff a gentleman of landed property in the neighbourhood. The defendant was possessed of a wood, called Cat's Wood, and being more desirous of preserving his game than the good will of his neighbours, set several traps large enough to hold a bull, and which were intended to catch

all the dogs in the neighbourhood. For this purpose, he baited some with venison and rabbits' flesh, and some with mutton, and to render the meat more alluring to the dogs, he dipped it in oil of anniseed, the scent of which was perceptible at a great distance. There were several roads passing through this wood, and in order to entice the dogs to his traps, it was his custom to trail a paunch, scented with anniseed, from the highway to the traps. By this means several dogs were taken, and the game-keeper both killed and buried them, and received a shilling a head for each. During one half year, he received seven shillings for dogs killed in this manner; and it was proved, that, as a person was riding through the wood, his dog, which followed behind him, was attracted by the scent, and taken in one of the traps. The plaintiff's court-yard was near to the wood, and within scent of the baits. Several of his dogs were taken, and when one of them was shewn to the defendant, he said he knew it was Mr. Watson's dog, for no one else kept hounds thereabouts, and ordered the dog to be buried.—The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages, 30l.

Mr. Serjeant Williams, in last term, moved to set aside the verdict, on the ground that the defendant had a right to set traps in his own land to catch foxes and other vermin, and that no express malice was proved against the defendant, with respect to the plaintiff or his dogs. Upon reading the report of the case on the trial, it now appeared that the circumstance of trailing the paunch had not taken place since the plaintiff came to live in the neighbourhood of the defendant.

The Attorney General, and Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, relied very much upon this circumstance, to shew that the defendant had no express malice against the plaintiff.

Lord Ellenborough said, that it was the same thing whether a man enticed a dog by a natural and irresistible instinct to his traps, or took him forcibly by the collar, and dragged him to the place of his destruction. That in all cases of malicious injury, as well as of crimes, every man must be supposed to contemplate the natural effects of his own conduct; and as all dogs within scent of these traps would necessarily be drawn to them; and the plaintiff's dogs were within the sphere of attraction, he must be supposed to intend to catch the plaintiff's dogs, and this intention was sufficiently malicious to support the action.

The rest of the Court concurred in this opinion, and therefore the rule was discharged, and the verdict of the Jury confirmed.

MISCONDUCT OF COACHMEN.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, FEB. 19.

Field v. Harris.

MR. Garrow stated, that this was an action brought to recover damages from the defendant, on account of the misconduct of his coachman; he did not wish to attribute any fault to the defendant, but he was fearful that the Jury, after hearing the witnesses for the plaintiff, would be of opinion, that there was a vast deal of blame to be attached to his conduct in this business; but whether there was or not, it did not make any consequence—the defendant was an-

swerable for the conduct of his coachman.

The plaintiff, a tradesman, was going from Clapham to Chelsea, accompanied by a young woman of the name of Cole, in a chaise-cart; they were going at an easy rate in Horse-monger-lane, and for a very good reason, for if they wished to go faster they could not; the horse was one of those small ponies, so much used by men of the description of the plaintiff.

The chariot of the defendant came rattling along at the rate of ten miles an hour; the poor tradesman was frightened at the neighing of the steeds, and drove the chaise-cart on the foot-path, to avoid the pending danger: when the coachman, pleased at the anxiety of the plaintiff, drew still closer, although there was room for two carriages to pass on the other side of the road; and, being an adept in driving, managed to entangle the plaintiff's chaise-cart between the wheels of the chariot, and in that situation dragged it about forty yards, until the shafts broke, the plaintiff calling out to the coachman, who only smiled, and whipped his horses. The plaintiff and the young woman were thrown out of the chaise-cart under the chariot, and one of the wheels went over the plaintiff. So far from the defendant being affected, or commiserating the situation of the plaintiff, he allowed the carriage to continue its career until it was stopped by force, and afterwards refused giving his address. He did not feel himself equal to describe the atrocity of the coachman, or the passiveness of his master, who was a silent spectator, if not an abettor. The plaintiff did not demand enormous damages; he only asked for the repair of the chaise-cart,

cart, and an equivalent for the time he had lost by the hurt he had received.

He would observe to the Jury, that there was a law which pointed out the side of the road that a traveller should go on, coming or going, in the suburbs of London; and he would prove that the plaintiff was on the proper side of the road.

This case might appear simple, as it did to the defendant, as it was only a poor tradesman upset; but he believed it was acknowledged, that there was no class of men more entitled to the protection of the laws of their country than that to which the plaintiff belonged; and he trusted that the coachman of a person, not more respectable than the plaintiff, only that he kept a chariot, and the plaintiff only a chaise-cart, would not be allowed, with impunity, to endanger the life of a peaceable citizen. He trusted that the Jury, by their verdict that day, would manifest such a marked disapprobation of the act, as to prevent the same kind of atrocity coming again before that Court.

Martha Cole deposed, that Mr. Field, the plaintiff, called on her on the 1st of August last, at the house of her master, Dr. Burney, at Glapham, to take her to Chelsea; she accompanied him in his chaise-cart; he was driving quietly along; heard a carriage behind them; the plaintiff drove close to the footpath; the carriage still kept getting closer to them, and drove partly on the foot-path, when the carriage came alongside, and entangled the chaise-cart; the plaintiff called out to the coachman, who sneered, and whipped the horses, which were going very fast; they dragged the cart about

forty yards, when witness was thrown out, with the plaintiff. The fall deprived her of sense: when she recovered, she found herself in the chaise-cart of a Mr. Green, who left her at Chelsea; saw the plaintiff at Chelsea, and was informed the wheel of the carriage went over him; he appeared much hurt, and was obliged to have a surgeon to attend him; she was told she fell under the carriage, but escaped the wheels.

This evidence was corroborated by the testimony of several other witnesses.

Verdict for plaintiff, damages, £20.

BOX-LOBBY FRACAS.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH,
SATURDAY, FEB. 20.

The King against William Dearsley.

THIS was an indictment for an assault upon Sir Robert Peat, at Drury-lane Theatre, on the 12th of October last.

Mr. Garrow, for the prosecution, solicited the peculiar attention of the jury to this case, that they might be able to form a just estimate of the magnitude of the offence, and by finding the defendant guilty, exhibit to others the serious consequences of the breach of the laws. The prosecutor was a clergyman of high respectability, one of the chaplains to the Prince of Wales, and on the 12th of October visited Drury-lane Theatre. At first, he placed himself on the King's side of the house; but observing some friends in an opposite box, he went out with the intention of joining them. In the lobby, however, he saw the defendant and another gentleman

tleman, whom he afterwards understood to be Mr. Mellish, conversing with one of those unfortunate females by whom public places of amusement are so much infested. As there was room to pass between the two gentlemen, the prosecutor inadvertently was about to proceed in that direction, when he was stopped by the fist of the defendant upon his breast, who exclaimed, "By G—d, you shall not pass this way; who are you?" The prosecutor inquired to which of the persons he was to address himself, as both of them were violent, when the defendant vociferated, "To me, Sir." Sir Robert Peat then inquired who the defendant was, and was answered, "I am, Sir, what perhaps you are not, a gentleman." Unwilling to create a disturbance in the theatre, the prosecutor proposed an adjournment to the Bedford Coffee-house. To this suggestion the defendant consented; and taking Sir Robert by the arm, dragged him along the lobby, as if he were a culprit in his custody. Instead of going out of the theatre by the Russell-street door, where the prosecutor had left his great coat, they left the theatre at the door leading into Brydges-street, and proceeded, by mistake, for some distance down Catherine-street, before Sir Robert Peat found that he was going from the Bedford Coffee-house. When he discovered his error, he communicated it to the defendant, who immediately fell into a violent passion, and with a large stick struck the prosecutor a heavy blow on the head; but fortunately his hat guarded it so effectually, that no material injury was received. Observing that the prosecutor did not fall, the defendant began with the greatest brutality to kick Sir Robert Peat in various parts of his body,

and aiming his blows in such a direction, that it was obvious he intended to inflict a lasting injury. The prosecutor then called the watch, from whom the defendant rescued himself, and it was not until assistance was procured that the defendant was lodged in St. Mary's watch-house. During this struggle it was in vain for Sir Robert to resist, the defendant being an extremely powerful man, and so well skilled in the pugilistic art, that the Learned Counsel believed he divided his time principally between the stages of the prize-fighters, and the lobbies of the theatres.

Sir Robert Peat was then called, and detailed the circumstances of the assault stated in the opening of Mr. Garrow. On his cross-examination by Mr. Jervis, for the defendant, he said he had received a foreign Order of Knighthood, which had been confirmed by the King of Great Britain. Mr. Jervis then objected, that in the indictment the prosecutor was called "Sir Robert Peat, Knight," whereas it appeared he was not a Knight of any of the Orders of this country.

The Chief Justice said, he would reserve the point, but inquired if there were any evidence to contradict the fact of the assault; and being answered in the negative, his Lordship observed, that no other testimony could affect the verdict; and that the defendant would do well, before he was brought up for judgment, to apologise to the prosecutor, who seemed to be a man of mild, gentlemanly, and inoffensive manners. If the defendant did not think it right to humble himself before the person he had so grossly offended, it would be the duty of the Court, by their sentence, to make him humble.—Verdict, *guilty*.

FEAST.

FEAST OF WIT.

THE clergyman of a country village, reprehending one of his parishioners for quarrelling with his wife so loudly, and so frequently, as to be a perpetual disturbance to the neighbourhood, in the course of his exhortation remarked, the scriptures declared, that man and wife were one.—“Aye, that may be, Sir,” answered Hodge; “but if you were to go by, when my wife and I are at it, you’d think there were *twenty* of us!”

A PROJECTOR of the present day, and who is a promoter of many of the numerous bubbles now afloat, was thus described by a person who knew him—“There is not an unfashionable scheme advertised but he is in it.—He is courted by the kidneys—consulted by the deep ones—up to, or down, upon every thing.—He is either a bull or bear at the Exchange, and has been a lame-duck in the Alley—is a badger in Mark-lane—a fence in Duke’s Place—and an agent near the Tower.—Has correspondents in every part—drives a roaring trade—enables flash shop-keepers to buy without cash—sell under prime cost—bubble their bills—queer the commissioners—and then cut a dash in the first style of fashion.”

SOME Cantabs at Wood’s, talking over the joys of a fox-chase, a question arose, who had been in at the most deaths? when the son of a celebrated Galen pleasantly observed, his *father*, in his carriage and horses, had been in at more

deaths than all the company, and their horses put together.

A FACETIOUS old gentleman, who has two sons remarkably fond of hunting and shooting, very sarcastically distinguishes them by the appellations of *Nimrod* and *Ramrod*.

A HOUSEMAID in a gentleman’s family in the country, cleaning the hall door, observed a hunted fox passing the house; she at night was relating the circumstance to her fellow servants, adding “I thought renard and myself alike,” when the groom asking how she made that out, she replied, “he had a *brush*, with him, and so had I.”

A PERSON lately saying, he had lost a valuable horse by death, and observing, that when he was found, he was standing reclined against a gate, one of the company present observed, *he stood it d—d well*.

CONSEQUENCES of a Pun.—Lagny, a town to the east of Paris, may be said to be famous for a mortal pun. The monks and inhabitants being in a state of sedition, James Montgomery, the Lord of Lorges, was ordered, in 1544, to reduce them to obedience. The people of Lagny defended themselves with fury; and punning on the name of Lorges, which in French signifies barley, threw sacks of that grain from the walls, as food for Montgomery and his troops. This insult so enraged the besiegers, that the town being taken by storm, all the men were put

put to the sword, and the women abandoned to the brutality of the soldiers, which, however, soon repaired the defect of inhabitants. But the memory of this genealogy is far from being agreeable; and any allusion to it occasions deadly wrath among the descendants. If any thoughtless or uninformed stranger were simply to say, "What is the price of barley!" the consequence would be terrible. He would be instantly seized, and perhaps not escape drowning in a fountain which is in the middle of the town. In 1766, the niece of a neighbouring curate, at the instigation of a malicious person, asked the fatal question: and was with the greatest difficulty rescued by the curate of the place, from the enraged populace. To check this infatuation, decrees of the police have been issued at different times, and registered in the parliament at Paris 1785, declaring a fine of 30 livres against the person who shall at Lagny ask "What is the price of barley?" and the same fine against any person of Lagny who shall use violence on account of this unfortunate question. Barley is, however, sold at Lagny; but the seller must merely open the sack, and the price is concluded without mention of the grain.

CURIOUS BARGAIN.—A gentleman and a farmer, the last season, had frequently met to bargain about a field of rye, which was then growing, and belonged to the first-mentioned. Both of them being what are called *hard dealers*, they always separated without bringing the important affair to a conclusion. However, they at length met, about nine o'clock one morning, and agreed to *try again*, about the rye; but having an equal dislike to *dry*

bargains, they went into the nearest public-house, and at ten o'clock at night,—after a *negociation of thirteen hours*,—the farmer made the long-wished for purchase,—on the following terms, viz.—He was to give 30*l.* in cash, one sow with pig, 200 wisps of wheat straw, one peck of potatoes, one gosling, and one gallon of butter-milk!

THE late Mr. Ward made a solemn vow of eternal warfare against his daughter, should she marry an actor. The young lady soon after married Mr. Kemble, the father of Mrs. Siddons, a gentleman for some time *upon the stage*. Mr. Ward sent for the bride, and said, "Well, my dear child, you have not *disobeyed* me, the devil himself could not make an *actor* of your husband." Yet from this stock have sprung the Kembles and the Siddons's.

A LADY lately married, on coming to that part of the marriage service, "To obey till death do us part," hesitated to repeat the words, and would have passed them over, but on being urged to it by the minister, she at length, with reluctance, complied.—At dinner, the minister said to the young lady's father, "Sir, your daughter was very unwilling to promise obedience to her husband." "Indeed, Sir," said the young lady, "I was loth to tell *you* a lie in church."

A JOE.—A great crowd following a man named *Vowel* to Tyburn, one asked another, who it was going to be hanged? he answered, "*one Vowel*." "Which of them," said the other, "for there are several?" "I know not," answered he; "but its clear that 'tis neither *U* nor *I*."

Lord Erskine, in the debate on the Copenhagen Expedition, alluding to the new names given to the Danish ships, observed, that the conduct of ministers, in this particular, reminded him of the tricks of gipsies, to disguise *stolen children*.

EPIGRAM,

On reading an Account of the Death of Mrs. ELIZABETH LIVING.

'TIS a paradox, truly, says Richard to Ned;
For if she is *LIVING*, how can she be dead?

NOTICE over a door at a village in Somersetshire:—

"Petticoats mended, children taught reading, writing, and dancing, grown-up people taught to spin; roses distilled, and made into a proper resistance with water; also old shoes bought and sold!"

ANAGRAM on Napoleon Bonaparte.—*Bona rapta pone Leno*—"Rascal! lay down the stolen goods."

THE following is an exact copy of one of the papers printed upon the Thames, during the memorable frost of 1740.—The gentleman whose name appears in it, (*William Noble, M. A.*) had been one (of a great number without doubt) who had their *names* printed upon the ice, as a rare curiosity.

The original is in the possession of a gentleman of Whitehaven; but it is not known who the Mr. Noble was whose name and designation it bears.

"The noble art and mystery of Printing was first invented and practised by John Guttenburgh, a soldier at Mentz, in High Germany, anno 1440. King Henry VI. (anno

1449) sent two private messengers, with fifteen hundred marks, to procure one of the workmen. These prevailed on one Frederick Corsellis to leave the printing-house in disguise; who immediately came over with them, and first instructed the English in this most famous art, at Oxford, in the year 1459.

"William Noble, M. A.

"Amidst the Arts which on the THAMES appear,

To tell the Wonders of this Icy Year,
PRINTING claims prior Place, which at one View
Erects a Monument of THAT and YOU.

"Printed upon the river Thames, Jan. the 29th, in the thirteenth year of the reign of King George the Ild. Anno Dom. 1740."

A GARDENER wanting a place, in his advertisement says, *the country will be preferred*.—*Quere*, where did this cultivator of cabbages expect to find a place in London?

EPIGRAM.

A VICAR long ill, who had treasur'd up wealth,

Told his Curate each Sunday to pray for his health:

Which oft having done, a Parishioner said,

That the Curate ought rather to wish he were dead!

"By my troth," says the Curate, "let credit be given—

"I ne'er prayed for his death—but I have for his *living*!"

G. Z.

THE Turks are fond of a set of opprobrious epithets, which they liberally apply to strangers. The Persians are insulted by the name of *red-heads*. The Georgians are called *flea-eaters*. The Tartars, *eaters of carrion*. The Arabs, *rat-eaters and fools*. The Greeks have the epithet of *slaves*. The Russians of *bad-hearted*. The Germans *blasphemous*.

blasphemous. The Italians, *deceivers.* The French, *cheats.* The Spanish, *indolent.* The Dutch, *cheese-merchants;* and the English, *cloth-manufacturers.*

Mr. Cobbett's conduct to Mr. Spense, in apologising to him after endeavouring to defame his character, reminds us of the story of the gamester, who suspecting foul play in his adversary, watched an opportunity during the game, and dexterously nailed his hand to the table with a fork.—“Zounds, (exclaimed the sufferer, writhing with pain), do you mean to murder me?”—“No, (replied the aggressor, very coolly), I shall *beg your pardon if the Knave of Diamonds* is not concealed under your hand!!!”

ANECDOTE.—A certain well-known witty Barrister, was lately complimenting the Manager of a respectable Provincial Company of Comedians, in the West, upon the elegance, point, and propriety, with which the preliminary addresses in his play-bills were written—“for instance,” said he, “in your last, there is a line which Sheridan himself would be proud to have penned.” “Sir,” replied the Actor, bowing, “you think too highly of my poor abilities.”—“Not a whit,” rejoined the Barrister, “the line I mean, is—*All claims on the Theatre will be paid on demand.*”

A LETTER was directed to the Clown at Covent Garden, (whether from a love of pun, or a want of literature, is uncertain)—*Mr. Grim-all-day.*

MILITARY PUN.—In a new raised Irish corps, a soldier lately

observed to his comrade, that a *corporal* was to be dismissed the regiment. “*Faith and indeed,*” replied the other, “I hope it is the corporal so troublesome in our company.” “What is his name?” enquired the soldier. “*Why, corporal punishment,* to be sure, my honey.”

THEATRICAL WIT.—A physician being sent for the other day, to remove an alarming pressure on the stomach of a child, the little patient was sucking a small key by way of diverting itself; on which he told the mother to take it away, lest it should slip down: “Never mind (cried Bannister), let it swallow it, it will open its chest.”

PUMP-ROOM Conversation, at Bath.—A groupe of gentlemen, a few days since, in this fashionable *Rialto*, having just visited the Union-street exhibition, were loud in their praises of the various artists whose works did equal honour to the room and to their own genius; when one of them, particularly enraptured with the paintings of Mr. Barker and his two brothers, observed, that he had been racking his brains to find some appropriate classical allusion or quotation, that might aptly distinguish their admirable talents—“Oh!” says his friend, instantly, “call them the *Cerberus* of painters.”—“*Cerberus!* how will that denote them?” “Perfectly well,” replied the other—“*the three Barkers!*”

THE marriage of a Mr. *Herring* to a Miss *Spratt* is announced in a provincial paper. Though the match is unequal, the parties are nevertheless expected to *swim* comfortably through life.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

WE have to state, that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales runs no more horses at Newmarket after his present engagements there, but will continue to send horses to the three Clubs, Brighton, and Lewes. His Royal Highness has given Selim to Colonel Leigh and Mr. Shakespeare.

CALEDONIAN HUNT.—At a Meeting of the Caledonian Hunt, held at Fortune's Hotel, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, the 9th current, present, Sir WILLIAM CUNINGHAM, in the Chair ;

The Marquis of Huntly

The Earl of Dalhousie

Lord Belhaven

Lord Elphinstone

Sir J. Heron Maxwell

Sir Charles Douglas

Sir John Hope

Sir James Baird

Wm. Macdowall, Esq. of Garthland

Alexander Houston, Esq. of Clerkington

J. A. Thomson, Esq. of Charleston

Colonel James Blair

Robert Hay, Esq. of Spott

Wm. Wemyss, Esq. of Cuttlehill

George Ramsay, Esq. of Barnton

M. S. Nicholson, Esq. of Cardock

A. Lenton, Esq. of Mordington

James Stirling, Esq. of Keir

H. Hagart, Esq. Secretary.

Lord Maitland, and the Hon. Charles Elphinstone Fleming, were admitted members of the Hunt, in the room of the Earl of Crawford and Capt. Alexander Gray deceased.

BURTON-HUNT Races, we understand, are fixed for Tuesday and
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Wednesday, the 5th and 6th of April. On Tuesday there will be a sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for horses that have hunted six times with the Burton hounds during the season, to be rode by gentlemen ; and a gold cup, value 50gs. given by Lord Monson, for horses belonging to farmers, which have been hunted ten times with the Burton hounds. On Wednesday, there will be a sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for horses of all ages, having hunted six times with the Burton hounds during the season, to be rode by gentlemen ; and a cup, value 50gs. given by the gentlemen of the Hunt, under the like conditions.—The stewards for this year are, Charles Kent and Charles Chaplin, jun. Esqrs.

We have heard that Lancaster Races will be resuscitated this year, a new course being nearly completed, under a committee of gentlemen chosen for that purpose.—The races at that place used to be very well attended, and were supported by the present Duke of Norfolk, then Lord Surrey, Sir Archibald Hamilton, and the first families in the neighbourhood.

The match made on Monday, the 15th, for the Young Phenomenon Mare, the property of Mr. Bowen, to trot eight miles in half an hour, was decided on the Friday following, on the Watford road. The mare carried feather weight ; but this point having been too much considered, was the occasion of the match being lost, the boy who rode her being no more than
L 1 eight

eight years old. The mare broke her pace three times during the race, and was brought to a halt each time, according to the usual form, and she was thirty-one minutes performing the distance.

Mr. R. Wardell, of York, has purchased of Messrs. Freer and Blenkinson, a bay colt, got by Kite; dam, Friendless Fanny (the dam of Honest Bob) by Astonishment, out of a sister to Rubrough. He is the first of Kite's get that has been put into training; price 300gs. He is named *Honest Tom*, and is allowed by all the judges who have seen him to be, for blood and symmetry, equal to any one in the kingdom.

W. Fermor, Esq. of Oxfordshire, has purchased *Vermin* for a stallion. He will be twenty years of age at May-day next, and got by Highflyer, out of Rosebad, (Nelly's dam) by Snap. He has covered for several years in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, but has served very few thorough-bred mares.

DEAD.—Sir M. M. Sykes's ch. filly Statira, by Benningbrough, out of Stella; engaged in the great Produce Stakes on Monday in the next York August Meeting;—and his bay colt, by Stamford, out of Rachel, by Highflyer; engaged in the Produce Stakes at the next Malton Craven Meeting, &c.

A SINGULAR circumstance happened lately on his Grace the Duke of Hamilton's exercise-ground, at Ashton, near Lancaster. As one of his Grace's grooms was exercising the bay mare Crazy, in her sweating clothes, she had gone three miles of her sweat, when she appeared to the rider as if she were going to kick; he just checked up her head to prevent her, when she

turned half round with him, fell down, and instantly died without a struggle. She was apparently in perfect health, and had been named by Mr. Aspinwall to run for the Union Cup at Preston this year.

A FEW weeks ago, one of the hounds belonging to Mr. Kershaw, of Erskaine, in the county of Lancaster, was bitten by a mad dog.—The animal was destroyed, not, however, till he had communicated this dreadful disorder to others of the pack, the symptoms of which soon manifested themselves. The proprietor of the hounds, much to his honour, in order to prevent further mischief, caused the whole to be destroyed. The dog which was thus the cause of the destruction of the pack, bit a man also, who died in consequence.

VIOLANTE is a great favourite for the Oatlands' Stakes. She is backed freely to beat the field, and in some instances at nearly even betting.

BETTING at Tattersall's, Monday, February 15.—

First Class of the Oatlands.

Four to 1 agst Cerberus.

Second Class of the Oatlands.

9 to 4 agst Violante.

6 to 1 agst Hippomenes.

Third Class of the Oatlands.

Not quite 4 to 1 agst Thomasina.

4 to 1 agst Meteora.

100 to 4, Cerberus, Violante, and Meteora, don't all win.

3000 to 50 betted, that Streatham-Lass, L'Huile de Venus, and Meteora, don't all win.

Derby Stakes.

4 to 1 agst the brother to Castrol and Selim.

9 to 1 agst the brother to Bastard.

YORK

YORK COCKING.

THE Long Main of Cocks between Sir Francis Boynton, Bart. (Thompson, feeder) and H. F. Mellish, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder) commenced fighting on Monday, at the grand Pit, without Bootham-Bar.—The following is a correct statement:

Thompson.	M. B.	Gilliver.	M. B.
Monday,	5 2	1 0
Tuesday,	4 1	2 1
Wednesday, ...	4 2	2 1
Thursday,	3 2	3 1
Friday,	4 1	3 1
Saturday,	4 0	3 2
Total 24 6		Total 14 6	

Before fighting, 5 to 4 on Gilliver; after Monday's fight, 7 to 4 on Thompson; after Tuesday's fight, 5 to 1 on Thompson.

CHARLES Cooke, a stocking-maker, of Ansty, Leicestershire, has been lately convicted before the Rev. W. R. Tyson, at Thurstaston, in the penalty of 5*l.* having been caught with a hare in his possession, near Ansty, on the 29th of January last.

GEORGE Parish has been committed to Chelmsford Gaol, by Thomas Layton, Clerk, he having been convicted in the penalty of 50*l.* for carrying away a fallow deer from the Forest of Waltham; and being unable to pay the same, is to remain for six months, unless such penalty be sooner paid.

EDWARD Hughes, one of the drivers of the Shrewsbury coach, has paid a fine of ten guineas, for mischievously flogging a horse he met on the road, with an old woman upon it, near Cerigey-druid-dion, owing to which the woman was flung under the coach, and had her leg broke.

At the last Middlesex Sessions, William Booth, a gamekeeper to Lord Berkeley, was indicted for assaulting T. Moore, and forcibly taking from him a ferret. The prosecutor (Moore) stated, that on the 14th of January he was going on the road leading from Henson to Uxbridge; he had a bag and a ferret, having had permission from some neighbouring farmers to kill the rabbits on their grounds. He met Booth, whom he knew to be gamekeeper to Lord Berkeley.—Booth asked him what he had got there? he replied, a ferret. Booth immediately ordered him to give it up to him: he replied, he would not; Booth immediately knocked him down, and took away the ferret. At the same time he ordered his assistant to search the prosecutor's brother-in-law, who was in company with him. The prosecutor told him he would go to a Justice, and make a complaint against him. Booth replied, if he did not get off as fast as he could, he would give him a worse drubbing. It was argued by the defendant's Counsel, that a gamekeeper, by law, was authorised to take away a ferret from any person found with it on the manor. But the Court said there was no legal proof that the defendant was a gamekeeper. He was sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

PEDESTRIANS.—As walking and running constitute principal amusements of the present day, the following account of a footrace, which was run more than a century ago, may not be unacceptable to our readers. It is extracted from the manuscript journal of a lady, written in the year 169:—"I drove through the forest of Windsor, to see a race by two footmen,

an Englishman and a Scotchman, the former taller and bigger than the other. The ground measured, and cut even in a round, was almost four miles: they were to run it round so often, as to make up twenty-two miles, the distance between Charing Cross and Windsor Cross, that is, five times round, and so far as made up the odd miles and measure. They ran a round in twenty-five minutes. I saw them run the first three rounds, and half another, in an hour and seventeen minutes, and they finished it in two hours and a half. The Englishman gained the start the second round, and kept it at the same distance the five rounds, and then the Scotchman came up to him, and got before him to the post. The Englishman fell down within a few yards of the post. Many hundred pounds were won and lost about it. They ran both very neatly; but my judgment gave it to the Scotchman, because he seemed to save himself to the last push."

Mr. Downe, the pedestrian, finished his Herculean labours on Friday, the 5th instant, within two miles of Beaconsfield. He had ten days to perform 400 miles, a task unprecedented, and the weather was unfavourable. Mr. Downe was so much fatigued on the Wednesday night, that it was feared he would not be able to proceed on his journey the other two days; but, however, went to Farnborough, Oon, on Thursday, and went to be in a feverish state. Friday, the last day, was a trial of extraordinary perseverance: the pedestrian started at four o'clock in the morning, and his friends had but faint hopes of his success. After seventeen hours labour, having stopped about every three miles, Mr. Downe

completed his task, which was for 100 guineas. He was much reduced by his extraordinary fatigue, weighing above two stone less than when he started.

Mr. Downe has matched himself again to go thirty-five miles a day, for twenty days, and to start on Tuesday, the 1st of March next, for 200 guineas. Six to four against the performance.

On Wednesday, the 17th inst. a foot-race was run in Hyde Park, for five guineas a side, between Messrs. E. Haslem and A. Mulley, (late of Bury) which, after a severe struggle, was decided in favour of the former. The distance was one measured mile, which was cleared in four minutes and fifty seconds.

The beginning of this month, Mr. Wallis, a gentleman who resides in Jermyn-street, walked two miles in nine minutes, at Islington. He was allowed two starts, and won the match by about three or four seconds. The wager was for twenty-five guineas.

A YOUNG man of the name of Martin, groom to a gentleman in Baker-street, lately ran eighteen miles on the Colnbrook road, for a wager of twenty guineas. The time allowed was two hours and a half, but he performed it nine minutes within the time.

In the early part of this month, a running match was decided near the Shoulder-of-Mutton field, Hackney, for twenty guineas a side, between the famous Lancaster shepherd, Skewball, and a Hertfordshire man, very corpulent, weighing near 15 stone, the distance of 140 yards, which was won by the latter, with great ease, he having run over the ground in twelve seconds.

A MURDER.

A MUFFIN-BAKER, at Somer's Town, who had engaged to go sixteen miles in two hours, for a trifling wager, started from Lee-bridge Road, and performed it with great ease, in one hour and 53 minutes. He immediately offered to go the same ground over again, for a similar sum, but it was not accepted.

THE ostler at the White Swan, at Clapham, has made a bet of 20 guineas, that he will go fifty miles, on Monday the 15th, in the neighbourhood, (one mile backward and forward) carrying a stone bottle weighing 21½ lbs. He is not to be allowed to put it down while refreshing, but may shift it from one hand to the other; neither must it touch any part of his body, under forfeiture of the money. Six to four current betting against him. He intends starting at five in the morning.—We have not heard of the result of this wager.

CURLEY, the Brighton Shepherd, has undertaken to run two miles in eight minutes, at eight different starts, and five hours to be allowed him to perform it; it will take place at the next Epsom Meeting; the odds are two to one against this wonderful performance.

A CORRECT and striking likeness of Lieut. Fairman, has lately been published, by Mr. J. Busby, 33, Strand; it is a full-length representation, coloured after life, as he appeared and was dressed while performing his late match.

MONDAY the 8th instant, in the Court of King's Bench, Mr. Justice Grose charged the grand jury of Middlesex, and after complimenting them upon their known respectability and fitness to discharge the important duties of their station, made some observations upon the

prevailing custom of boxing and prize-fighting; the countenance given to it, he said, was a very serious breach of the peace in itself, and the numbers of dissolute characters collected together on such occasions, rendered its suppression highly requisite for the welfare and safety of society; he therefore called upon the jury to exercise their power in their several districts, to put down a custom so injurious to the public, and so mischievous in its consequences.

BOXING.—Two exhibitions took place on Tuesday the 9th, on Highgate common, between pugilists of second rate.—Dixon and Smith, the former of whom beat O'Shaughnessy, and the latter who fought O'Donnel on Epping Forest, contended first, and Smith won the battle by superior strength. Dockarty and young Crib (brother to Crib) next entered the ring, and the former won the battle easily. The contests were for subscription purses.

DOCKARTY, who beat young Crib on Highgate Common, as mentioned above, and who within the last twelve months has made rapid progress in the requisites for boxing, is matched to fight the younger Belcher in a month. Five to four on Belcher.

HORTON and Crib are also matched for 100 guineas, 10 ft. to fight in the same ring as Gullely and Gregson, on the 10th of May. Horton has never yet entered the list amongst the boxers who exhibit before the London amateurs. Even betting on the battle.

GREGSON is in training at the Load of Hay, on the Hampstead Road.

THE Game Chicken and Horton the

the celebrated Bristol pugilist, have been exhibiting their professional skill at the Birmingham Theatre to crowded audiences. Their performances consist in giving imitations of the first-rate pugilists of the day; their manner of setting-to, stopping, shifting, &c. and this is done between the several acts of the Play and Farce, for which the pugilists have a good salary.

A VERY determined pitched battle was fought on Crauley Common, Devon, on Wednesday the 10th, between two pugilists of renown in the West country, of the names of Cowan and Frimley; the latter of whom had won several battles, and was in this instance backed for one hundred guineas by a Mr. Swallbey, who had bets on the event of the battle, to the amount of 1000l. The contest, which was as obstinately and as skilfully contested as any on record, lasted an hour and half, when Cowan received a heavy fall, and was unable to *stag* longer. The combatants stood and hit till one fell in every round, and the advantages were nearly equal. The victor received 200l. from his backer.

A VERY obstinate boxing-match lately took place on Harlow Common, Wilts, between two professors, named Jonas and Harry; the former entered the list of country boxers, by a successful combat with one Flower, a coachman, at Heazeley Heath, about three months since, the latter having won nine successive battles. The contest continued 23 minutes, alternately to the advantage of each.—In the 18th round, however, Jonas gave his adversary such a violent fall, that he was unable to continue the contest.

STAKE-ROLDERS.—At the Palace

Court, in Westminster, before Serjeant Marshall, on Saturday, the 6th instant, a case came on, between Brown, the plaintiff, and Robinson, the defendant. As it is of some importance to the minor pugilists, the circumstances were briefly as follow:—Two inhabitants of Fulham and Putney, Brown and Cuff, made a bet to fight for ten guineas each, and bound the bet in the first instance by a deposit of two guineas each, placed in the hands of Robinson. When the parties met to finally settle the business, they differed as to the articles. Brown wanted it to be a fair stand-up fight; Cuff would not agree to it; of course Brown demanded his money to be returned, which was refused, and this action was brought. After this case was proved, Mr. Agar took some legal objections, which were over-ruled. The Learned Judge was clearly of opinion, that the plaintiff had a right to recover.—The money was deposited for an illegal purpose, and therefore could not be legally retained.—Verdict for the plaintiff—*Two Guineas and Costs.*

A MAMMOTH, in a state of perfect preservation, was lately found near Yakoutska, on the borders of the Frozen Ocean. Part of the flesh, the tusks, ears, and tail, had been cut off by the natives; but the skeleton has been carried to Petersburg, a distance of 6,875 miles. The head weighs 460lbs. The horns are nine and a half feet long, and weigh 400lbs. the height of the back is ten and a half feet, and the length sixteen and a half feet; the bristles of the back were of a reddish colour, and many of them measured full two feet four inches.

COURSING

COURSING MEETINGS.

MALTON.

THIS Meeting, after having been past by at the close of last year, and the beginning of this, by a succession of storms, and which continued nearly through the whole of this season, had at length a fair field opened to the Sportsman on Monday, Feb. 8, when the order of the day was

"May they all keep their legs and the best take it."

On Monday the Confederate Foxhounds met at Linton Whin, when, after trying three or four covers, not a fox was found. Unfortunately Scott, the whipper-in, got a violent tread from his horse, who slipped from under him, which appeared for some time likely to cost him his life. He is reckoned one of the neatest riders in England.

Tuesday, the first public coursing day, had a large assemblage of Sportsmen, amongst whom we noticed Sir Thomas Slingsby, Sir Francis Boynton, Sir M. M. Sykes; Mr. Mellish, Mr. Treacher, Mr. S. Croft, Major Bower, Mr. Best, Mr. Worsop Thompson, Mr. Foord, Mr. Tatton Sykes, Mr. C. Parker, &c. &c. &c. when the following Matches were run as under:—

Mr. Best's black dog Snowdrop, beat Mr. Croft's Chit.

Mr. Mellish forfeited to Major Topham's white dog Snake.

Mr. Mellish's b. bitch, beat Major Topham's yellow and white, Fly.

Major Topham's blue dog, Paramount, beat Mr. Mellish.

Major Topham's Miracle, received forfeit from Mr. Mellish.

Major Topham's black dog, Ormond, received forfeit from Mr. Mellish.

Major Topham's yellow and white dog, Galliard, beat Sir Thos. Slingsby's white dog.

This was a very long and severe course of upwards of two miles, in which Galliard showed all his former celebrity, and was allowed to run as well as ever he was seen to do.

In two Matches made on the ground, Major Topham's black dog, Ormond, (son of old Snowball) beat Sir T. Slingsby's Queen; and Major Topham's Snake, by Wonder, beat Sir T. Slingsby's b. Myrtle, who won the Cup the last November, then beating him.

For a Piece of Plate value 20 guineas:—

Sir Francis Boynton's Susan, (Mr. Heblethwaite's breed) beat Mr. Mellish, who was to produce any dog he could.

The hares ran uncommonly stout. Mr. Mellish knocked up two thorough-bred horses in following the greyhounds.

Major Topham's dogs, Galliard and Paramount, were amongst the few dogs who killed their hares.

Wednesday, a bye Coursing day in Settrington Field, afforded much sport; and some very fine courses were run by the dogs who had no immediate matches upon them.

Thursday, began with two or three matches before the Prize Cup was started for, as the ground was somewhat hardened with the frost.

Mr. Starkie's b. bitch against Major Topham's Galliard—undecided.

Mr. Worsop's Miracle, against Sir F. Boynton—undecided.

Mr.

Mr. Best beat Mr. Worsop's b. bitch, Beauty.

After this, the Prize Cup was started for, and, after two very severe courses, was won by Mr. Best's Snowdrop, got by

Old Snowball 1
Major Bower's black dog. 2
Major Topham's black dog Rock-
et, by Young Snowball 3
Mr. Croft's black and white dog 4
Mr. Mellish and Sir Thomas
Slingsby were the tryers. Snow-
drop was allowed to win the Cup
in as gallant a manner as ever his
father did before him.

Mr. Mellish's b. b. Adela, beat
Major Topham's yellow and white
bitch Fly, daughter of Galliard.

Sir F. Boynton's black and white
bitch Fairmaid, beat Mr. Acklom's
b. dog Thunder.

For a Piece of Plate, value Eight
Guineas:—Mr. Mellish's b. bitch
Adela, by Old Snowball, beat Ma-
jor Topham's Galliard. Betting,
at starting, in favour of Galliard,
but won in a very surprising style
by the bitch.

It was allowed by this Meeting,
that the blood of Old Snowball
never more distinguished itself, ce-
lebrated as it has been over the
Wharram grounds.

We ought to notice the extreme
good order the coursers observed.
The hares ran so remarkably well,
that only two hares were killed this
day. The field was uncommonly
numerous; and Suggit, the slipper
of the dogs, walked in as surprising
a manner as he has done for twenty
years past.

NEWMARKET.

THE adjourned Newmarket
Coursing Meeting began on Tues-
day, the 9th instant; and although
the frost prevented the dogs run-

ning in the early part of each day,
the sport was very fine, as the hares
ran uncommonly stout.

Tuesday, Feb. 9.—Chevely Field.

Mr. Hammond's Wydford, agst
Mr. Wright's Vestal—undecided.

Sir P. Blake's Eleanor, agst Mr.
Hammond's Witch—undecided.

Mr. Lovelace's Mary, agst Sir P.
Blake's End—undecided.

Mr. J. Wright's Sting, agst Mr.
Hammond's Wormwood—unde-
cided.

Mr. Wright's Vintres beat Mr.
Hammond's Whitenose.

Mr. Mickelthwaite's Jason beat
Mr. Vachell's Prince.

Mr. J. Wright's Spite, agst Mr.
Hammond's Westacre—undecided.

Wednesday, Feb. 10.—Chipping- ham Field.

Mr. Thorpe's puppy beat Mr.
Readhead's puppy.

Mr. Wright's Venus beat Sir P.
Blake's Eliza.

Mr. Redhead's Spring beat Mr.
Thorpe's Stroke.

Mr. Wright's Marvel beat Mr.
Tyssen's Fling.

Mr. Tyssen's puppy beat Mr.
Wright's puppy.

Sir P. Blake's Earwig beat Mr.
Lovelace's Miff.

Mr. Hammond's Wren beat Mr.
Dover's Dick.

Mr. Moore's Nabob beat Sir P.
Blake's Edgar.

Mr. J. Wright's Spring beat Mr.
Hammond's Wormwood.

Sir P. Blake's Emmeline beat
Mr. Vachell's Patriot.

Mr. Vachell's Pillager beat Mr.
Lovelace's Mam'selle.

Mr. Wright's Sampson beat Mr.
J. Wright's Serious.

Mr. Vachell's Pigeon beat Mr.
Tyssen's Firelight.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE JOYS OF THE CHASE.

A Hunting Song.

HARK! hark! to the sound of the
soul-stirring horn,
How sweetly it breaks thro' the stillness
of morn;

Rouse! Rouse from your slumbers, ye
foes to dull care,
And to join the blithe throng, to the co-
ver repair.

Surrounded by friends, on his fav'rite
grey hack,
See old Jolly mounted i' th' midst of the
pack:

'Tho' old Time shews his pow'r o'er the
veteran's frame,
Yet in spirit and courage he still is the
same.

To the cover arriv'd, observe with what
care

He leads in the dogs—not a shrub does
he spare;

For, assisted by Ringwood, fleet Dasher,
and Rout,

He knows if Ren.'s there he must quickly
come out.

Hark! Dasher now opens, and forth
from yon bush

See Reynard, with desperate courage,
now rush;

Not a dog yet beholds him—and let him
still fly,

We shall quickly have all the fleet pack
in full cry.

Old Jolly now breaks through the cover,
and sounds

The jocund view-hallo!—the high-met-
tled hounds

Press forward, undaunted, and closely
pursue

Gly Reynard, who still is not out of their
view.

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Yoicks! forward! hark forward! is now
the sole cry,

Whilst our hounds fleet and staunch are
all running breast high.

O'er hedge, ditch, and gate, see we fly
like the wind,

Leaving care and dull sorrow far dis-
tanced behind.

Ren. hears the loud shouts, and (tho'
efforts are vain,

As nought can our courage or fleetness
restrain)

To gain the next earth he now makes a
last push,

Tho' Ranter and Dasher are close at his
brush.

The pack now surround him, his speed
'gins to fail;

His courage, his cunning, his shifts
nought avail;

He makes a faint stand, then resigns his
last breath,

And I and old Jolly are in at the death.

NIMROD, Jun.

Monday, Feb. 22, 1806.

THE
HUNTSMAN'S LAMENTATION*During a Storm.*

WHAT cursed luck is mine, with
hounds so stout and fine,

To suffer this horrible frost;

Come, Jack, and help swear, my patience
can't bear

To think what half-crowns we have
lost.

My pack that look'd so well is now as
black as Hell—

I fairly could sit down, and cry;

'Tis caused by the snow—my master
says, not so;

But he lays all the blame upon I.

M m

The

The sun shines out so clear, no signs of
thaw appear,

But all a hard winter portend;
The cats and terriers sneeze, the pails
and gutters freeze,

The horses' shining coats stand an end.

Of drink and food debar'd, the crows in-
fest the yard,

When thirsty, the shyest are bold;
My courage to retain, I strive, alas! in
vain—

E'en the gin it is tasteless and cold.

O! what a dismal sight, the meads all
cloth'd in white;

And snow cover'd wide o'er the ground,
The smoke upright ascends, with rhine
the cover bends,

And loudly our footsteps resound.

The Blues, so brisk of late, are now in
piteous state,

No art can their sorrows beguile;
E'en our new-married 'Squire sits mop-
ing o'er the fire,

For beauty attracts not a smile.

A dab at ev'ry fun, the Captain loads his
gun,

And rarely he misses a shot;
So, when he comes to th' chase, he takes
the foremost place—

Thro' him many pounds have I got.

But, 'midst this load of grief, one thing
might bring relief,

And lighten the heart felt oppress'd:
O! could he get a bey, then it would
give me joy,

And lull all my troubles to rest.

Cast down is our Divine, for well may he
repine,

But few winters more can he brave;
Yet when the old boy dies, in hopes he
soon may rise,

"Ha forward!" we'll mark o'er his
grave.

But ere my rhimes are done, see, clouds
obscure the sun,

The win' hurries round to the west;
A gentle mishi'g rain begins to sooth my
pain,

And dissipate the care in my breast.

Our pockets soon shall fill, for this rings
Reynard's knell,

And assure, long banish'd, renews;
Come, J. K., then push your glass, here's
o' your fav'rite tess,

And health and good sport to the Blues.

THE DYING HORSE.

Written by Mr. Upton.

MASTER, farewell! I've serv'd you
long and true;

Yes, noble master!—for I've found
you so:

Twice fourteen years my back has carried
you,

And yet, ne'er once, did thy displea-
sure know.

Oh, master dear! when both were green
in years,

How oft I've borne you to your dis-
tant love

You best can tell — but why thine eyes
in tears?

I do not wish your tender heart to
move.

Nay, do not look so sad, nor stroke my
head,

We now must part!—must bid a long
adieu!

Yet, ere I'm number'd with the silent
dead,

Thy poor old servant dies with blessing
you.

And oh, good master! hear my last re-
quest,

Be still the same, be still the horse's
friend;

So may the turf lie lightly on thy breast,
When you and life (which Heav'n
prolong) shall end.

Do you learn others like yourself to feel,
To know our value, and to use us fair;

For could our tongues the pains oft felt
reveal,

Sure those who lash us would such
torture spare.

Willing—nay, eager, is our wish to please,
When oft we're scourg'd, and ev'ry

pore runs blood!

By day and night, alas! bereft of ease,
Whipp'd, spur'd, and goaded, in the
very stud.

Master, kind master! do you prove a
friend,

The horses' friend—for much your
care they need;

Depict their suff'rings, and their cause de-
fend;

And save, oh! save them, when con-
demn'd to bleed.

So

So may'st thou, best of masters! happy
 be,
 Nor care, nor trouble, e'er thy wishes
 cross;
 But Cherub-babes their blessings lisp for
 thee,
 Is the last prayer of the Dying Horse.

Yes! happy they, who (in this blood-
 stain'd age,
 When havoc, death, and ruin are the rage)
 Confine their mania, in such tragic days,
 To wearing *killing* wigs—and *murdering*
 plays.
 Hail! harmless heroes, hail! with pride
 I greet
 Such crowds of *killing* wigs in every street;
 All shapes and colours, brown, red, black,
 and fair:
 All sorts, and all quite new—except the
hair.
 See tender Misses mount the fiercest Bru-
 tus,
 Aim at our hearts, and with hair-triggers
 shoot us,
 While cruel Beaux (with perukes curl'd
 so clever)
 Think to destroy a Lady's peace for ever.
 Judges wear *killing* wigs—and e'en Jack
 Ketch
 Plays not his part, but in a *killing* scratch.

EPILOGUE,

Written by W. A. Madocks, Esq. M. P.
 and delivered at Bryn-y-pys Theatricals,
 January 7, 1808.

SCENE—*Eagle's Inn, Wrexham.*

The Speakers are, an Amateur Actor and
 a Hair-Dresser; the former is discover-
 ed sitting with a large wig, under the
 Hair-Dresser's hands.

PROLOGUE (*advancing*).

"FASHION in ev'ry thing bears sov'reign
 sway,"
 And plays and perriwigs have now their
 day.
 A modish man, I burn with stage-struck
 passion,
 And for my wig—"Tis in the *fullest* fash-
 ion. [*Shakes his wig.*]

HAIR-DRESSER seizes PROLOGUE.

H. D. Sit down good Sir! indeed I
 cannot stop;
 I've twenty people waiting in my shop.
 P. (*Sits down, then starting forward in
 a theatrical reverie*)

"The gorgeous palaces."—

H. D. He's off, egad!
 What, Sir? King George's palaces! he's
 mad. [*Aside.*]

P. "The solemn temples"—

H. D. What can thus perplex him?
 Solomon's temples, Sir!—why you're at
Wrexham.

Pray Sir, be quiet—there, Sir, there—sit
 steady—

[*Seats PROLOGUE and dresses his wig.*
 Now turn your head—

P. Why, a'n't it turn'd already?

H. D. Egad it is;—and I begin to
 doubt,

If being turn'd so oft, it a'n't worn out.

P. (*Advancing*) Fashion's the thing—

A man as well may be,

If not in Fashion's throne—a Cherokee;

Then sure it is the luckiest thing on
 earth—

When fashion sanctions unoffending
 mirth.

In crowds as num'rous, and as *danger-*
ous too,
 Our *bon-ton* Actors execution do.
 Yon Amateur there—to the Stage but raise
 him,
 He'll murder Richard, before Richmond
 slays him.
 Thus Thespis reigns, and every where
 prevails,
 In England, Scotland, Ireland, and in
 Wales;
 From Badlam's Precincts down to Snow-
 down Peak,
 At every mile you'll hear some Roscius
 squeak.
 How oft you'll see, unshaken by alarm,
 Macbeths and Banquos lounging arm in
 arm;
 Romeos in Bond-street, steering a ba-
 rouche,
 And Juliets beck'ning from a hackney-
 coach;
 Hotspurs in Rotten-row, astride the crup-
 per,
 And Hamlets leading their mammas to
 supper.
 See Jacques too, no longer in the vapours,
 Dance down Tekeli with a thousand car-
 pers.
 See town-bred Rosalinds leave love for
 riches,
 And wedded Violas still wear the breeches.
 Hear great Glendwr (who was but an
 Attorney) [*Aside.*
 Again on circuit rides his usual journey.
 There's the Welch Parson offers "sweet
 Ann Page"

His

His "sense and putter," in the Greenwich stage,
While merry wives from City counters fill
The well-cramm'd coach, to roll down
Greenwich hill.

See Christian Shylocks, very generous fellows—
See smock-fac'd Cannibals, and white Othellos—

See Castle Spectres on fat venison fed,
And Denmark's Royal Ghost go drunk to bed.

H. D. Oh, Sir! have done! I pray!
—to night I've made

Fifty appointments for the Masquerade.
I've got to dress an old and modern beau,
Two monnies, three blue devils, and a crow;

A mother goose, some hermits, and derivatives.

P. Where is the Masquerade?

H. D. ——— At Mr. PRICE'S—

Who is (to all so gen'rously behav'd).

As good a gentleman as ever shav'd.—

Oh, happy land! when thus its youth delight

To keep their household god's in merry plight;

Who let their rents regain their tenant's door,

And make the rich the bankers of the poor.
Next week he gives a play.

P. A play? my friend! [They embrace.

"Oh for a muse of fire, that would ascend!"—

"My kingdom for a horse,"—to draw my gig—

"Heat me those irons hot,"—to curl my wig.—

By all the theatres in Rome and Greece,
I'll whip immediately to BRYN Y RYDYS.

Here! bring my doublet, and my scarlet hose—

My rapier, ruff, my small—no! my little cloaths;

My Lingo's caxon, and my square-toed shoes,

And all the trappings of the comic muse.
And hark! add Falstaff's dress. Go! go!

I tell ye.

H. D. Lord, Sir! the whiskey won't hold half your belly!

P. Let Mr. Jones then hire the Wren & X-ham waggon,

And, in that case, pop in my new green dragon,

My witch's broomstick, hump and magic train;

A pound of lightning and a peck of rain;
For tho' no tempest now the scene deform,

Perhaps next winter we may want a storm.

[Going.

(Returns very forward.)

And may next winter and another still
Smile, like a summer, on this happy hill;
Disperse the clouds that hang on sorrow's brow,

And dry all tears, but what from laughter flow.

May mirth again delight to hover here,
And bless the coming of a new-born year.

May mask, dance, song, pandean pipes
and all,

But, chiefly, YOUR SWEET SMILES, ye fair, "keep up the ball."

THE WITS—A RHAPSODY.

WITS there are in every town,

One at least to every clown;

Wits that pun, and wits that bite,

Wits who read, and wits who write;

Wits who walk, and wits who dance,

Wits who ride, and wits who prance;

Wits that sing, and wits that joke,

Wits that snuff, and wits that smoke;

Every one for fame contending,

Something every one pretending!

Punning, biting,

Reading, writing,

Walking, dancing,

Riding, prancing,

Singing, joking,

Snuffing, smoking:

Every one, for fame or pelf,

Puffing up his own dear self.

But the wits of greater dash,

Are the wits who have the cash;

Dullness though the group befriending,

They are ever witty spending!

Wit with them, with looks profound,

Flourishes where they abound;

Aided by the sparkling wine,

The sun that always makes them shine.

EPITAPH

ON A HUNTSMAN.

HERE's run to ground, just in his prime,

The stoutest Huntsman of his time;

None e'er lov'd better hound or horse;

No ditch, till this, e'er stopp'd his

course:

Tho' out at length he here is cast,

By fate untimely hurry'd;

Yet in at death he'll be at last,

When Death himself is worry'd.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS
OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to
THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

MARCH, 1808.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEELER, 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPEL, 66, Pall-mall
J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND-PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;
AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO THE PUBLIC.

HAVING completed the Thirty-first Volume of the **SPORTING MAGAZINE**, with respect to congratulation, we can only repeat the same language and the same sentiments we have used upon similar occasions and seasons of the year. But besides endeavouring to merit the approbation of our numerous Subscribers, as we trust we have never been averse to their hints relative to improvements, nor even to their censure, when imparted with candour; therefore, confident of the means of affording satisfaction, we cannot despair of the end.—We trust, that as success has not yet had the tendency to relax our exertions, we shall still continue under the same salutary guidance that has hitherto so auspiciously presided over our labours; and that the care and correctness of the Printer, the versatility of the Compiler, and the ingenuity of the Artist, will, as hitherto, render the **SPORTING MAGAZINE** agreeable to the gay world and the man of pleasure, and at the same time not exceptionable to the grave moralist, or the man of profound thinking.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have still to apologise to our friends at Plymouth: our researches to procure the Song out of print have not yet been successful.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
FOR MARCH, 1808.

FRONTISPIECE

TO THE
THIRTY-FIRST VOLUME OF THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE.

ATLANTA.

THE story of Atlanta, from the
Heaven Mythology, is so well
known, that we deem it wholly un-
necessary to give any particulars of
the imaginary exploits of this swift-
footed lumines.

GENERAL WHITELOCKE.

HIS ORIGIN.

LIEUT.-General John White-
locke, (now only Mr. John
Whitelocke) who has been recently
tried by a General Court-Martial
for his conduct at Buenos Ayres,
and sentenced to be cashiered, and
declared unfit and unworthy to be
employed in any military capacity
whatever, was born at Eddington,
near Hungerford, Berks, and edu-
cated at the grammar school at
Marlborough. He was one of the
natural children of the late Bal-
strode Whitelocke, Esq. of Marriage
Hill, near Ramsbury, who had four
sons and several daughters. Of
the sons, John, the subject of this
short essay, is the eldest; the se-
cond, Balstrode Whitelocke, is an
Officer in the Army; and the
third, James, a Surgeon at Great
Bedwin, Wilts: the fourth was in
the Navy, and is dead.

In what manner, or with what
expectations, the children were
brought up, we are not precisely
acquainted. It has been erroneously
said, that the General was origi-
nally a private in the army, and
that he had worked in a garden at
Hammersmith, not a word of which
is founded in truth.

The pretensions of John, in the
set-out of life, were, we presume,
limited to trade, for he was sent to
Mr. Shropshire, a bookseller, in
Bond-street, to acquire a know-
ledge of that business. From what
cause he left Mr. Shropshire we
know not, but before his appren-
ticeship had expired, we find him
an active cadet at Lochee's Military
Academy at Little Chelsea (the
first School set up by an individual
in England to teach the military
art).—From this seminary, John
Whitelocke began his military ca-
reer, and, through his father's
friends, obtained a commission.—
His progress afterwards in the ar-
my we shall not touch upon, but
content ourselves by saying, that
he made a very advantageous ma-
trimonial connexion, by uniting
himself to a daughter of Mr. Lewis,
Deputy Secretary at War.

When a man is down, all tongues
are open against him; but we
shall not press the broken reed, by
making any observations on his
present wayward fate.

His father always lived as an in-
dependent Country Gentleman, and
was never agent to the Earl of
Aylesbury, as asserted in the pub-
lic

lic prints.—“ Old Whitelocke,” says a correspondent, “ was a most hospitable and benevolent man, universally respected and esteemed.”

DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c. &c.

THE KING v. GRAHAM.

THIS subject involves points of a nature peculiarly delicate. It hath appeared upon the face of the trial, that Mr. F. Plowden, an eminent Barrister, had given advice to institute a prosecution against Mr. Graham, for wilful and corrupt perjury, by swearing, in his answer in Chancery, that he had received no monies, as Trustee for the late Mr. Atkins and his son, which he had not accounted for by his answer.

This important trial took place in the Court of King's Bench, on the 7th of December, 1807, when the defendant was honourably acquitted.—In the course of this trial, Mr. Plowden fell under the censure of the Court, for giving *improvident* advice to his client; for not having applied due diligence in investigating the proper grounds for forming an opinion, so momentous to the defendant; and also for having *maliciously* advised, supported, and brought on this prosecution, even by degrading the barrister into the attorney.

As the manner, matter, and issue of this trial, were highly injurious to Mr. Plowden's professional reputation, as reported to the public in the Morning Papers of that period, he has deemed it indispensable to his personal honour to publish a refutation against those

charges, which imply a malicious direction in his nature against the defendant. In order to fortify himself as strongly as possible, Mr. Plowden has made the following quotation from holy writ, which he has used as a motto to his Refutation; viz. “ It is not the manner of the Romans to condemn any man before that he which is accused have the accusers face to face, and have license to answer for himself, concerning the crime laid against him.”—*Acts*, xxv. 16.

Mr. Plowden complains, that he stands in the unprecedented predicament of a British subject, who was arraigned, tried, and condemned, for an offence of the most malicious turpitude, unheard and undefended: that he had entreated permission of the Court to set forth the grounds of the advice which he had given his client, but that he was refused this permission. Under the pressure of such an imperious necessity, he has used the freedom of the press, which is the only means open to him, to rescue his name from those imputations, and calls upon the sympathies of every man to read his narrative impartially: nor does he call upon any to acquit him, who do not find in it irrefragable proofs of *honour, delicacy, and integrity*.

The indictment was preferred upon the basis, that Mr. Graham had not accounted for monies received, although, in the course of the trial, it became manifest, that the alleged deficit was caused by sums received from Mr. Graham, and accredited by Mr. Atkins, whose hand-writing had been acknowledged in Court by his widow; but which testimonials had not been seen by Mr. Plowden previous to the enforcement of this prosecution, although every neces-

sary

any or elucidatory paper had been repeatedly demanded on the part of Mrs. Atkins, by Mr. Plowden, agreeably to the tenor of his own statement.

There is an inference, which was made in Court by Sir Vicary Gibbs, which pressed heavily on the motives by which Mr. Plowden was presumed to have been actuated; namely, that the dread of being exposed to such an indictment would have induced Mr. Graham to yield to certain demands which were asserted to have been made upon him. This is an insinuation of more than ordinary force; yet we are wholly unable to trace, by any species of evidence adduced, or by any precise statement of the Counsel, what those imputed demands were. On this point, Mr. Plowden assumes a proper indignation, and declares, that the representation was utterly false.

Mr. Plowden likewise complains, that the trial was not detailed in the public newspapers with fairness and candour; and that the declaration in several of them, "that he knew Mr. Graham had fully accounted with Mr. Atkins, and that he (Mr. Plowden) was actuated by an intention to intimidate Mr. Graham into a compliance with certain propositions," was a wicked and scandalous abuse of the liberty of the press, inasmuch as it openly attributed motives of the most unworthy tendency to Mr. Plowden, which had no existence in fact—that Mr. Graham was not indicted for not having accounted for certain sums, but for having suppressed the receipt and application of them in his answer.

Thus stands the case with respect to the two gentlemen who are more immediately concerned. Mr. Gra-

ham was honourably acquitted in Court, because he fully satisfied the Jury that he had acted the part of a faithful trustee: and Mr. Plowden, having been denied the opportunity to explain, during the trial, the motives completely by which he was governed in preferring the prosecution, has published his correspondence with Mrs. Atkins and Mr. Graham, to prove to the world that he had no considerations in view but the security of his client, and the furtherance of justice; and we believe that those who have perused the Refutation, will have very different ideas of Mr. Plowden's disposition and character, than they would have had, provided that they had confined their examination to newspaper reports, and not been circumstantially informed of that series of events, which, unfortunately, led to the casting an ephemeral blemish upon two gentlemen, each of whom, we sincerely believe, deserves the esteem of all considerate persons.

We cannot dismiss this article, without lamenting that unhappy propensity which exists in the human bosom, to make the peace of our minds secondary to the indulgence of a fallacious principle of proud determination.—How many controversies might be healed—how many acrimonious disputes arranged—how many duels prevented—provided the conflicting parties would reasonably accede to each other, and then, by coolly investigating all the bearings of the points contended, acknowledge that each might be a little in the wrong; and by such acknowledgments open the door for the admission of a mutual friendship, which would render them, ever after, dearer to themselves, their connexions, and their country.

BOX.

BOX-LOBBY FRACAS.

THIS case was detailed in our last Number, under the head of The King against WILLIAM DEARLEY, for a violent and unprovoked assault on Sir Robert Peat, a Clergyman, in the box-lobby of Drury-Lane Theatre.—We were happy to read the charge which Lord Ellenborough made to the jury on this occasion.—Speaking of the defendant's brutal conduct, he said, that if Mr. Dearley did not humble himself, before the person he had so grossly offended, the Court, by their sentence, would make him humble. We hope that this species of *amende honorable* will tend to check that intolerable spirit of impertinence, which is so frequently displayed in the theatres of this metropolis, to the annoyance of the better part of the audience, and to the scandal of the nation.—We were sorry, for the honour of the sporting world, to see the respectable name of MELLISH introduced on such an occasion.

PERSONAL QUARREL IN AMERICA.

There alludes to the actionimonious altercation which took place, at Washington, between General Wilkinson and Mr. Randolph.—Since the insertion of the correspondence of these gentlemen, the former has been interrogated by a Court of Enquiry, relative to his conduct as a commander, and, until the result of that enquiry is known, we shall suspend our comments upon the spirit of this transaction. W.

RACES APPOINTED IN 1808.

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TRESPASS FOR SPORTING.

An Action tried at the Suttens Assizes, held at Horsham, March 24, 1808.

Hitchins v. Bradley.

THIS was an action of trespass, for sporting over the land of the plaintiff, at Littleington, in this county.

Mr. Serjeant Best stated, that in this case the plaintiff was a respectable farmer, and the defendant a private soldier in the 14th regiment of dragoons, who, upon this occasion, was defended by the Officers of the regiment, they being, in fact, the real defendants in the cause.

The action was brought to prevent a repetition of the most outrageous conduct on their part, in which they had set all moderation and decency at defiance. The Officers of that regiment had long been a nuisance to that part of the coun-

ty. The plaintiff, and several other most respectable land-holders, had formed a subscription pack of hounds, with which they hunted, and the company of the Officers would at all times have been most gladly received as part of the hunt; but instead of this, these gentlemen had chosen to keep a pack of dogs of their own at the barracks, and, without permission, had trespassed over the lands in the neighbourhood.

The defendant had acted as the huntsman of this pack; for it was the trick of these Officers to make a private soldier their huntsman, and to change him as often as they saw occasion, by which means they avoided having any notice served upon him. The plaintiff, however, had taken good notice of Mr. Bradley's face, and on the 9th of November he was warned off the lands of the plaintiff. It was not long, however, before he was found again trespassing; and he should prove, that on the 12th of January he was again hunting on the land of the plaintiff. This would entitle the plaintiff to a verdict; and he had no doubt but, under the circumstances, his Lordship would think the trespass a malicious one, which would entitle the plaintiff to receive his full costs. The Learned Serjeant added, that it was in the power of the plaintiff to have pursued a severer remedy against these defendants; for, by the Mutiny Act, they were liable to forfeit their commissions for this sort of trespassing. He hoped, however, that the warning they would receive in this action, would form a lesson for their future conduct.

The notice and trespass being proved, the Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 40s. which carries costs, without a certificate

from the Judge that the trespass was wilful and malicious.

The defendant had also two verdicts against him in two subsequent actions, for similar offences: A Mr. Hitchin, a respectable farmer, who proved the trespasses, stated, that the Officers behaved with the utmost insolence; that whenever they were spoken to, their usual threat was, *to open the ears, and let out the brains*, of those who complained, and thus he had himself been repeatedly threatened with a horse-whipping.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM. — *A Letter, containing Remarks on the above cause of action, with a detail of circumstances which led thereto, will appear in our next Magazine.*

FOX-HUNTING.

ON Tuesday, the 22d, the Earl of Darlington's fox-hounds had one of the most brilliant runs of the season, from that celebrated cover, Seasay Wood, Yorkshire.

They presently unkenelled a fox, which seemed determined to shew, that the justly-famed breed of Hambleton foxes is not extinct: for first skirting along the banks of the Swale, about two miles, he then had the courage to face the wind towards the hills, passing by Sewerby, Bagby, through Thirkleby Park, Thirkleby Spring, Osgodby, and Hoodhill, where, notwithstanding many earths were open, he refused their protection, and turned to the right, across Kilburn Common, to Byland Abbey, Newborough Park, and Yearsley; then, pointed towards Black Wood; but the scent growing very cold, he was lost about three miles from Easingwold,

Easingwold, after a run of two hours and ten minutes, with only one short check. The country passed over, was supposed to be at least twenty-five miles.

Amongst the best sportsmen and riders were, the Earl of Darlington, on his capital mare Flora; Sir F. Boynton, on Mr. Bennet; Mr. Treacher, on Copenhagen; Mr. Frankland, on Coxcomb; Mr. Bell, on All-fours; Mr. Livesay, on Rector; Mr. Stourton, on Poppleton; Mr. Silvertop, on Traveller, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 12th instant, the hounds of Sir Thomas Stanley, of Hooton, in Cheshire, drew Shotwicke Gawes, and in a few seconds a couple of foxes broke cover. The hounds divided, and two couple and a half went away with one; he took his country direct, from the Find to Puddington, then to Hinderton; he was headed crossing the Park-gate great road, when he took for Ness Gawes, from thence to Raby, Willson, and Thornton Common, where he was again headed, and then taking his course towards Bebbington, he was *tallied* about two hundred yards before the hounds. He was now nearly exhausted. The two horsemen who were in, *tallied* him crossing the great turnpike road at Brombo Mill, about sixty yards before the hounds. He took down Ponten great cover, and under Ponten-hall got into ground. This chase was calculated to be upwards of thirty miles, with two couple and a half of hounds.

MALTON SPRING MEETING.

FOR the half-bred Stakes, a Subscription of 50l. 6s. we under-

stand Mr. Knowsley's and Mr. Dale's horses are the favourites. For the Farmer's Stakes, which consists of a *levy-en-masse*, assembled of all the unfortunates that have been tumbled through the ditches of half the country, "in the most dashing style"—no man can know any thing about them.

The following are amongst the qualifications:—The horses must have been regularly hunted the preceding season with Mr. Watt's and Sir Mark Sykes's fox-hounds, and have never started before naming. Certificates to be produced of their having been fairly rode up to hounds ten times at least; and from the owner of their being half-bred. To carry 13st. each, and to be rode by farmers.

COURSING AND HARE-HUNTING.

THE last season, which, for the sports of the field, has been, throughout, the most unfavourable ever known, has now nearly concluded two of its subjects, coursing and hare-hunting, as the hares are now breeding in every country.—In truth, no fair sportsman would now think of pursuing an animal which it is inhuman to distress, particularly as it is not worth having when killed. In addition to this, the farmer, though himself a sportsman, begins to be materially interested in his grounds not being hunted.—The young seeds are beginning to shoot, and the ewes, with their infant lambs, are now in the fields, as well as the ewes who have not lambed down—all equally liable to be injured by a field of sportsmen—"who give care to the winds," and care little what they ride over.—The fox-hunter, however, will most likely continue his sport till the middle or end of April.

THE

THE
PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.

NO. V.

Men must be taught as tho' you taught
 them not,
 And things unknown, propos'd as things
 forgot.

Essay on Criticism.

MY sentiments on the subject treated on in the preceding Number being fixed long before, I had nothing more to do in the morning than to commit them to paper for my friend's animadversion. I accordingly rose as soon as it was light, and began, hoping that my sentiments might meet with the desired success, and induce my friend to examine both sides of a question, impartially and ingenuously, which if he did, I was convinced that he would be far less averse to the sports of the field.—The arguments I had recourse to were as follow :—

“What Shakspeare has said of mercy, may be very fitly and properly applied to humanity and tenderness. Man is constrained to act with an apparent honesty and justice by the law of nations ; but man is not compelled by law to act with tenderness and humanity, which are virtues, or rather dispositions of the soul, to which there is little or no compulsion. Mercy and tenderness are twins ; neither can with strict propriety be called the highest, since they are so nearly equal in goodness and amiability ; and they are equal in their freedom, their actions being the spontaneous result of a godlike disposition, falling like the gentle dew of Heaven on all around them ; and were they not sometimes seen separated, they might pass under one general name : whoever, there-

fore, endeavours to cultivate and diffuse mercy and humanity, either by his own conduct or by his precepts, merits the warmest commendations of his species.

“But notwithstanding this, those fine feelingly-descriptive effusions of the poets on tenderness and humanity, are far from making a general impression on my mind, or of working an entire change in my sentiments. Were I to see a poet, after his having made a pathetic effusion on the sufferings of a hare or partridge, and so feelingly declaimed against the youthful sportsman, who exercises his manly frame in the pursuit and destruction of these animals—were I, I say, to see him, as I probably might, pettishly spurn the faithful companion of himself, and watchful guardian of his house and property, what must I think of his finely-written notions, or rather studied precepts of humanity, and pathetic declamations against sending the invisible and instantaneous death to wild animals ?

“Do not think, my good friend, that I am here hinting at any thing similar in your conduct : no, I am not ; for your treatment of domestic animals, and of every thing about you, is as tender and humane as one can wish. My views on this occasion are, to divert your attention to what may be said on both sides a question.

“Let us, for once, allow the poet to be just in his censures on the sports of the field, and say, “the destruction of a hare is a poor triumph ;” or, in the poet's own words,

“Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare.”

Then, what must we say of customs long tolerated, habits generally practised in most, if not in all

nations of the world; viz. that of destroying domestic animals, and turning their carcasses into nutritious food for our consumption? If we reprobate and condemn the casual murders committed by the sportsman, surely we must, to be just and impartial, much more reprobate and condemn the habitual murders of our butchers and servants, who, by our orders, commit such frequent devastations among our domestic animals.

"Behold the pastures spotted with sober harmless ewes, and their milk-white sportive lambs; how they please and delight us with their sprightly, innocent looks, and sportive gambols! yet we freely and unconcernedly sell them to the butcher. See the gentle innocent creature, to speak in the language of the poet, "Licks the hand just raised, to shed its blood;" and shall we, can we reprobate the sportsman for shooting a partridge?—See the calves jumping from the pen, to draw the rich stream from the full udders of their musing, ruminating dams—we put these to the same purposes as the lambs; and shall we condemn the sportsman for shooting a hare?—Do we not frequently meet with large droves of calves, slowly marching on the great roads, weary, faint—their tender young legs bending under them—sending forth a piteous moan for rest, and a supply from that delicious fountain whence they have been used to draw their daily sustenance? Others, which have fainted under the fatigue of their long march, are folded neck and heels together, rammed into bags in a globular form, and thrown across the back of an old miserable horse, scarce able to support its own weight. And shall we censure the sportsman for hunting

down the timid hare, whose sufferings are, as it were, nothing?—She flies at first with pleasure; she has confidence in the agility of her feet, and the subtlety of the mazy foldings of her steps; she knows no real suffering till near the conclusion of the chase, when she waxes faint, and is filled with alarms, from which death, almost in an instant, frees her.

"On my arrival at this seat of hospitality and humanity, how was I delighted at seeing the fine sow and her fat squatting progeny, twelve in number. The door opens, and she holds her ear on one side, seeming to rejoice in hope, and to know the steps of her master before she sees him; she looks up to him with something like reverence and pleasure—perhaps she is conscious that her dinner will be ordered; yet is she robbed of one of her family, which we made our delicious repast off yesterday. And shall we accuse the sportsman of barbarity, for shooting the vagrant woodcock?

"Nor did the poultry please, or attract my attention, less. They are not only familiar, but beautiful; their varied plumage pleases the eye, while their manners gain the affections. When I went out in the morning, the whole covey was in motion. They were in expectation of their kind master, saw their mistake, and stopped short: the door opened again, and again they were on the alert—it was their master, with the bowl in his hand. They flocked around him—joy and gladness brightened each eye—one was instantly on the bowl, another on his arm, and each one eager to receive that bounty his hand was ready to scatter among them. Where one daily sees such beauty and familiarity, and daily

fleet with such pointed marks of gladness, the heart is naturally inclined to conceive something of esteem and affection, and to feel some tender regard towards the object, though it be nothing more than a flock of poultry, or herd of swine. Yet custom authorises us to kill and eat these; and my philanthropic friend said, the other night, "Tom, kill a couple of these fowls for to-morrow." And can we, after these generally-practised customs, accuse the juvenile sportsman of cruelty for shooting a snipe or moor-hen, seeing such are the general and universal practices and habits of all nations?

"With respect to our domestic animals, we may, it is true, plead our greater right, and say, that their carcasses are the reward of our care and attention, provision and protection for them; whilst flares and partridges, woodcocks and snipes, seek their own sustenance, nurse and rear up their young, without our care or assistance, and that these have consequently a right to plead the law of liberty, and to be exempted from the authority of man. Their law of liberty let them plead—I grant them their freedom; but cannot allow that they lie under no obligation to man for protection and sustenance, since they are protected by his labour. Plantations are made, and thickets are suffered to remain, for their shelter and protection, whilst the produce of human exertions helps, in a great degree, to sustain them.

"But if those animals which avoid the society of man be allowed to plead the law of liberty, may not domestic animals be allowed to plead their confidence in, and their utility to man? May they not justly alledge against man a breach of

hospitality, and say, 'Oh! man, man! hast thou sustained, defended, and fattened us, for thy consumption? Hast thou gained our confidence in thee to that degree, that we approached thee without fear, without suspicion, and cheerfully took from thine hand our food, that thou mightest have free and ready access to shed the blood of us confiding animals, that rejoiced at thine approach, that are ready to caress the hand raised to rob us of our lives?'

"Were I to draw a comparison on the matter before me, might I not liken the man, who would give to wild animals their uninterrupted freedom with their lives, but who kills for his own consumption, and the market, his cows, calves, sheep, lambs, swine, and poultry, to the man who holds it incumbent on himself to smile on and caress strangers and foreigners, to treat every one abroad with all the affability, good nature, good humour, and good breeding, of a Chesterfield, but at home to give a free unlimited vent to all his ill-humours, to treat his servants and labourers as so many slaves, made for no other purpose than that of doing his work, and of suffering whatever either his capricious humour, malice, cruelty, or depravity of principle and good sense, may please to inflict; to banish love, peace, and happiness, from the wife of his bosom, by his frowns and unkindness. This man raises fear and terror, in the very place where his presence ought to revive the hearts, and animate the looks, of all in it; and to be as grateful to each inhabitant, as is the warm benign lustre of the sun to a world.

"Every man knows, that charity, good humour, and humanity, should always be shewn first at

home; next to neighbours, and lastly, to the public: this requires our first and most earnest care, as we are more liable to err in this particular at home than abroad, where men, in general, are tolerably civil and courteous, as it is right they should be. But suppose a man is rough, surly, rude, and uncivil, to strangers and in public; may not those strangers and the public comfort themselves, as did the Irishman, when told the house was on fire? "What care I," said he, "about the house; I am only a lodger;" in like manner, what need have strangers to lament and complain of incivility or rudeness in public, and from those to whom they are not bound? They may make their escape from such, and, if they are wise, will carefully avoid such surly brutes in future.

"Domestic animals are linked with man in the bonds of society: man is their master; he keeps them in bondage; he ought therefore to treat them with tenderness, to be provident to their wants, and to instruct them with attention and mildness. But he does not seem to lie under such obligations towards those animals which have never entered into a state of society with man, but have chosen to remain in a state of wildness; these are strangers to man; they avoid him; and therefore all that they can expect from man is, not to be tortured wantonly: they can plead no claim to our affections, but may, in justice, look to be treated with humanity. The sportsman should, as he generally does, endeavour to kill instantly, not to maim them, so that they creep away, and linger out days or weeks in misery.

"To kill, is not always cruelty. The friendly stroke of the gun,

and chase of the hounds, have freed many a hare from an approaching series of wants and pains, old age, decrepitude, and the leisure hand of time, to put a final period to all the calamities that wild animals must be obnoxious to in old age. To put a period, therefore, to their existence, in the flower of their age, before they arrive at those days of helpless sorrow and want, must be looked upon as an act of humanity and tenderness; it is freeing them from knowing the want of those blessings and benefits that spring from society."

Having finished the above observations, I put them into my friend's hand, and took a walk with George in the garden. About half an hour after, Mr. Bias came to us; "You have," said he, "made a convert of me; at least so far, that I now look on our domestic butchery as more barbarous and cruel than either shooting, hunting, or fishing; and you, nephew," said he to George, "shall in future have the use of the gun; but do not make yourself a slave to it, either in your youth or age; a man should always be master over his passions and propensities: and whenever you fire at any thing, endeavour to kill instantly. When you take a gun in hand, remember that you bear an instrument that requires constant thought and caution; mind where the muzzle points when any one is with or near you, and handle it cautiously when alone; observe how you hold it when getting over or through hedges, for many very melancholy and fatal accidents occur from guns; fatal accidents that are called accidental deaths, whereas they are not unfrequently the dreadful and lamentable consequences of giddiness and inattention.

tion. Never, to spare the trouble of charging, or of saving a charge of powder and shot, carry a loaded gun into any house, but always fire it off into the air before you enter any one's door. And remember never to attempt to alarm or frighten any one by holding out even an uncharged gun at them; for whoever does it deserves to be most severely reprimanded for the first offence, and to be shot, or banished for ever all society, for the second.—Observe these few directions, George," said he, very seriously, "and I shall not again reprove you for shooting a hare or partridge. While I continue to murder my domestic animals for consumption and emolument, you shall have leave from me to shoot wild ones for your pleasure and exercise.

M.

FARMING AND FOX-HUNTING.

IN our Mag. for January, p. 203, are two letters under the head of *Farming and Fox-Hunting*, taken from the Hampshire Chronicle; a third has since appeared, and which we conclude finishes the correspondence.

To the Editor of the Hampshire Chronicle.

SIR—The reply (in your last paper) to my letter of the 9th inst. I cannot pass over in silence, because it tends rather to encourage than to lessen the grievance I have complained of. The writer tells you, Sir, that he is a farmer as well as myself, and in the constant habit of valuing crops, and "that he never had the smallest reason to consider Fox-hunting as spoiling corn." How far it may suit your

Correspondent to consider Fox-hunting in so favourable a view, is best known to himself; I however shall not hesitate to assert that I never knew one instance of a Fox-hunt but what was attended with mischief to the farmer. Your correspondent, I presume, as he is a farmer in great business and a lover of Fox-hunting, has often been eye-witness to fifteen or twenty horsemen galloping through a field of wheat in a wet season; now, I will ask him, if it be possible that this can be done without injuring the corn? I have but one more question I wish to ask him, and I never will trouble him or you again. As he seems to be a strenuous advocate for the sport of Fox-hunting, and, in his own words, "trusts it will be continued by Englishmen (who are qualified for it)" now, I should be glad to know, what it is that qualifies a person to gallop over my land and do me an injury?

I beg to be understood, notwithstanding my complaint, that I am no enemy to Fox-hunting, nor have I any objection to gentlemen exercising that diversion on my land, provided they are careful, so as to do me but as little injury as possible.

A CONSTANT READER.

Hambleton, Jan. 27, 1808.

A STREET BATTLE, "A-LA-TURQUE."

Extracted from Donald Campbell, of Berbreck, Esq. his Journey over Land to India.

WHILE I remained at Aleppo, I walked as I before told you, frequently about the streets; and I think I never was witness to so many

many broils in all my life put together, as I was in my wanderings there; not a time I went out that I did not observe one, two, three, and sometimes half a dozen or more: they have nothing terrible in them, however, and, were it not extremely disgusting to see men scold, would be very entertaining; for I will venture to say that a street battle "*à-la-Turque*," is one of the most ludicrous exhibitions in the world. The parties approach to each other, and retreat mutually, as the action of one gives hopes to the other of victory, lifting their hands and flourishing them in the air, as if ready to strike every moment, grinding and gnashing their teeth, while their beards and whiskers besprent with the spume of their mouths, and wagging with the quick motion of their lips and ghastly contortions of their jaws, present the most ridiculous spectacle imaginable. They reminded me at the same time of a verse in an old English ballad:—

" 'Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all."

Nothing, in fact, can exceed the extravagance of their gestures, the vehement loudness of their voice, or the whimsical distortions of their countenances, in which are displayed sometimes the quickest vicissitudes of fear and fury, and sometimes the most laughable combination of both. All this time, however, not a single blow is actually struck; but they compensate for the want of bodily prowess by the exercise of the tongue, denouncing vengeance against each other, threatening instant demolition, lavishing every bitter reproach, every filthy epithet, and every horrible imprecation that they can think of, and both boasting occa-

sionally of their patience and forbearance, which fortunately enable them to refrain from annihilating their adversary. At last the fray gradually decays; exhausted with fatigue, and half choaked with dust and vociferation, they retreat gradually backwards to their own doors; where, summing up all their malignity into a most horrid execration, they part for the time, and retire to vaunt in empty threat, and growl away their rage, in the recesses of their haram.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF PARIS. DESCRIBED;

Or, Sketches of the Habits and Manners of the lower Orders.

(Contained in Letters to a Lady, by the celebrated Dramatist, Kotzebue.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE proverb, "Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are," is, perhaps, liable to many exceptions; for only very independent men are at liberty to choose their company: I should like to propose another proverbial saying, "Tell me how your room looks, and I will tell you what kind of man you are." These two exceptions may sometimes belie the rule; but upon the whole, I challenge every reader to look about among his acquaintance, whether the appearance of the room does not frequently resemble the character of its inhabitant?

You ask me, why this introduction? My answer is, we are now in Paris. The capital is, as it were, the room of a nation; and if I succeed in making you a little better acquainted with modern Paris, I am also of opinion, I shall have

have partly portrayed the French nation.

Please to favour me with your arm! For what? To take a walk through the streets of Paris in this fine autumnal weather. You will not be sorry for it. No foreigner should neglect such a walk; for the quays, boulevards, &c. present the most entertaining spectacle from morning till night. As often as the weather permitted, I rambled about on foot, stopped wherever a little crowd was gathering; I looked, I listened, gaped too, if you please, amused myself like a prince, and often picked up a grain of experience to deposit in my memory.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

Behold in one place a wheel of fortune made of glass; are you not surprised? Here extremes meet; one of the most enlightened nations of Europe, seems likewise to be the most superstitious. At the corners of every street, you find cunning people, who in every possible manner allure passers, to announce to them, infallibly, what numbers will be prizes in the next drawing of the numerous French lotteries; and such a prophet has always a crowded circle about him. This dirty wheel of fortune has a hole on the top; the ragged fellow who stands behind it, has made a kind of an instrument of the back bone of a goose, which he applies to the hole with great gravity, and almost without moving his lips imitates the speaking of Punch, which sounds exactly as if some little demon were sitting in the wheel, and addressing the auditors. If the curious draw near, the goose's bone suddenly jumps off the hole, and the ghostly voice invites the bystanders, whose hands are already in motion, un-

der the most splendid assurances of drawing the numbers which are to be prizes. Two sous is the usual price of all such never-failing prophecies.

THE WOODEN FORTUNE-TELLER.

A little farther, another has a large board with letters exposed; tell him only your initials, he immediately draws your name from the board, and in a hole behind it, finds you all you desire to know. This way of divination has been found too simple by a third. Behold that table where all sorts of neat little figures are driven round by clock-work. At first sight, it does not look at all like the sanctuary of a lottery prophet; but you will soon perceive, that on the middle pole which goes through the table, a zodiac is fastened over the puppets, in which the months are inscribed, and which turns round with them. Higher up you behold another circle, bearing the ninety numbers. Now only please to touch with your finger the puppet you think most endowed with the gift of soothsaying: for instance, this Turkish emperor who holds his sceptre so majestically high; all the figures immediately begin to run, the zodiac turns round, as do the numbers, and you wait in patience for the result.

Now the clock-work is run down, the emperor of Turkey stands still, and points with his sceptre to the month of August, exactly above which is No. 78. Can any thing be more natural and certain than that by taking this number for this month, you will win great sums upon it? You laugh that people should thus seriously give themselves up to children's play. Begging your pardon, it is, in fact, doing no more than a philosopher, who,

who, taking his chair, draws up with two demonstrating fingers the curtain of futurity, as he would unroll a piece of paper?

THE GOLDEN CHAIN OF FATE.

Let us go farther, and see this brilliant inscription: the golden chain of fate. This valuable chain consists of ninety cases, or wrappers of gilt paper, which are wound on a wheel, like yarn to be unreeled, and turned by a blind man. You choose one of these paper cases, the blind man opens it, and the number it contains again makes your fortune. But should you be absolutely determined not to make it in the lottery, you will at least be curious enough to learn your future destinies, and the past likewise if you please.

A PRIVILEGED CONJUROR.

In front of the Pont Neuf stands a conjuror, who expressly announces himself to be privileged by the police, and who has devoted his talent chiefly to the lottery: as men had much rather win money, than look into futurity. At your desire, the same personage opens you the book of fate for two sous, and, with wondrous fluency of speech, relates to you all that has happened and will happen. Though twenty people, one after another, different by professions, age, and sex, should all appeal to his skill, it does not put him out of countenance; he stares at one after the other, reads in their eyes and whole countenance, speaks to each for at least two minutes, is very grave all the while, makes use of the choicest terms of language, says in about an hour, (so long I imagine I staid) certainly not the same thing twice over, never stops or stammers, makes a slight bow at last; asks for nothing, addresses those who

follow, takes what the preceding drop into his hand, and puts it into his pocket without looking at it.

This man, in any other situation, would certainly have been an excellent speaker. The countenances of his consulters form the most diverting part of the scene. The utmost devotion, perfect resignation, and firm belief, are deeply impressed on every feature. As the man always expresses himself, particularly relative to the past, with such artful duplicity, he cannot fail, with the help of his ingenious powers of fancy, to hit the truth with regard to several of his hearers. I have often remarked, with what amazement people stared at him, and how many a lady turned away with tears in her eyes.—Thus the same Parisians, who, but a few years ago, carried about the goddess of Reason, though only on their shoulders, believe in divination, and surround by hundreds the first pretended prophet they meet.

A FLYING IMP.

A Frenchman possesses an inexhaustible fund of polite and agreeable turns, which, though every one knows they are unmeaning, yet draw an approving smile from all his hearers. There stands a fellow twisting a puppet's coat on his forefinger, and sometimes letting a little devil peep out, waving his hand briskly towards heaven, and exclaiming, "there it flies." This flat and stale joke he seasons very admirably with a ready account of every thing the little imp will see in his flight over Paris; now he sees the gun-boats on the Seine, of which he adis a pompous description; now a young lady just rising from bed, whom he describes with every possible fascination. Ample as is
the

the matter with which he is furnished by his flying devil (*diable volant*), copied from the devil upon two sticks (*diable boiteux*), still he knows how to change his amusements in a clever manner.

He suddenly calls a boy out of the crowd, who may be about ten years of age; putting his hand on his head, he asks him very solemnly, "Are you married, my lad?" The youngster stares at him, and says, "No."—"Swear, then," continues the jester, with a gruff voice, "swear that you are not married."—"The boy is obliged to hold up his hand and swear. "Now I'll make thy fortune." He gives him a box, and promises to conjure so many hundred louis d'ors into it. But before he begins his hocus-pocus, he very genteelly addresses the public, saying, "You will, perhaps, ask, gentlemen, why, with this facility of making gold, I do not make my own fortune? 'Tis because it is already made. All that I am doing here, is entirely for your amusement." He now conjures the box full of gold; at least it becomes as heavy in the hand as if there were really gold in it. To be sure, on opening it, nothing is found but a stone. But, can the conjuror help it that the boy is a natural or illegitimate child; or owes, at least, his supposed legitimacy to his mother having told a tale about his real origin? He declares, with an arch look, that he very seldom meets with instances of the kind; that such things seldom occur at Paris; and quickly digresses to some other subject.

All these are only jokes for the populace; but they are delivered without decency being offended, and are, indeed, not without wit. You will allow that a nation, among whom the common people join so heartily in laughing at this kind of

wit, must be advanced in cultivation a step farther than many other nations.

REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT.

But let us go on to his neighbour, who carefully watches till the wit, whom we have just left, has made a pause—when he immediately calls out, with a loud voice, "Gentlemen, while my neighbour is taking breath, permit me to shew you a most remarkable experiment:" without waiting for an answer, he carries round a box, from which he desires the people to draw questions, relative to money, health, love, the constancy or inconstancy of a beloved object, legacies expected, &c. While the question is taking out of the box, the professor of a thousand arts stands at a distance, to prove that he need not be acquainted with the subject of it. Then, upon receiving two sous in ready cash, he first answers the question, and, in the next place, gives a complete character of the enquirer, his temper, his good and bad qualities, and adds some good advice respecting the regulation of his future conduct. Thirdly, and lastly, he gives the five numbers which will come out at the next drawing; the whole printed on pretty good paper.

I cannot indeed conceive how this man, considering the expence he is at, can still have sufficient profit left out of two pence to support this merry life; this thought frequently occurs to me. Listen to that man further on, who offers with a loud voice, and for two pence, to every passenger, the rules of piquet. The little book consists of about two sheets; and though I cannot see any person who buys a single copy of him, yet I have found him on the same spot for this fortnight, and he still lives.

To be continued.

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**ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c.
IN 1807.**

Continued from Page 198 of our Number for January.

<i>Years Old.</i>		<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
By MOORCOCK (aged 16).		
6	HIT-OR-MISS , Mr. Drage's, 110gs at Northampton.....	1
4	Miss Decoy , Mr. E. L. Hodgson's, 50l. at Dumfries, and thrice 50l. at Ayr	4
4	Plunder , Mr. Bowker's, 50gs at Newcastle, Staffordshire	1
By OBERON (aged 17).		
—	Fairy , Mr. Baird's, 50gs at Edinburgh	1
a.	Plaything , Mr. Trotter's, 70gs at Skipton.....	1
5	Providence , Mr. Stevenson's, a Purse at Edinburgh	1
By OLD TATT (aged 17).		
3	Miss Whitley , Mr. Goodall's, 50l. at Ludlow	1
By OSCAR (aged 12, sold into Russia).		
3	Black Colt , Mr. Sadler's, 50l. at Taunton.....	1
4	Honeysuckle , Mr. Dockeray's, 50l. at Chelmsford	1
By OVERTON (dead).		
5	Cleveland , Lord Monson's, 50l. at Huntingdon, 50l. at Northampton, 70gs at Lincoln, 100gs at Doncaster, and 60gs at Northallerton	5
5	Didapper , Mr. W. Hutchinson's, 50l. at Beverley	1
6	Hebe , Mr. Ackers's, 100gs at Nantwich; Mr. Smith's, 80gs at Newcastle, 50gs at Walsall, and 90gs at Stafford.....	4
5	Juno , Mr. Baird's, the Gold Cup, value 140gs, at Ayr.....	1
By PATRIOT (aged 17).		
3	Miltonia , Mr. E. L. Hodgson's, 150gs at Preston, and 100gs at Pontefract	2
By PEDLAR (aged 16).		
4	Elvira , Mr. Jenner's, 50l. and 90gs at Haverford-West	2
By PEGASUS (aged 23).		
5	Hippomenes , Mr. Fermor's, a Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 375gs, the King's Plate, and 50l. at Newmarket; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 100gs in specie, at Oxford; 200gs and 20gs at Newmarket.....	6
7	Laura , Mr. Pryse's, 50l. at Cardiff; Sir J. Hawkins's, 50gs at Exeter; twice 50gs at Taunton, and 50l. at Kingscote; Mr. Pryse's, 50l. at Tewkesbury, and 76l. 5s. at Stafford	7
By PENCIL (aged 20).		
4	Rubens , Mr. C. Dundas's, 50gs and 50l. at Stockbridge; 80gs at Newbury; the Cup and 60gs at Southampton	5
By PIPATOR (dead).		
5	The Dean , Mr. Lonsdale's, 50l. at Newcastle	1
		5 Pedestrian,

*Years Old.**No. of Prizes.*

- 5 Pedestrian, his R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 160gs at Bibury 1
 5 Welch-Harp, Mr. Carr's, 50l. at Chester, and 50l. at Newton.... 2

By PLEADER (dead).

- a. Fanny, Mr. Nelson's, 50gs at Penrith..... 1

By POT-EIGHTO'S (dead).

- 8 Enchanter, Lord Sackville's, 195gs at Bibury 1

By PRECIPITATE (aged 20, sold into Russia).

- 3 Bay Colt, (dam by Toby) Mr. Uppleby's, the Gold Cup, value 110gs, at Lincoln..... 1

- 3 Ches. Filly (dam by Pot8o's) Lord Lonsdale's, 160gs at Preston, and 50l. at Carlisle 2

- 5 Langton, Mr. Howerth's, 200gs, 50gs, 100gs, 100gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket..... 5

- 5 Mirror, Sir H. Lippincott's, 70gs at Goodwood, 75gs and 50l. at Maddington, and 100gs at Bibury 4

- 6 Watchmaker, Mr. Beaver's, a Silver Cup, value 50gs, at Burton Hunt; Mr. Fermor's, 100gs at Lincoln..... 2

By QUID.

- a. Baronet, Colonel Seddon's, 50gs at Durham..... 1

By RAMSDEN.

- o Pic Nic, Mr. Gage's, 50l. at Goodwood..... 1

By RANGER.

- 8 Kithill, (late Blickling) Mr. Coryton's, 50l. at Exeter 1

By RATLER.

- 6 Sweeper, Mr. Canning's, 100l. at Worcester, and 50gs at Warwick 2

By RULER (dead).

- 4 Bay Gelding, Mr. Jordon's, 50gs at Beverley 1

- 5 Holderness, Mr. Jackson's, 87l. 15s. at Malton 1

By ST. GEORGE (aged 18).

- 3 Bay Filly, (dam by Pontac) Mr. Cradock's, 50l. at Newcastle, and 50l. at Northallerton 2

- 6 Bay Horse, Mr. Rush's, 50gs and 60gs at Goodwood 2

- 3 Cliffe, Mr. Seymour's, 50l. at Carlisle..... 1

- 3 Goblet, Lord Darlington's, 200gs at York Spring Meeting, and 100gs at Doncaster; Mr. Sitwell's, 50l. at Newmarket..... 3

- 6 Green-Dragon, Mr. Wrixon's, 50l. at Swansea..... 1

- 4 Harmless, Mr. W. Hutchinson's, 50l. at Beverley, 50l. at Preston, 50l. at Ormskirk, 55gs at Knutsford; also the King's Plate and 100gs at Carlisle..... 6

- 3 Silvio, Mr. W. Hutchinson's, 50gs at Durham 1

- 4 Sweetwilliam, Mr. Seymour's, 70l. at Manchester..... 1

- 5 Zodiac, Lord Darlington's, 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Arthur's, 100gs at Newmarket 2

By SAXE COBOURGH (aged 18).

- 4 Czarina, Mr. Harbord's, 50gs at Blickling..... 1

Years Old.

No. of Prizes.

By **SCHEDONI** (aged 12, sold into Russia).

- 4 Bay Colt, (out of Hoppicker) Hon. C. Wyndham's, 300gs, 50gs, and 200gs, at Newmarket 3
 4 Flirt, Hon. Mr. Herbert's, 25gs at Maddington 1
 4 Shittlecock, Mr. Watt's, 500gs at York August Meeting 1

By **SELIM** (an Arabian, dead).

- 3 Sultan, Sir H. Williamson's, 50l. at Catterick-Bridge 1

By **SHUTTLE** (aged 14).

- 3 Easter, Mr. Fletcher's, 50l. at Newcastle; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs, at Boroughbridge 2
 4 Off-she-Goes, Hon. R. L. Savile's, 200gs at York August Meeting 2
 5 Staveley, Mr. Mellish's, 500gs and 300gs at Newmarket; 100gs at Bibury; also 250gs at Doncaster 4

By **SIR HARRY** (aged 12).

- 3 Finsbury, Mr. Grisewood's, 76l. 5s. at Abingdon 1

By **SIR PETER TEAZLE** (aged 23).

- 4 Atlas, Mr. Ackers's, 60gs at Bridgenorth; Mr. Benson's, 50l. at Litchfield 2
 6 Bagatelle, Lord F. Behtinck's, 100gs at Newmarket; Lord C. Somerset's, 200gs at Maddington; 60gs at Salisbury; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, at Exeter; and twice 50l. at Taunton 6
 5 Barbarossa, his R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 220gs, 30gs, and 250gs, at Bibury 3
 4 Bay Filly, (out of Catherine) Sir H. T. Vane's, 50l. at York August Meeting 1
 3 Bay Filly, Mr. Harbord's, 50gs at Blickling 1
 7 Bay Horse, Mr. Bettison's, 60l. at Manchester 1
 3 Br. Colt, (brother to Lucan) Major Wilson's, 65gs at Beccles 1
 5 Br. Gelding, (out of Leveret) Lord Grosvenor's, 75gs at Holywell-Hunt 1
 3 Bull-Rush, Lord Grosvenor's, 200gs, 100gs, and 37½gs at Newmarket 3
 5 Caleb Quot'em, Lord Montgomerie's, the King's Plate at Ayr. 1
 3 Cardinal York, Mr. G. Hutton's, 200gs at York Spring Meeting, and 235gs at York August Meeting 2
 4 Cassio, Lord Strathmore's, 120gs, and the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 90gs in specie, at Newcastle; one of the Subscription Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. at York August Meeting, and the King's Plate at Doncaster 4
 4 Desdemona, Lord Strathmore's, 100l. at Doncaster, and the King's Plate at Richmond 2
 7 Ditto, Mr. Wilson's, 20gs at Newmarket 1
 3 Eaton, Lord Grosvenor's, 350gs, twice 200gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket 4
 4 Epsom-Lass, Mr. Goulburn's, the King's Plate for mares at Newmarket, the King's Plate at Guildford, 100gs at Ludlow, and 100gs at Newmarket 4
 4 Fyldener, Mr. Clifton's, 250gs at York August Meeting 1
 4 Gnat-ho!

<i>Years Old.</i>	<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
4 Gnat-ho! Mr. Henry's, 50l. at Winchester, 50l. at Reading, and 50l. at Egham.....	3
4 Grazier, Duke of Hamilton's, 275gs at York August Meeting....	1
4 Hipswell-Lass, Mr. S. Duncombe's, the King's Plate at Lincoln..	1
6 Josephina, Mr. Clifton's, 50l. at Chester, 120gs and 60l. at Knutsford	3
3 Lauretta, Mr. Howorth's, 10gs, 75gs, 600gs, 100gs, and 150gs, at Newmarket.....	5
3 Mademoiselle Prisle, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 100gs at Chester, 50gs at Wrexham; also, 100gs and 60gs at Holywell.....	4
3 Madrigal, Lord Grosvenor's, 175gs and 100gs at Newmarket....	2
3 Margaret, Lord Derby's, received 100gs, being second for the Oaks' Stakes at Epsom; and 130gs at Litchfield.....	1
5 Margaretta, Mr. Biggs's, 50gs at Winchester, 50l. at Reading, and 50l. at Abingdon.....	3
4 Miss Teazle Hornpipe, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 50gs at Doncaster....	1
3 Mungo, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's, 100gs at Newmarket.....	1
3 Olive-Branch, Lord Grosvenor's, 150gs and 350gs at Newmarket..	2
4 Pagoda, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 100gs at Newmarket.....	1
4 Paris, Lord Foley's, twice 200gs, and 500gs, at Newmarket.....	3
3 Paulina, Lord Fitzwilliam's, the Produce Stakes of 1500gs at York August Meeting; also the St. Leger Stakes of 1025gs, and 200gs, at Doncaster.....	3
3 Pearl, Lord Grosvenor's, 120gs at Stamford.....	1
3 Peteria, Mr. Lonsdale's, 50l. at Ormskirk, and 50l. at Dumfries..	2
4 Pipylina, Lord Foley's, 100gs at Newmarket.....	1
3 Sir Paul, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 210gs at York Spring Meeting.....	1
4 Sir Peregrine, Mr. Ladbroke's, 100gs at Newmarket, and 100gs at Bedford.....	2
4 Taurus, Mr. Sitwell's, 50l. at Epsom.....	1
6 Witchcraft, Lord Sackville's, 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Martin's, 50l. at Newbury, and twice 50l. at Blandford.....	3
5 Yorkshire, Mr. Howorth's, 100gs at Bibury.....	1

By SIR SOLOMON (aged 11).

3 Bay Colt, (Giles Scroggins) Mr. Wilson's, 650gs at Newmarket; and 100gs, being second for the Derby Stakes at Epsom.....	1
3 Cambrian, Mr. C. Dundas's, 50l. at Southampton.....	1

By SIR THOMAS.

4 Bay Colt, Mr. Simpson's, 100gs at Skipton.....	1
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By SKYSCRAPER (aged 21).

5 Bassanio, Mr. Biggs's, 50l. at Bibury, and 50l. at Salisbury.....	2
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By SPADILLE (dead).

0 Grey Horse, Mr. Graham's, 50l. at Edinburgh.....	1
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By SPANKER (aged 20).

— Bay Gelding, Mr. Binning's, 65gs at Stirling.....	1
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By A SON OF THE BRIDGENORTH SNAP.

5 Bay Gelding, Mr. Dyott's, 100gs at Litchfield, and 50gs at Stafford	2
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By

*Years Old.**No. of Prizes.***By STAMFORD (aged 13).**

- 3 Baron, Colonel Childers's, 50gs at Malton, and 250gs at York August Meeting 2
- 4 Bay Filly, (dam by Toby) Mr. Uppleby's, 50l. at Malton, and 50l. at Lincoln 2
- 2 Br. Filly, (out of Miss Judy) Mr. Wilson's, 50gs at Newmarket. . 1
- 3 Br. Filly, (out of Belle-Fille) Mr. Robinson's, 50l. at Northallerton, and 50l. at Richmond 2
- 3 Comrade, Mr. Lonsdale's, 100gs at York Spring Meeting; also, 100gs, and the Gold Cup, value 120gs, at Pontefract 3
- 2 Laurel Leaf, (late Bettina) Colonel Childers's, 80gs at York August Meeting; Sir T. Turner's, 200gs at York August Meeting; Mr. T. Duccombe's, 80gs at Pontefract, and 100gs at Doncaster.... 4
- 4 Luck's-All, Mr. Mellish's, 200gs, 300gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket; 500gs, and the King's Plate at York August Meeting.... 5
- 2 Miss Sophia, Mr. Elwes's, 25gs at Newmarket..... 1
- 4 Sir Sampson, Mr. Marris's, 80gs at Malton, 186l. 10s. at Manchester; Mr. Ackers's, 80gs at Newton, and the King's Plate at Nottingham 4

By STAR (sold into Russia).

- 3 Ches. Colt, (dam by Young Marsk) Mr. Walker's, 50l. at Boroughbridge 1
- 4 Honest Harry, Mr. G. Bates's, 50l. at Penrith 1
- 3 Presentation, Mr. Danby's, 100gs at Durham, 50l. at Ormskirk, and 50l. at Penrith 3
- 4 Smasher, Mr. Brandling's, 150gs at Pontefract 1
- 4 Streamer, Mr. Baillie's, 50l. at Lamberton, 50gs at Edinburgh, twice 50l. at Kelso; and 50gs at Ayr..... 5

By STRIDE (aged 20).

- 4 Baronet, Mr. Walker's, the Ladies' Plate at York August Meeting. . 1
- 6 Scapefire, Mr. Thompson's, 60gs at Skipton, and 50gs at Beverley. . 3
- a. Whacker, Mr. F. Hartley's, 75gs at Catterick-Bridge 1

By SULTAN (aged 21).

- 4 Sultana, Mr. Howell's, 55gs at Oswestry 1

By TEDDY the GRINDER (aged 9).

- 2 Miss Prince, Mr. Emden's, 25gs at Newmarket, and 50gs at Beccles 2

By TELESCOPE (dead).

- 5 Bay Horse, Mr. Wynne's, 50l. at Shrewsbury 1
- 6 Ches. Mare, (dam by Tommy) Mr. Green's, 60gs at Ludlow 1
- 6 Optician, Lord F. Bentinck's, 50l. at Maddington..... 1

By TIMOTHY (aged 13.)

- 3 Thomasina, Sir T. Gascoigne's, 160gs at Catterick-Bridge, 260gs at York Spring Meeting; 190gs at York August Meeting; 120gs at Pontefract; also 150gs and 170gs at Doncaster,..... 6

By TOTTERIDGE (aged 16).

- 3 Citizen, Mr. Lake's, 100gs and 200gs at Newmarket 3

4 Integrity,

<i>Years Old.</i>	<i>No. of Prizes.</i>
4 Integrity, Mr. F. Watt's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 20gs in specie, and 120gs at Beverley; also the King's Plate at New-castle	3
4 Merrythought, Mr. Ladbroke's, 50gs at Newmarket.....	1
3 Stripling, Mr. Fermor's, 145gs and 50l. at Ascot-Heath	2
By TRANSIT (aged 18).	
5 Guido, Mr. Michell's, 50gs at Kingscote	1
By TRAVELLER (aged 22).	
4 Flighty, Mr. R. Goodisson's, twice 50l. at Guildford	2
a. Spencer, Mr. C. Smith's, 90gs and 60gs at Manchester	2
By TRUMPATOR (aged 25).	
3 Basilico, Lord F. G. Osborne's, 25gs at Newmarket	1
3 Bay Colt, Lord F. G. Osborne's, 200gs at Newmarket.....	1
4 Clermont, Lord Sackville's, 155gs at Maddington; 75gs and 25gs at Bibury; Sir J. Hawkins's, twice 50l. at Cardiff; 95gs at Ex-eter; the King's Plate at Warwick; also 100gs and 90gs at Kingscote.....	9
2 Scar, Ld F. G. Osborne's, 200gs, 500gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket	3
6 Sir David, his R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 200gs, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 220gs in specie, and 100gs, at Brighton; Mr. D. Radcliffe's, 200gs and 120gs, at Newmarket	5
3 Wood-Nymph, Sir J. Shelley's, 200gs at Newmarket, and 100gs at Ascot-Heath	2
By TRUE-BLUE.	
4 Now-or-Never, Captain Langford's, 35gs at Totness.....	1
By TUGG.	
6 Harry Gray, Mr. Græme's, 50l. at Winchester	1
By VERMIN (aged 19).	
4 Speculation, Mr. Emden's, 50gs at Bridgenorth; also 57½gs and 25gs at Leicester	3
By VOLUNTEER (aged 27).	
4 Ploughboy, Sir H. Lippincott's, 100gs, twice 25gs, and 50gs at Maddington; 50gs at Bibury; 50gs at Blandford; 100gs and 155gs at Kingscote	8
5 Tally-ho! (late Reserve) Mr. Bayzand's, 100gs at Bridgenorth, 50l. at Ludlow, and 50l. at Knighton.....	3
6 Tom Pipes, Captain Haffenden's, 50gs, 50l. and 50gs, at Brighton; twice 50gs at Lewes; and 50gs at Southampton	6
By WALNUT (aged 21).	
5 Crazy, Duke of Hamilton's, twice 50l. at Preston, and one of the Subscription Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. at York August Meeting..	3
3 Mari-Bella, Mr. Lake's, 135gs at Epsom	1
By WARTER (aged 13).	
3 The Téméraire, General Grosvenor's, 60gs at Newmarket	1
By WAXY (aged 17).	
5 Dodona, Duke of Grafton's, 100gs at Newmarket, and 40gs at As-cot-Heath	2

*Years Old.**No. of Prizes.*

8 Glance, Mr. Boulthbee's, 50l. at Chester; Mr. Willington's, 90gs at Northampton	2
8 Ipswich, Lord Jersey's, 450gs at Ascot-Heath; the King's Plate at Ipswich; 50l. at Newmarket; 50l. at Oxford; and 50gs at Newmarket.....	5
6 Pavilion, Lord Darlington's, the Jockey-Club Plate of 50gs at Newmarket, and 200gs at Brighton	2
2 Poke, Lord Jersey's, 50l. at Newmarket	1
6 Watery, Mr. Dickins's, 60gs and 55gs at Goodwood; Mr. Browne's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath	3
5 Wren, Mr. Wilkinson's, 50l. at Totness	1

By WEASEL (dead).

a. Grey Horse, Mr. Tatton Sykes's, 50gs at Beverley	1
6 Marshal Carouser, Mr. Watt's, 125gs at York Spring Meeting....	1

By WHISKEY (aged 18).

2. Ches. Colt, (Juniper) Major Wilson's, 125gs at Beccles	1
3 Chaise-and-One, Lord Foley's, 650gs at Newmarket.....	1
4 Charmer, Hon. G. Watson's, 150gs at Newmarket	1
4 Frederick, (afterwards Grampound) Mr. Jones's, twice 50l. at Swansea, and 50l. at Haverford-West	3
4 Handicap, (late Trafalgar) Mr. Batson's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath, and the King's Plate at Winchester; Mr. Trevanion's, 40gs and 50l. at Bodmin	4
3 L'Huile de Venus, Mr. Kellermann's, 450gs and a Class of the October Outlands' Stakes of 171l. 10s. at Newmarket	2
3 Little Sally, Captain Bacon's, 50l. at Beccles, and twice 50gs at Blickling	3
5 Lydia, Sir C. Bunbury's, 50l. at Newmarket, 50l. at Ipswich, 50l. at Newmarket, and 50l. at Huntingdon.....	4
3 Matilda, Lord F. G. Osborne's, twice 100gs at Newmarket.....	2
4 Orangeade, Mr. Abbey's, the Queen's Plate and 50l. at Chelmsford	2
6 Pelisse, Mr. Forth's, 50l. at Egham; Mr. Fermor's, 50gs at Newmarket.....	2
6 Prospero, Lord Sackville's, 100gs at Bibury, and twice 50gs at Newmarket	3
4 Snug, Sir C. Bunbury's, 50l. at Newmarket	1
4 Tim, Mr. Lake's, 75gs and 50gs at Newmarket	2
9 Whirligig, Lord Sackville's, 50gs and 100gs at Newmarket; also 80gs at Maddington	3

By the WOBURN ARABIAN:

— Cora, Mr. Radcliffe's, 50gs at Blandford	1
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By WOODPECKER, (dead.)

8 Bay Horse, (brother to Vivaldi) 50l. at Stamford, and 50l. at Leicester	2
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By WORTHY, (aged 12).

8 Barbarian, Duke of Grafton's, 25gs at Newmarket	1
3 Marcellina, Mr. Payne's 25gs at Newmarket	1

2 Mushroom.

*Years Old.**No. of Prizes.*

- 3 Mushroom, (dead) Duke of Grafton's, 100gs and 50gs at Newmarket 2
- 3 Musician, Duke of Grafton's, 450gs, 325gs, and 200gs, at Newmarket 3
- 4 Podargus, Duke of Grafton's, 50l. at Newmarket 1
- 4 Stapleton, Mr. Elton's, 100gs at Maddington; Mr. Mills's, 50gs at Blandford; Mr. Elton's, 50l. at Kingscote 3
- 2 Susan, Mr. Mellish's, 470gs and 80gs at Newmarket 2
- 3 Woodman, Mr. Cave Browne's, 50l. at Derby; 25gs and 50gs at Newmarket 3

By YOUNG DIOMED (aged 16).

- 5 Bay Horse, (dam by Evergreen) Mr. Cholmondeley's, 80gs and 40gs at Doncaster 2

By YOUNG DRONE.

- 2 Julietta, Mr. Hubbard's, 120gs at Stamford 1

By YOUNG SYPHON (dead).

- a. Jenny Andrews, Mr. Lambton's, 55gs at Durham 1

By YOUNG WOODPECKER (aged 13).

- 4 Achilles, Mr. Arthur's, 200gs at Newmarket; Colonel Kingscote's, 80gs at Kingscote 2
- 3 Bird of Paradise, Lord Rous's, 100gs at Newmarket 1
- 5 Pigeon, Colonel Kingscote's, 25gs at Maddington, 50gs at Bibury, and 25gs at Kingscote 3
- 3 Wildair, Mr. Cave Browne's, 100gs and 20gs at Stamford; Major Morris's, 50l. at Northampton 3
- 4 Woodcock, Mr. Ladbroke's, 30gs at Newmarket 1
- 5 Wormwood, Mr. Arthur's, 50gs, 25gs, 100gs, 50gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket 3

By ZACHARIAH (aged 11).

- 3 Irene, Mr. Wentworth's, 60gs at Skipton 1
- 4 Kneebuckle, Mr. Bullock's, 450gs at Bibury 1

TRIAL OF R. WATSON, ESQ.

IN THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH,

FEB. 23.

The King v. Richard Watson.

THIS was an information against the defendant, for writing various libellous letters to General Francis Edward Gwynne, and also for endeavouring to provoke that gentleman to challenge him to fight a duel.

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Mr. Garrow, for the prosecution, said, that the defendant had originally held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in his Majesty's service, and was dismissed by a sentence of a Court-martial in the year 1798, of which the prosecutor was the President. In the year 1807, the prosecutor received a letter, signed Shock Sam, from the defendant, in the following terms:—"Dear General, I have left you in my will 500l. for assisting me in

Q q cheating

cheating the public of 50,000*l.* and for your gallant behaviour in effecting your retreat from the Block-house in America, besides many other acts, too villainous to mention."—Some time afterwards, General Gwynne received another letter, directed to him at the King's Mews, which was as follows:— "General, I see by the papers, that you attended his M——y to the Chapel Royal, and received the sacrament. How dare you, you villain, fly in the face of your Creator, after the many villainies you have been guilty of, on this side the grave? Take courage, and blow your brains out, if you have any, and rid the world of a scoundrel and a coward. Send the poor woman, at the Three Tuns, Croydon, some money for ruining her daughter, and for the quantity of gin and water you owe her for—a tap-room score. The first time I meet you I will kick your ——." The General likewise received a third letter, signed "Belisarius," in which he was termed a traitor to his country. In addition to these, on the 13th of May last, General Gwynne was riding along Oxford-street, in company with Colonel Cooper, when he was met by the defendant, who, pointing a stick at him, said, "You are General Gwynne, and were President of that Court-Martial which took away my property and bread from me;" then stepping backwards, he flourished his stick in the air, and exclaimed, "You are a scoundrel and a rascal, and I will go into this shop, and post you as such."

General Gwynne deposed to the different facts, and likewise to the hand-writing of the defendant, although the latter had evidently endeavoured to disguise it. Colonel Frederick Grey Cooper gave evi-

dence to the transaction in Oxford-street; and Captain John Hunt also swore to the hand-writing of the defendant.

Mr. Marryatt addressed the Jury for the defendant, and contended, that it was obvious that the defendant had no intention to provoke General Gwynne to a duel, because, although after the receipt of the first letter, the General had advertised, that if the author would avow himself it should be answered, yet he had never stepped forward to receive the satisfaction which was thus offered him. As to the libels, he contended that there was no evidence to the hand-writing sufficient to induce the Jury to find the defendant guilty.

Lord Ellenborough said, that the two questions for the Jury were,— 1st, Whether the defendant was the author of the libels in question? 2d, Whether he intended to provoke the prosecutor to challenge him to fight a duel? As to the first point, it would be an insult to common sense to doubt for a moment that they were libels; and two witnesses had positively sworn that they were written by the defendant. With respect to the second question, there could be little doubt that the defendant's object was such as was alledged in the information.—Verdict, *Guilty*.

SKETCH OF A MAN OF FASHION.

THE single day describes nearly the whole life of a Young Man of Fashion.—He thinks of rising about ten in the morning, and having taken a slight breakfast, he puts on his riding coat, and repairs to his stables. Having inspected his horses, asked a thousand ques-
tions

clots of his coachman and grooms, and given as many orders, he either rides on horseback, or in his curricie, attended by two grooms, dashing through all the fashionable streets into Hyde Park. If, however, the weather is unfavourable, he takes his chariot, and visits the shops of the most noted coach-makers and saddlers, who never fail to receive him with profound respect. After bespeaking something or other here, he repairs to Tattersall's, where he meets his friends seriously engaged in studying the pedigree or merits of horses, or in discussing the invaluable properties of a pointer, setter, greyhound, or other sporting dog.

He then drives from one exhibition to another, stops at the caricature shops, and about three drives to a fashionable hotel; here takes his lunch, reads the papers, arranges his parties for the evening, and at five strolls home. His toilet he finds prepared, and his valet waiting. He looks at the cards which have been left for him in the course of the morning, and gives his orders accordingly. At seven he is dressed, and either goes to some party to dinner, or returns to the hotel, where he had previously arranged with some friends the order of the day. At nine he goes to the play—not to see it, which would be a shocking infringement on the laws of fashionable decorum, but to flirt from box to box, to look at ladies whom he knows, and to shew himself to others whom he does not; to lounge about the lobbies, take a review of the frail fair ones in the coffee-room, and saunter back to his carriage. He then drives to a rout, a ball, or the faro-bank of some lady of distinction, who conceals her own pover-

ty by displaying the full purses of others. About four in the morning, exhausted with fatigue, he returns home, to recommence the next morning the follies of the day past.

TRIAL FOR CRIM. CON.

GREGSON AGAINST THEAKER,

FRIDAY, March the 4th, in the Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, an action was brought by Mr. Gregson, an eminent solicitor in the City of London, and who had a country-house at Walthamstow, against Theaker, his coachman, for *Crim. Con.* with Mrs. Gregson.—The whole of the trial disclosed a series of criminal transactions of the most disgusting nature, which it would be an insult on decency to detail. It appeared, however, that Mrs. Gregson seduced the coachman, and that he was not the only person who had been seduced by her. It appeared also, that she was a *spirited* votary at the shrine of Bacchus.

Lord Ellenborough remarked on the dissolute, depraved, and abandoned conduct of the woman, but said, that servants who ate the bread and shared the bounty of their employers, should not bend themselves to the criminal appetites and passions of others to their injury and unhappiness. They should protect, and not betray their masters. The adultery had been proved, and the plaintiff must have a verdict.

The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, *Two Hundred Pounds.*

WINNERS OF ROYAL PLATES AND GOLD CUPS, IN 1807.

THE following is a correct enumeration of the Winners of Royal Plates of 100gs. each, run for in England and Scotland during the last year :

Places.	Owners.	Winners.	Got by.
Newmarket	Mr. Goulburn's	Epsom-Lass	Sir Peter Teazle
Newmarket	Mr. Fermor's	Hippomenes	Pegasus
Chester	Sir W.W. Wynne's	Gen. Benningsen	Meteor
Guildford	Mr. Goulburn's	Epsom-Lass	Sir Peter Teazle
Ascot-Heath	Mr. Starling's	Blenheim	Coriander
Newcastle	Mr. F. Watt's	Integrity	Totteridge
Ipswich	Lord Jersey's	Ipswich	Waxy
Winchester	Mr. Batson's	Handicap	Whiskey
Salisbury	Mr. Fermor's	Bucephalus	Alexander
Edinburgh	Mr. Brandling's	Fortuna	Beningbrough
Chelmsford	Mr. Abbey's	Orangeade	Whiskey
Nottingham	Mr. Ackers's	Sir Sampson	Stamford
Lewes	Sir John Shelley's	Sir Launcelot	Delpini
York	Mr. Mellish's	Luck's-All	Stamford
Canterbury	Mr. T. Browne's	Sir Launcelot	Delpini
Warwick	Sir John Hawkins's	Clermont	Trumpator
Litchfield	Mr. Johnson's	Sir Andrew	Hambletonian
Lincoln	Mr. S. Duncombe's	Hipswell-Lass	Sir Peter Teazle
Doncaster	Lord Strathmore's	Cassio	Sir Peter Teazle
Carlisle	Mr. Hutchinson's	Harmless	St. George
Newmarket	Mr. Wyndham's	Canopus	Gohanna
Richmond	Lord Strathmore's	Desdemona	Sir Peter Teazle
Caledonian Hunt.	Ld Montgomerie's	Caleb Quot'em	Sir Peter Teazle

Winners of Gold Cups of 100gs. Value or upwards, run for in 1807.

Places.	Owners.	Winners.	Got by.
Ascot-Heath	Mr. Durand's	Master Jackey	Johnny
Beverley	Mr. F. Watt's	Integrity	Totteridge
Newton	Mr C. Cholmondeley's	Young Chariot	Chariot
Newcastle	Lord Strathmore's	Cassio	Sir Peter Teazle
Stamford	Lord Grosvenor's	Meteora	Meteor
Preston	Mr. Peirse's	Rosette	Beningbrough
Winchester	Mr. Fermor's	Cerberus	Gohanna
Oxford	Mr. Fermor's	Hippomenes	Pegasus
Exeter	Lord C. H. Somerset's	Bagatelle	Sir Peter Teazle
Nottingham	Mr. Johnson's	Sir Andrew	Hambletonian
Brighton	The Prince of Wales's	Sir David	Trumpator
Egham	Lord Egremont's	Canopus	Gohanna
Boroughbridge	Mr. W. Fletcher's	Easter	Shuttle
Pontefract	Mr. J. Lonsdale's	Comrade	Stamford
Lincoln	Mr. Uppleby's	Bay Colt	Precipitate
Leicester	Mr. Butler's	Miss Coiner	Don Quixote
Doncaster	Lord Monson's	Scud	Beningbrough
Richmond	Sir W. Gerard's	Julius Caesar	Alexander
Ayr, Scotland.	Mr. Baird's	Juno	Overton

ABUSE

ABUSE OF HORSES IN THIS METROPOLIS.

THE following proposal has so much humanity in it, and is of such importance in its tendency to suppress a scandalous vice, that it cannot be too well known.

Mr. Editor,

PERMIT me to make a few observations, and to point out a remedy, for an evil, which has increased to an enormous degree; I allude to the abuse of horses in the metropolis. There are but few people in London whose feelings are not daily insulted, and their eyes disgusted, by the most atrocious acts of cruelty towards those animals. Our penal laws do not punish that offence equally to its deserts. A month's imprisonment, or a fine of twenty shillings, will seldom operate to correct a depraved heart, or to deter others from the like offence. At the time those laws were passed, the cruelties which at present disgrace the English name, did not exist.—The remedy, I am persuaded, without any application for an amendment in the law, is completely within ourselves, and the means I hope shortly to lay before the public, will ameliorate their condition generally, and in many instances remove the evil altogether.

I would advise all those in the habit of engaging either carts or coaches to look at the horses first; and should they discover their eyes whipped out, or that the appearance of the animal displays evident tokens of cruel treatment, from the meagre state of his body, or any other circumstance, scrupulously to shun engaging them: this will be an effectual means of removing such people from that employ, and

at the same time teach their owners it is their interest to get men of humanity to conduct their cattle. I may probably be told in Thames-street more than half the horses have their eyes whipped out, and that the business cannot be performed without them: I admit the fact, but deny the deduction drawn from it, and will venture to affirm, should what I recommend be generally followed, that species of cruelty will very soon disappear, and blind horses be removed from our streets, which at present disgrace one of the most enlightened Cities in Europe, the monuments of British cruelty, endangering both the lives and properties of those who inconsiderately engage them.

With respect to information before the Magistrates, I do not much approve, nor should I advert to it, unless it should be found necessary, in particular cases, by the friends of this undertaking. Every parish in London has, doubtless, its advocates for humanity, and in every parish we must have our correspondents. It would be disgraceful to suppose, in a city populous as London, that thousands could not be found to sanction this design, when it is to be done without any expence.

Another plan, it strikes me, which will operate very powerfully in producing the effect required, is, should the owners of horses not regard the informations they may receive relative to the misconduct of their men, complaints may be made at the different offices from whence their respective licences are taken, and the Commissioners, upon sufficient cause being shown, would doubtless withhold them; but should it, contrary to expectation, fail of producing that mercy and good conduct towards horses, which they merit at our hands, I will lay before

before a higher tribunal a plan by which the whole business of Thames-street, and various other parts of the town, may be done without a single horse, and prove at the same time the business may be done better at the same expence; many hundred men employed who are now literally starving, or living by indirect means. Funds may be also raised by the appointments, to support any part of that body whom sickness or old age might render proper objects of it. Having now laid before the public my design, I shall be happy to correspond, free of expence, with any one who may wish to further this undertaking; and whatever improvements their imaginations may suggest, will be readily acceded to by their humble servant,

JOHN JOHNSON.

No. 1, Windsor-street, Bishopsgate
Within, February, 1808.

SENSE OF HONOUR

IN THE

DUKE OF KENT.

Kensington Palace, Feb. 24, 1808.

LIEUT. Col. Vesey is commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, to request the insertion of the following:—

“Although the Duke of Kent flatters himself that those Officers of the British Army, with whom he has had the good fortune of serving in the Mediterranean, America, and the West Indies, will do him the justice to believe, that his absence from Gibraltar, at this time, when that fortress is menaced with a formidable attack by the enemy, is not owing to any backwardness on his part to repair to that station to which his duty calls him, or from

want of his using his utmost exertions to be allowed to resume the actual command of his Government, he feels that he owes it to his own character, no less as a man, than as a soldier, to make known to *them*, to the whole army, and to his countrymen in general, the terms on which he felt it his duty to address his Majesty upon this subject, immediately upon the arrival of the last accounts from Gibraltar; and trusts that when these have been perused, he shall stand acquitted, in the opinion of his brother Officers of the Army, and of his countrymen, of having been deficient in his duty.”

(COPY.)—TO THE KING.

SIR—The letters received by the mail just arrived from the Mediterranean, having brought the certain information, that orders had reached Algesiras from Madrid, immediately to make such preparations in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, as put beyond doubt the intention of the enemy to besiege it; I could not, *under such circumstances*, reconcile it to my feelings, were I to delay a moment, in not only assuring your Majesty of my readiness instantly to go out there, but in *earnestly soliciting* your sanction for my resuming the duties attached to the commission I have the honour of holding, as Governor of that fortress.

To your Majesty, who yourself possess so nice a sense of honour; it is quite unnecessary for me to represent, that on the result of your decision upon this request, which I beg leave in the most dutiful, yet in the strongest manner, to press upon your attention, every thing most dear to me in life; I mean my character as a *Man*, and my professional credit as a *Soldier*, are at stake.

stake. I will not therefore presume to say more, than that I place these in your Majesty's hands, with no less confidence in your justice as my Sovereign than in your indulgence as my Parent.

With every sentiment of the most devoted attachment, and the most dutiful respect, I have the honour to subscribe myself, your Majesty's most affectionate Son, and most faithful Servant and Subject.

(Signed) EDWARD.

The Duke of Kent conceives that it would be superfluous to add any observation on the foregoing lines, except *that he is not going out to Gibraltar*; that being a sufficient explanation of the result of his application, and his sole motive in intruding the perusal of them upon the public at this time, being *that of clearing his own character* from the aspersion that must unavoidably attach to it, in consequence of his absence from his Government, *at such a moment as the present one*, were it conceived to be voluntary on his part, or that he had been passive on the occasion.

ALPHABETICAL LIST

OF

STALLIONS TO COVER IN 1808.

AARON, at Barham-Wood, near Edgware, Middlesex, at one guinea and a half.—By Rockingham, out of Violet, by Sweetbriar.

ALEXANDER, at Eaton, near Chester, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Eclipse, out of Grecian Princess, by Mr. Cornforth's Forester.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, at Mr. R. Goodisson's, Newmarket, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Alexander, out of Fairy, by Highflyer.

AMBROSIO, at the same place as Aaron, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—*For his pedigree and performance, see our last Number, p. 215.*

APPLEGARTH, at Thatcham, near Newbury, Berks, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Stride; dam, Emma, by Telemachus, out of A-la-Grecque, by Regulus.

TWO ARABIANS, (a Grey and a Chesnut) 15 hands 2 inches high, of superior bone and action.—The Grey at 8gs. and the Chesnut, 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

ASHTON, at Wymstay, Wales, at 2gs. and 5s.—By Benningbrough, out of Mary-Ann, (Young Chariot's dam) by Sir Peter Teazle.

BARNABY, at Mr. Jas. Mackall's, Catterick, Yorkshire, at 4gs. and 5s.—By Stride; dam by Eclipse, out of Cricket, by King Herod.

BARON NILE, at Middlewich, Cheshire, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Delipini; dam by Young Marsk, Silvio, out of Daphne, by Regulus.

A BAY HORSE, at Mr. Bettison's, Holm-pierrepont, near Nottingham, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of a sister to Tickle Toby, by Alfred.

BENINGBROUGH, at Mr. Dinsdale's, Middleham, Yorkshire, 40 mares, by subscription, (except three of the owners) at 25gs. and 1g.—*For his pedigree and performances, see our Number for February, 1807, page 215.*

BOBTAIL, at Petworth, Sussex, at 10gs. and 1g.—By Precipitate; dam, Bobtail, by Eclipse, out of Faith, by King Herod.

BROTHER TO DRIVER, at the same place as Bobtail, at 2gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Trentham, out of Coquette, by Mr. Compton's Barb.

CÆSARIO, at Eaton, near Chester, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By John Bull; dam, Olivia, by Justice, out of Cypher, by Squirrel.

CAMIL-

CAMILLUS, at Wigginthorpe, near Malton, Yorkshire, at 10gs.—By Hambletonian, out of Faith, the dam of Marcia, Vesta, &c.

CASTREL, at Caldecot, near Biggleswade, Bedfordshire; the first ten mares at 10gs. the second ten at 15gs. and the remainder at 20gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Buzzard; dam, (Selim and Bronze's dam) by Alexander, Highflyer, Engineer, out of Bay Malton's dam.

CHANCE, at Grimston Village, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Lurcher; dam, Recovery, by Hyder Ally, out of Perdita, by King Herod.

CHESHIRE-CHEESE, at Knutsford, Cheshire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Georgiana, by Sweetbriar.

COCKFEEDER, at Knottingley, near Ferrybridge, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Overton; dam by Windlestone, out of Palmflower, (Cockfighter's dam) by Weasel, Alfred, Engineer, Regulus.

CORIOLANUS, at Scarisbrick, near Ormskirk, Lancashire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of a sister to Sir Sidney, by Pegasus.

DELPINI, at Mr. Knapton's Farm, Huntington, near York; ten mares, by subscription, at 20gs.—By Highflyer, out of Countess, by Blank.

DIAMOND, at the Royals, near Nantwich, Cheshire, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Highflyer; dam by Match'em; Barbara, by Snap, out of Miss Vernon, by Cade.

DICK ANDREWS, at Bishopton, near Beverley, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Joe Andrews; dam by Highflyer, Cardinal Puff, Tattler, Snip.

DITTO, at Dringhouses, near York, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, (Walton's

dam) by Dungannon.—*His further pedigree and performances in our next.*

EAGLE, at East-End Farm, Finchley, near London, at 10gs. and 1g.—By Volunteer; dam by Highflyer, Engineer, out of Bay Malton's dam, by Cade.

EVANDER, at the same place as Delpini, at 6gs. and 5s.—By Delpini; dam, Caroline, by Phenomenon, out of Faith, by Pacolet.

EXPECTATION, at North-Burton Hall, near Driffield, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Zilia, by Eclipse.

GAMENUT, at Haselbury Farm, Box, near Bath, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Walnut, out of Contessina, by Young Marsk.

GILES, at Oatlands, near Weybridge, Surrey, at 5gs and 10s. 6d. By Trumpator; dam, Dandelion, by Mercury; grandam, Marigold, by King Herod, out of a sister to Pacolet, by Blank.

GLAUCUS, at Wynnstay, Wales, at 3gs and 5s.—By Diomed; dam, Grace, by Snap, out of Pussey, by Regulus, Traveller.

GOHANNA, at Petworth, Sussex, at 50gs and 2gs.—By Mercury; dam, (sister to Challenger) by King Herod; Maiden, (sister to Purity) by Match'em, out of Mr. Pratt's Old Squirt Mare.

GOLUMPUS, (late Lord Egremont's) at Low Catton, near Kexby-Bridge, seven miles from York, at 3gs and 10s. 6d.—By Gohanna, out of Catherine, (sister to Colibri) by Woodpecker.

HAMBLETONIAN, at Middlethorpe, near York, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By King Fergus; dam, Grey Highflyer, by Highflyer, out of Monimia, by Match'em, Alcides, Crab, Snap's dam, by Fox.

HAPHAZARD, at the same place as Eagle, at 10gs. and 1g.—By

By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Miss Hervey, by Eclipse, out of Clio, (Horizon's dam) by Young Cade.

HARRY ROWE, at Matthews Horaley's Farm, at Birdsall, near Malton, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Pantaloon; dam, (sister to Busy) by Florizel, Squirrel, Match'em, Snip.

HERMES, at Streatlam-Castle, near Barnard-Castle, at one guinea and 2s. 6d.—By Mercury, out of Rosina, by Woodpecker.

HIGHLAND-FLING, at Haynes' Stables, Riding-House-lane, Great Portland-street, Oxford-road, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Spadille; dam, Cælia, (Shipton and Tickle Toby's dam) by King Herod, out of Proserpine, (sister to Eclipse) by Mark, Regulus.

HORATIO TEAZLE, at Speenhamland, at 2gs. and 5s.—By Mr. Teazle; dam, Fleacatcher, by Goldfinder, Squirrel.

HYACINTHUS, at White-Wall-House, near Malton, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Coriander; dam, Rosalind, by Phenomenon, out of Atalanta, (Faith's dam) by Match'em.

JACK TAR, at Bolesworth-Hill, ten miles from Chester, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By John Bull; dam by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Mr. Pratt's Nelly, by Otho, Syphon.

JOHN BULL, at Auchins, Ayrshire, North Britain, at 10gs. for thorough-bred mares, all others at 5gs.—By Fortitude; dam, Xantippe, by Eclipse, out of Grecian Princess, the dam of Alexander, Poor Soldier, Don Quixote, &c.

JOHNNY, at Winkfield Plain, near Ascot-Heath, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By King Fergus; dam, (Asparagus's dam) by Justice, out of Marianne, by Squirrel; Miss Meredith, by Cade.

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KILL-DEVIL, at the same place as Aaron and Ambrosio, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Rockingham, out of Nelly, by Postmaster, Snap, Regulus.

KING PRIAM, at Pengwern, near St. Asaph, at one guinea and 2s. 6d.—By Alexander, out of Cowslip, by Highflyer.

KITE, at Hutton-Ambo, near Malton, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Buzzard, out of Calash, the dam of Whiskey, Aston, &c.

LENOX, at Charing, Kent, at 3gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Delpini, dam, Violet, (Golden-Locks and Thomasina's dam) by Shark; granddam, (Tommy's dam) by Syphon, out of Mr. Quick's Charlotte, by Blank.

L'ORIENT, at Richmond, Yorkshire, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Star; dam, Abigail, (Zodiac's dam) by Woodpecker, out of Firetail, by Eclipse, Blank, Cade, Partner, Bay Bolton.

LIGNUM-VITÆ, at Pave-lane, near Newport, Shropshire, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Walnut, out of Miss Judy, by Alfred, Goldfinder.

MAMELUKE, the Arabian, (the property of J. Healey, Esq.) at Wales' House, Queen Camel, near Sherborne, Dorset, at 2gs. and 5s.

METEOR, at Eaton, near Chester, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Eclipse; dam by Merlin, out of Mother Pratt, by Marksman.

MILO, at Knowsley, near Prescott, Lancashire, at 4gs. and 5s.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Wren, (Agonistes' dam) by Woodpecker, out of Papillon, (Sir Peter Teazle's dam) by Snap.

MIRROR, at Beechey's Livery-Stables, Oxford, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Precipitate, out of Colibri, the dam of Cardinal Beaufort, Canopus, &c.

MR. TEAZLE, at Duxbury, near

R r

near

near Chorley, Lancashire, at 5gs. and 5s.—Own brother to Stamford, by Sir Peter Teazle.

NEWCASTLE, at Newton, near Warrington, Lancashire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Waxy; dam by Woodpecker, Match'em, Omar, Partner, Greyhound, out of Sophonisba's dam.

OLD TATT, at Whitley, near Warrington, Lancashire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Highflyer, out of Plaything, by Match'em, Regulus.

ORLANDO, at Swarkeston, near Derby, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Whiskey; dam, Amelia, (Whirligig, Sir Ulic M'Killigut, and Mountaineer's dam) by Highflyer, out of Miss Timms, (sister to Maiden) by Match'em.

ORVILLE, at the Six-Mile-Bottom, near Newmarket, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Benningbrough; dam, Evelina, by Highflyer, out of Termagant, the grandam of Sir Paul, Paulina, &c.

PATROCLUS, at Sand-Hutton, near Thirsk, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 5s.—Own brother to Lady Mary, by Benningbrough; dam by Highflyer, Old Marsk.

PAYNATOR, at Mr. Knapton's Farm, Huntington, near York, at 5gs. and 5s.—Own brother to Chippenham, by Trumpator; dam by Marc Antony, out of Signora, by Snap.

PETWORTH, at Barrow's Brook, near Cirencester, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Precipitate; dam by Woodpecker, out of a sister to Juniper, by Snap, Blank.

PHENIX, at Black-Hall, near South Brent, Devon, at 2gs. and 5s.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Miss Betsy, (Mr. Harrison's Trumpator and Mr. C. Taylor's Helmet's dam) by King Herod, out of Syren, by Snap, Regulus.

PLANET, at Mr. Clay's Stables,

Wem, Salop, at 2gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Dungannon, out of Stargazer, by Highflyer.

PUGILIST, at the same place as Applegarth, at 2gs. and 5s.—By Pegasus; dam by Paymaster, out of Pomona, by King Herod.

QUIZ, at Henham-Hall, near Wangford, Suffolk, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Buzzard, out of Miss West, by Match'em, Regulus, Crab, Childers, Basto.

To be continued.

SHERWOOD VERSUS BARON HOMPESCH.

*A Trial at the Maidstone Assizes,
March 16, 1808, for a Libel.*

MR. Espinasse stated, that this was an action against Charles Antonie Hompesch, for a libel on the plaintiff and his wife.

Mr. Serjeant Sheppard stated, that the plaintiff was an honest Kentish farmer, a most respectable man, and one who lived on terms of the greatest harmony with his wife, and enjoying the solid comforts of life; he was, to use the style of a celebrated writer, before he came acquainted with the defendant, a man, plain, hospitable, kind, and undebauched. The defendant represented himself, and he believed with truth, a man of high birth and noble rank; he certainly held a high military rank in this country, therefore in all his actions ought to conduct himself as a gentleman, which rank he had always filled, from his birth to the present moment. The libeller here, as in most similar cases, had taken a small slip of truth, whereon to build a mighty structure of falsehood;

hood; that there was but a small slip of truth, he had the authority of the Baron himself for saying; there was but a small slip of truth, for he had heard himself confess it, unwillingly indeed, but it was extracted from him in a cross-examination by his Learned Friend, Mr. Garrow, last Assizes; which, he would now declare, in his opinion, was as able and as correct a cross-examination, as he had ever heard during the twenty-five years he had practised in a Court of Law.—(See *Sporting Magazine*, page 219, vol. xxx. and page 33, vol. xxxi.)

The libel then represented a transaction which took place between the plaintiff and defendant. The plaintiff, an honest farmer, was the visitor of this Baron, where he misemployed his time in playing cards and drinking—"they passed their time at home in chat and play," for so the doggerel verses described them as passing their time. In fact, the plaintiff, Sherwood, had been drinking and playing the whole day and the whole night, until his wife, alarmed at his absence, and having sent every servant to discover where her husband could be found, at last, at five o'clock in the morning, went to fetch home her husband from the house of the defendant, who had thus engaged him from his more important business. The libeller, in detailing this transaction, had imputed this conduct of the plaintiff's wife, not to the natural solicitude which a wife must be supposed to feel for the interest of her husband, but because she wanted her own libidinous passions to be gratified. The Serjeant observed, that he thanked God, with the greatest debauchees of our country, while they retained the

character of Gentlemen, there was one thing they always held sacred, the character of the wife was always held sacred in the presence of her husband: not so in this case—the libel spoke of the wife of the plaintiff in the grossest and most filthy terms. It represented her as debauched in her mind and deformed in her person; not the deformity of a mis-shapen face and distorted back, but deformed in consequence of gratifying the foulest lusts; and in describing this, the most obscene terms were used. Fearfully and wonderfully were we made; there were certain parts of the human body which modesty never named, and when, for the purposes of science or in Courts of Justice, it became necessary to allude to them, men of moral minds always wished to do it by description or circumlocution, rather than in direct terms. But this libel used the coarsest and vilest language, such as would hardly be used in a brothel, and the writer of it had not scrupled to use language which would disgrace the vilest miscreant.—And here again he begged not to be misunderstood; If the Baron had not written the libel, all he had said did not apply to him, but to the unknown libeller; but if he were the author, he hesitated not to say that he had disgraced his rank, and reduced himself to a level with the lowest miscreant in society; for paper was never polluted with viler stuff. If the Baron had done this, it became the duty of the Advocate to speak of it as it deserved, and if he were to shrink from his duty, he deserved to have his gown torn from his back, and ought no longer to be suffered to come into a Court of Justice; for if once any consideration could induce a British

Advocate to swerve from his duty, it would give a fatal wound to the administration of British justice. As a Noble Hungarian, he owed it to his race and country to have acted more correctly; as a British General Officer, which implies every thing *generous, honourable, and humane*, he should have abstained from soiling his rank with such abominable conduct. What has he done? With a man far beneath him in rank he has deigned to mix his pleasures; and when the wife of that man fetches away the husband, he attacks that husband, whom he deigned to make his companion, in the tenderest part, and represents his wife as a monster of human deformity, arising from her own libidinous passions. The Jury had doubtless heard of the whip which the Baron sent to this husband, for the avowed purpose of chastising his wife. If the man had used the whip in a manner alluded to by a Learned Friend, it would not have surprised him, for the farmer had passions as well as Baron Hompesch. He had appealed to a Jury of the Country; the Baron said, let it be a Jury of Gentlemen. Be it so. They were best qualified to judge of the merits of the case, and from their hands he asked a reparation in damages for the wounded feelings of a man and a husband.

It was proved that the plaintiff married his wife in 1795. Several witnesses were then called, who proved the following facts:—that the plaintiff, Sherwood, was in the habit of going to the Baron's house, and one Sunday, in October, he sat with him drinking and playing cards all that day, and all the night, until five o'clock in the morning; then his wife came and fetched him home. The next day the Baron

sent him a bottle of wine to refresh his spirits, as he said, and afterwards a plaster to cure the bruises which he said his wife might have given him, and an ornamented horsewhip, to correct his wife. He afterwards set about to compose a song, called "*The Termagant; or, Direful Kentish Tale*," which was proved to have been given by him to one Goodwin, to be circulated. This was the libel complained of, and was an obscene doggerel poem on Sherwood's wife fetching him home; it contained neither wit, poetry, nor humour, but most vulgar obscenity.

These facts being proved, Mr. Serjeant Best, for the defendant, made an able speech in mitigation of damages. After which, the Lord Chief Baron told the Jury, that he had no doubt but the defendant must have been the person who had debauched the plaintiff's mind to gambling on a Sunday, and neglect of his affairs, and spoke of the libel in terms of great disgust.

The Jury withdrew for five minutes, and then returned with a verdict for plaintiff, damages 500l.

THE FOX,

ON THE MARINERS' INN, HAVERFORDWEST.

*An Etching, taken from a Drawing, by
Golding, of Haverfordwest.*

ON Wednesday, the 30th of January, the hounds of H. W. Bowen, Esq. of Camrose, unkenelled a fox near that gentleman's seat, and after running him to Haverfordwest, a distance of five miles, Reynard, being severely pressed by the pack, leaped the garden-wall belonging

belonging to Lady Kensington, and stole away unperceived through the adjoining gardens, until, to the wonder of the gazing crowd, he appeared snugly seated on the top of the Mariners' Inn, supported by the chimney, looking down with seeming composure on his host of enemies. Some of the back houses being nearly on a level with the gardens, and communicating with the above Inn, facilitated his ascent, as he had but a few short leaps to make in gaining the height above-mentioned. After continuing for half an hour, undismayed by the hooting, &c. of the multitude below, he was disturbed by the approach of a man, who, having procured a ladder, was determined to attempt his capture; the poor animal, anxious to avoid death, made an effort to descend, but not taking the direction by which he got to his place of refuge, he ran over the sloping part of the tiles at the front of the Inn, where, not being able to keep his footing on account of its steepness, down he fell on a paved street, from which he rose no more, the height being upwards of thirty feet.

The Etching which accompanies this account, is, as before stated, from a drawing executed in Haverfordwest, and is a correct representation of the Mariners' Inn, &c. in that town, with the other incidental objects composing the scene, as it appeared on the day it occurred.

THE MAN AND HIS HORSE.

RHODIUS was a scholar and a gentleman, and, besides, a benevolent man to man, and a good

father to his family; but he was fond of hunting and horse-racing; the sports of the field had made the sufferings of animals inconsequential to Rhodius.

The horse Juba was in training for a race against time. Oft had Juba borne his master Rhodius gallantly and triumphantly in the field, and had galloped him over the heath; oft had he darted across the plain at his command, and borne him on his back, fleet as an Arabian courser. Juba would willingly fulfil the purposes of hasty journey, or would have fled from the reach of the enemies of Rhodius, swift as the rein-deer. Danger was left far behind by the gallant Juba, and the thief and the murderer were disappointed of their prey.

Juba was in the stable, when Rhodius paid his usual morning visit. Juba looked in his master's face; he seemed to say, in an expressive language, "What would'st thou that thy poor servant should now perform? My spirit is unbroke, and I will do the will of my master."

Rhodius reflected:—"Poor Juba! thou may'st for once be a match against Time; but Time, alas! will soon be even with thee. Shame on the wretch who would put thee to the unworthy struggle!—No, thou shalt bear me yet; I will preserve thy strength and thy beauty as long as I can; and when this same Time shall have much worn thee, thou shalt graze in thy master's pasture, or repose in his stable. Yes, my honest beast! thou shalt eat thy corn in peace.—Have done with the unworthy suggestion—I will lose the stake, I will forfeit the bets—I will preserve the friendship between Man and Horse.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

SOME of Barrington's poetry has been published in Botany Bay, the profits of which are to be applied to charitable purposes. His prologue on opening the Theatre in that colony is deservedly admired. It contains the following lines:

"We're patriots true, for be it understood,
 "We left our country for our country's good!"

A FEMALE, a few days ago, went to a druggist's shop in Newcastle; to purchase two or three leeches; which a medical gentleman had advised her to apply for an excruciating pain in her gums. On being told the price, she hesitated to take them, and enquired "Will they be so cheaper?" "Yes, probably in summer," was the reply—"Then I'll wait till summer," said the moral economist.

ON —'S RECENTLY INHERITING AN ESTATE BY THE DEATH OF AN AUNT.

SAYS Jack to Tom, the other day;
 As thro' the street they sped,
 I'm sorry if (as people say)
 Your poor, dear aunt is dead.

Tom thus, in merry mood, replied;
 And laugh'd in Johnny's face,
 What matter, tho' my aunt has died?
 I've ten-ants in her place.

SERGEANT Best cross-examining a Lady, in a cause lately tried at Guildhall, asked her what were the profits on certain articles, the subject of the action? to which she, with not a little vivacity replied, "Why, Sir, I took you for a Counsel, but now I should suppose you

a Commissioner of the Income Tax—I won't tell you."

A TOAST.—Reverence for *Grey Hairs*, but no disgraceful *Whitelocks*!

THE *Matrimonial Tobacconist* of *Gretna-Green*, having bound an old lady, and a youth of "unrazored chin," in the silken bonds of wedlock, observed to a friend, "I have just tied a *withered stick* and a *green twig* together with a *colweb*."

A LADY lately married, on coming to that part of the marriage service, "To obey till death do us part," hesitated to repeat the words, and would have passed them over, but on being urged to it by the Minister, she at length, with reluctance, complied.—At dinner, the Minister said to the young lady's father, "Sir, your daughter was very unwilling to promise obedience to her husband." "Indeed, Sir," said the young lady, "I was loth to tell you a lie in Church."

DIALOGUE—Between an English Gentleman and an Irish Innkeeper.
 English gentleman.—Hollo, house?

Innkeeper.—I don't know any one of that name.

English gentleman.—Are you the master of the inn?

Innkeeper.—Yes, sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

English gentleman.—Have you a bill of fare?

Innkeeper.

Innkeeper.—Yes, sir, the fair of Molingar and Ballinaslee are the next week.

English gentleman.—I see,—how are your beds?

Innkeeper.—Very well, I thank you, sir.

English gentleman.—Have you any mountain?

Innkeeper.—Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.

English gentleman.—I mean a kind of wine.

Innkeeper.—Yes, sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine (butter milk) to Burgundy.

English gentleman.—Have you any porter?

Innkeeper.—Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where.

English gentleman.—No, I mean porter to drink.

Innkeeper.—Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean—never fear him for that.

English gentleman.—Have you any fish?

Innkeeper.—They call myself an odd fish.

English gentleman.—I think so. I hope you're no shark.

Innkeeper.—No, sir, indeed, I am not a lawyer.

English gentleman.—Have you any soles?

Innkeeper.—For your boots or shoes, sir?

English gentleman.—Psha! have you any plaice?

Innkeeper.—No sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

English gentleman.—Have you any wild fowl?

Innkeeper.—They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

English gentleman.—I must see myself.

Innkeeper.—And welcome, sir. I'll fetch you the looking glass.

A SCHOOL MASTER'S Orthography.—The following was sent to the church-wardens of Sutton St. James, in Lincolnshire, in answer to an advertisement inserted in a newspaper a few weeks ago, of a school-master and parish clerk wanted:

“ Gentlemen I write to you to let you no that I hope I am Capble of dune your Benecases and I hope you will find me. So and I will In dever to mend and I hope I Cane Teache your School as fore Arithmetick that Is the Art of Numbering Truly and of finding all the properties and powers of numbers I Cane Teach Substraction multiplcation and Division and Cross multiplication the Square and Cube Root and I No my wife Can horder the house as well as ane Woman in the parshe god knows I did not think upon Gentlemen to write to you and I Shall be Ready to Sarve you if you think well to Send for me your moSt obedient Servant Gentleman at Sutton St. James So Mr. Charles Mr. Barker if you please to write to me as sune as you Cane poSsible 1796 and you may direct It to Mr. John B.—Whittlessea for James W— 6978 farthings makes 7l. 5s. 4d.—5890 pence makes 24l. 11s. 7d.”

THE gentleman who plays the second Oboe, at Drury-Lane Theatre, has a situation in the Excise Office. One evening he was somewhat out of tune, when Shaw, the leader, stamping very hard with his foot, said, rather jocularly, “Come, Mr. Exciseman, mind what you are about there.” The other replied, “you have no occasion to say any thing about the Excise, since

since you belong to the *Stamp Office*—*yourself*."

JEU D'ESPRIT—Upon Mr. William Skinner, liquor-merchant, who, with "scarcely *Skin* sufficient to *cover* his *Bones*," has nearly completed his *ninety-seventh* year, and still continues to take his daily walks about the town in which he resides, in Norfolk, in apparently perfect health.

When **DEATH** meets **SKINNER** on the stones,

DEATH dares not *SKINNER* trouble,
So like to *Death's* are *Skinner's BONES*,
"*Death* takes him for *His DOUBLE*."

And *Skinner's* bones *Death* therefore spares,

Because the *skinless elf*
In killing, *Skinner*, has his fears,
That he might "*kill HIMSELF*!"

From *Skinner's* bones *Death* therefore shrinks,

And "*lengthens out his tether*,"
For *Skinner's BONES*, *Death* surely thinks,
And his must rot together.

But *Skinner's BONES* will *Death's* survive,

Preserv'd in "*Genuine Gin*" here,
If *Skinner's self* do not contrive
To shoot and leave his *SKIN* here.

A PERSON in the pit witnessing the new Opera, observed, that the thinness of the house was owing to the war:—"I rather think," cries away, "that it is owing to the *piece*."

A GENTLEMAN passing the shop of Mr. Taswell, tea-dealer, observed, his name would be as well without a T.

A FOREIGN gentleman liberally proposes to build a new Opera-house, to shut up the old one, and pension the proprietors, for the trifling sum of 60,000*l.* and some of the Nobility have already subscribed their *advice* to the project, but not a *penny* for carrying it into ex-

cution. "Father," said a young fellow once to a Priest, "give me a guinea?"—"Give you the d—," answered the holy man. "Well, father, give me a *shilling*."—"No, nor a shilling," rejoined the Priest. "Well, father, give me your *blessing*."—"Kneel down, child, and receive it with thankfulness."—"No, I won't," answered the suppliant; "for if your blessing was worth a shilling, you would not give it to me."

Miss Baker was married a short time since, at Salisbury, to Mr. Butcher; the bride was given away by her maternal uncle, Mr. Brewer, and the Clergyman who married them was the Rev. Mr. Painter.

A LADY lately complaining how much she suffered by the cold, was asked by a gentleman present, why she did not wear a pelisse? to which she replied, she thought it a bad habit. Nay, replied the wit, I think a good warm pelisse must rather be a good habit.

A GENTLEMAN, on being told that his daughter, a girl of sixteen, had eloped from a boarding-school with a beardless Ensign, very coolly exclaimed—

Women, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.

As two gentlemen were walking one morning in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden market, they met a man carrying a basket full of *thyme* on his head, walking very fast, and jestling every body who came in his way. One of them asking the reason of such rude behaviour, he replied "*he was in a hurry*." That is quite unnecessary, rejoined the gentleman, for it is evident you have plenty of time.

TRIAL

TRIAL OF JOHN FADEN,

*Adjutant of the Royal Marines,*THE WINCHESTER SPRING ASSIZES,
MARCH 11, 1808, FOR A RAPE.

Mr. Serjeant Marshall presiding as Judge.

ADJUTANT John Faden, of the Royal Marine corps, was indicted for assaulting and committing a rape on Elizabeth Stapleford, a young woman of eighteen years of age, on the evening of the 8th of November last, at the Marine Barracks, Portsmouth.

Mr. Dampier opened the prosecution with a very brief statement, and observed, that the facts as proved would appear more strong and impressive than any thing he could urge. It would appear that the mother of the unfortunate girl was a widow, with three daughters, who maintained themselves by their industry. They took in needlework. The prisoner was a very young man, an Officer of Marines. He had paid particular attention to the unfortunate prosecutrix, and in fact had gained her affections and confidence so far, that she had often had the imprudence to walk alone with him, before he committed the horrid deed. It would appear that no fault attached to the prosecutrix; that she could not be charged as accessory to the offence; but that it was committed on the part of the prisoner with the greatest brutality.

Elizabeth Stapleford, a most interesting looking girl, and with the appearance of having been remarkably handsome, but now apparently in a consumption, was then called. She was dressed very neat, with a large straw hat on, but she was obliged to take it off by the order of the Court, which agitated her very much.—She depos-

ed, that she lived in Portsmouth, near the Marine Barracks: her mother was a widow, and the witness and two elder sisters took in needlework for a maintenance; she had known the prisoner about three months before the 8th of November, on which day she went to the post-office in Portsea; was returning home in the evening, when she met the prisoner near her mother's house; he asked her to take a walk with him; she consented, and they went to Penny-street; a heavy shower of rain came on, and they turned towards Barrack-street. She intended to go through Barrack and St. Nicholas-streets home, it being the shortest way; she was of course obliged to pass by the barrack-gate; when they got opposite to it, the prisoner asked her to go to his room out of the rain, which she refused; he then prevailed on her to go under the barrack-gate and wait until the rain was over; she walked with him under the colonnade; it continued raining, and they came opposite a passage, when he seized her round the waist and forced her into it—she cried out "Murder;" he shut the door, took her in his arms, and forced her up stairs; she resisted and made a noise; he told her it was of no use to make a noise, for no one dared to enter his apartments; he forced her into his room, and shut the door and window shutters. She begged of him to let her go; he took a candle, and went out of the room. She immediately opened the door, and got to the bottom of the stairs; found the door fastened, and could not open it. The prisoner came down after her, seized her by the shoulders, and dragged her up stairs. She resisted as much as she could, and cried out. The drums were beating in the barrack

tack yard at the time. Her knee was very much bruised against the stairs. He forced her again into the room, and shut the door. She went down upon her knees, in tears, and begged of him to let her go. He said, it did not avail. She then made a great noise. He had, at this time, his great coat on; he pulled it off, threw it on the floor, and her on it. She struggled, and cried out with all her strength. He said it was only exposing herself, as no one dared come near his room, and then committed the offence. He kept her about half an hour in the room afterwards, and desired her to say nothing about it, as it could not be found out. She told him she would not keep it a secret. He said he would meet her the next evening, and tell her what he intended to do. She was in tears all the time. He then left the room with her, and saw her out of the barrack, and went about two hundred yards with her, begging that she would not say any thing about it; but she told him positively, that she would not keep it a secret. After he left her, she went home about half past nine o'clock; tried to tell her mother, but could not; told her sister of it next morning, and her mother on the Tuesday evening afterwards; she was obliged to have a surgeon to attend her knee.

On her cross-examination by Mr. Burroughs, she said she had walked with the prisoner several evenings before, but never later than half past eight o'clock; he never took any liberty with her before that evening; he kissed her several times before he proceeded to extremities; never was in the room before; did not know what part of the barracks it was in; she was in the room about an hour, the

drums were beating almost all the time; she made resistance while her strength continued, and called out "Murder," and for some one for God's sake to come to her assistance; she saw the prisoner on the evening following, on the ramparts, from her window; did not speak to him; was sure he could not see her, as she kept out of his way; when she got home, she found her mother and sister at home; did not eat any supper, but went to bed directly; when she told her sister in the morning, she begged of her to inform her mother, but which she did not do, and she was obliged to do it herself on Tuesday evening; attempted it several times before she did do it, but feeling how much it would disturb her, could not speak what she intended.

Mr. Burroughs here produced a letter, which she acknowledged to be her writing.

Lydia Stapleford, sister of the prosecutrix, deposed, she was at home on the 8th of November, when her sister returned; she slept with her; on the next morning she appeared much agitated, and was crying; witness asked her what was the matter with her? She then told her how the prisoner had used her, and begged of her to communicate it to her mother; but she found herself incapable of doing so; and her sister on Tuesday evening informed her mother. Witness and her mother then examined the clothes she had on, and they were then in Court in the same situation, much torn and abused. The prosecutrix's left knee was much bruised, and she had been ill ever since.

Cross-examined by Mr. Fell.

She did not see the prisoner on the

the Monday evening afterwards; was not at the barracks with her mother on Sunday evening; did not recollect her mother asking her sister where she was; went to bed about twenty minutes after her sister; could not say whether she was asleep or not, as she did not speak to her; did not ask her sister what was the matter with her, from perceiving any thing wrong with her clothes; had not noticed them at the time.

Louisa M'Can, the mother, deposed, that she had three daughters; saw the prisoner often in company with her daughter Elizabeth; spoke to him on the subject several times; asked him was he on honour with her daughter? He assured her, upon his word and honour, that he meant no dishonour towards her; remembered her daughter coming home on the evening of the 8th of November, about half-past nine o'clock; she went to look after her, being uneasy; went towards the barracks; did not see her; but she was home before her, and had gone up stairs; went up to her, and inquired where she had been? She appeared much agitated, and said she would tell her another time; asked her again on Monday, the day following, but she gave her no answer; asked her at least six times before she told her; perceived by the manner she was talking to her sister, that she had something to divulge; pressed her for an explanation, when she informed her that the prisoner had used her very ill, and in what manner; her knee was very much hurt, and she was otherwise injured. Witness sent for a Surgeon, who examined her knee, but did not desire him to examine further.

Cross-examined by Mr. Burroughs.

Her daughter Elizabeth went

out at five o'clock, and did not return until after nine o'clock at night. The witness and her eldest daughter went to the barrack-gate, and enquired for the prisoner, as she thought, if he had been there, he might have heard something of her, as they were in the habit of walking together.

Mr. John Wilkinson, Surgeon, deposed, that he attended the knee of the prosecutrix; it was much bruised, and was several days before it got well; he did not examine any further; it was not proposed, and out of delicacy he did not propose it. On the 19th of November, he was sent for again; was not allowed to make any examination, but on the representation of the mother ordered her medicine, and she was still under his care, and he believed she had received a material injury.

Here the evidence for the prosecution closed.

Mr. Burroughs stated, that the defence on the part of the prisoner would commence with reading a letter which the prosecutrix had acknowledged to be her hand-writing. It was directed to Adjutant John Faden, Marine Barracks, and dated Nov. 3, 1807, without a signature.

He's gone, he's gone, the youth is fled,
The thought, the wretched thought, dis-
tracts my head.

Where shall I turn me, whither shall I
stray,

To some secluded spot I'll bend my way.

He's gone, he's gone! break, break, my
stubborn heart,

For Death's more welcome than with
him to part.

What pleasure is there in the shady
grove,

Since I no longer meet the youth I love?

Return, return my Faden, Oh! return,

'Tis thy love calls thee, 'tis thy love that
mourns.

Oh! come and cheer me with one kind
embrace,

Let pity smile upon thy heav'nly face;
Contented then, I'd join my heart to
death,
And gaze, and love thee, till I lose my
breath.

Mr. Burroughs said, he expected that after the Court and Jury had heard that letter read, it would be unnecessary to go into further detail; but if the Court wished it, he had a great number of witnesses to call.

Mr. Serjeant Marshall intimated, that he thought it necessary he should go into detail of evidence.

Timothy Morgan, a Serjeant of Marines, deposed, that his room adjoined that of the prisoner; there was only a slight wall between the two rooms; he was in his room from seven o'clock in the evening of the 8th of November, until next morning, and he did not hear any uncommon noise; and at any time he could hear persons talking in conversation in the prisoner's room; could even hear the door shut or open; and if any person had called out "Murder!" he would have heard it; or if a woman called for assistance, he could not escape hearing it.

Cross-examined by Mr. Dampier:
He did recollect the Sunday particularly, for he was questioned during the following week about it; heard some one going up and down the stairs, but supposed it was the prisoner's servant, since deceased.

John Murphy, Serjeant of Marines, deposed, that he occupied the room under Morgan, and if any noise had been made on the staircase, he must have heard it, as he was in his room the whole of the evening.

Edward Atkins, Serjeant of Marines, deposed, that he was on duty at the Barrack-gate, on the

evening of the 8th of November; he was put on duty at nine o'clock; saw a young woman come with the prisoner, with her arm under his; they walked very lovingly together across the parade. — He opened the gate for them, and at the time a publican brought up a Serjeant of Marines belonging to some ship, in a state of intoxication; and the prisoner ordered him to be put in the guard-house; on which the Serjeant ran off, and the prisoner followed him, and was away fifteen minutes, during which time the young lady waited in the middle of the road for him, and when he came back, she took him under the arm, and they walked away quite slowly. The witness watched them until they passed the militia barracks; perceived they were talking very fondly and sociably together. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, the prosecutrix's mother and sister came to the Barrack-gate, and asked, was Mr. Paden at home? he answered, he had gone out with a young lady under his arm.

Captain Robert McLeod, of the Marines, and Mr. Sutton Shugar, attorney, deposed, that they had made experiments on the rooms, and particularly on Morgan's, and that the least transaction could not be done in the prisoner's room, without being heard in Morgan's room.

Mr. Burroughs here closed the defence.

Mr. Serjeant Marshall said, that it was a charge of the greatest magnitude, and one of those that the legislature had wisely provided against, and made punishable by death; it was a crime that no man would be guilty of but a villain; for to effect such a crime he must make use of the greatest brutality:

It

It must be done by actual force; a person using persuasions and insinuations to accomplish his purpose, did not constitute the crime intended to be cognisable by the Act of Parliament. It was a crime that must be committed without witnesses, and of course no person could give evidence but the female upon whom it was actually perpetrated, in which case it was particularly incumbent on the Jury to pay particular attention to the prosecutrix's evidence, and also to pay due attention to the circumstances before and after the transaction.—He then, with great perspicuity, summed up the evidence, and observed, that the mother had been very remiss, for when she spoke to Mr. Faden, and he answered, he meant her daughter no dishonour, she ought to have asked him, if he meant to marry her daughter? for it was well known that people of a certain description did not look on dishonour in the same light as others, for if their daughter had parted with her virtue, and a good provision was made for her, they would not look on it as dishonour. The letter, he thought, was nearly an answer to the prosecution.—Such a letter, written by a young woman in an inferior situation, to a man in a sphere above her, almost shewed that she was ready to fall into his arms. The kind of language used by an indiscreet young woman to the prisoner, a very young man, written on the Tuesday before the crime is charged to have taken place, must give an idea of what their conversation was in the intermediate time between the receipt of the letter and the transaction. It was intimated, that the defence might have rested on the letter, but he was glad it did not, as it was necessary for jus-

tice that a business of such a nature should be sifted and thoroughly investigated. It was a pity that a young woman of her appearance should so decidedly wish to part with that, for which there could be no adequate compensation, or which she never could regain. He concluded by observing, that the question for the Jury to consider was, whether she was ravished by brutal force, and if they thought she was, they would find the prisoner guilty; but if they thought she met his embraces half-way, they would give their verdict Not Guilty.—The Jury immediately gave their verdict—*Not Guilty*.

Mr. Faden attempted to address the Court after the Jury had returned the verdict, but was prevented by his Counsel.

MR. DARLEY'S STUD.

THE Stud of the late Mr. Darley sold, on the 26th of January last, at Aldby Park, as follows:—

A Bay Mare, 8 years old, (own sister to Sir Oliver, Josephina, and Fyldener) by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Fanny, by Diomed.—In foal to Hambletonian. Sold to Messrs. Earnshaw, Robson, and Alderson, for 210gs.

A Grey Colt, by Delphin, out of the above bay mare. Sold to Mr. J. Shepherd, for 290gs.

A Bay Colt, by Benningbrough, dam by Ruler, which was the dam of the above grey colt. Sold to Mr. Brandling, for 210gs.

A Grey Gelding, by Pallafox.—Sold to Mr. Brandling, for 140gs.

A Chestnut Mare, by a brother to Archer, a favourite hack of the late Mr. Darley's. Sold to Mr. J. Boulton, for 26gs.

Several others were bought in:
SPORT.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Tuesday, the 1st instant, a fine young deer was turned out before his Majesty's stag-hounds, and a numerous field of sportsmen, at Stock Common, Bucks. After a fine chase over the adjacent country, the deer took the direction of Frogmore, where finding himself hard pushed, he leaped over the high paling into her Majesty's beautiful gardens, and upwards of forty sportsmen contrived to gain admittance. The dogs being nearly up with the deer, and he being much exhausted, he took into her Majesty's delightful pond; the hounds followed, and got upon him. Several attempts were made to extricate the poor animal, but he fell a sacrifice—the water is very deep, and the dogs could not be got off.—Her Majesty and the Princess Elizabeth were there, and witnessed the whole of the sight.—The gardens have sustained considerable damage.

ON Tuesday, the 23d ult. the Earl of Darlington's fox-hounds, during their stay at Woolley Park, threw off at Norroyds, found immediately, and ran a short time in covert; went away at an amazing pace to Sunny Banks, over the Common to New Park Spring, turned towards Brierly, and skirting the village, went over the fine inclosures to Vizitt Wood, Norwood, and Howell Wood, and ran to ground at Elmsal Quarry, (reynard being completely done) after a most severe chase of two hours and forty minutes, without a check. No hounds can excel these for strength and swiftness; in earthing

the fox at Elmsal Quarry, not one hound was missing.—This was supposed to be the most brilliant run that was ever known in the Badsworth country. Among the best sportsmen and riders, we noticed the Earl of Darlington on his famous Woolley mare; Edward Parker on Master Ascough; Sir T. Pilkington, Mr. Wentworth, Mr. A. Hawksworth, Sir E. Smith, Mr. Waiuman, &c. &c.

ON Tuesday, the 1st instant, the Wrickton hounds unkenelled a fox, at twelve o'clock, above Ditton Priors, and running over the Brown Clee Hill, crossed for the Titterstone, when ascending its highest point, and disdaining to earth, he faced the country, making for the Wergs Hedge; turning to the right, he made head for Bitterley, leaving Corely to the right, running by Church Stile and with Milseru Wood in his front, and was gallantly run in to, at half past one, near Tenbury, in Worcestershire. He was so completely tired, that a countryman picked him up nearly in sight of the hounds, when, hearing them, he resigned his prize to the deserving pack. Two horsemen in at the death.

ON Saturday, the 5th instant, the Harleston harriers started a hare at Denton, which ran to Earsham, crossed the Waveney to Flixton, skirted Mr. Adair's woods, then to St. Cross, St. Margaret's, and South Elmham, through St. Peter's, and headed back for Bungay. Up-lands, crossed the Halesworth turnpike to St. Margaret's Ilketshall, and was killed in fine style, endeavouring

rounding to recross the turnpike, after a chase of between fourteen and fifteen miles, in one hour and thirty-five minutes, without a check.

On Thursday, the 10th, a stag was turned out on Banstead Downs, near Epsom, before a numerous field of sportsmen; when, after a severe run of many miles, having crossed the country in different directions, he was at last taken in the neighbourhood of Reigate.—Several horses were completely knocked up.

BEVERLEY HUNT.—On Monday, the 29th of February, the first meeting of the Beverley Hunting Club commenced, which was attended by many of the most distinguished Members. The hounds, on that day, met at Raywell, and after trying that and South Wold, without finding, they drew Mr. Williamson's plantations, where they killed one fox, and ran another to ground. They then tried Mr. Barnard's and Mr. Broadley's plantations, Walkington Whin, and Little Wood—all blank. Drew Watt's Whin, and found immediately; killed a dog-fox without breaking cover; found another, supposed to be a bitch, and though the earths were purposely opened, she disdained so cowardly a retreat, but breaking away in view, was killed without a single check, after one of the sharpest bursts perhaps ever known. A gentleman upon a grey horse was the foremost, and most daring in the pursuit. Wednesday afforded not much diversion, the weather was dry, and the scent of course very bad, though three foxes were killed, one a bitch with six cubs in her. We should not omit to mention, that the names of Hill, Sconsvar, Foord, and Scatchard, rank very high in the list of

hard riders and determined sportsmen.

On Wednesday, a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, 13st. two miles, was decided as follows:—

Mr D. Legard's gr. h. Holder-	
ness, by Ruler, (rode by Mr.	
Sykes)	1
Mr. Acklom's b. h. Tancred	
(the Owner)	2
Mr. Mellish's ch. h. Playfellow	
(the Owner)	3
Major Croft's ch. h. Precipitate	
(Mr. Treacher)	4
Five paid forfeit.	

Captain Croft's b. h. Liquorice, by Traveller, beat Mr. Mellish's br. h. Languor, by Delpini, 13st. each, once round the Course, rode by the owners.

THE ensuing season at the three Clubs of Maddington, Bibury, and Kingscote, is expected to be productive of more sport than remembered at any former period. Forty horses, and upwards, are now in training at the different stables in the west, besides the usual number that will go there from Newmarket. About 600gs. are expected to be added by each Club to the several Stakes, which are already well filled by present subscribers; the weights are very considerably lighter than formerly on their first establishment, and the riders being old practitioners, great and good sport must of course ensue.

MATCH against Time.—A brown gelding, fourteen years old, belonging to William Coope, Esq. the Deputy Commissary General for the Liverpool district, on Wednesday, March 9, ran a match against time for two hundred guineas, on Wallasey Liscard, Lancashire. The bet was, that the horse should go one hundred miles in twelve and half successive hours, carrying 8st. The

The horse had undergone a regular training, and appeared in very high condition: he started at half past five in the morning; at ten minutes before five in the evening he had gone ninety-three and half miles; when, although he had only six and half miles more to go, and seventy minutes to perform it in, he was so completely jaded and beat, as to stand still, having suffered the whip and spur very severely for the last eight or ten miles. Much money was won and lost on the occasion, and most of the sporting characters in the town and neighbourhood were present. The rate at which the horse went for about seventy miles was nine miles per hour, but he afterwards decreased in his pace very considerably.—It was remarked by an old clergyman on the ground, that it was nearly seventy-six years since the originally established races were run on the Liscard, the last having been in May, 1732, when his Grace the Duke of Ancaster, of sporting celebrity, won the Great Sweepstakes, which were afterwards transferred to Newmarket, and denominated the Wallasey Stakes.

A HANDICAP Stakes, of 50gs. was run for over Northampton Course on Tuesday, March the 1st, by Captain Wallace's bay horse, Southton, and Mr. Gage Rookwood's brown gelding, Banco (two miles). The first heat was well contested, and so difficult was it to decide which was the winner, that the Judge declared it to be a dead heat. The second heat was won by Southton.—A Subscription Purse (for hacks) was afterwards run for and won, at three one-mile heats, by Mr. Brograve's chestnut mare, beating Mr. Wakefield's brown mare.

A TROTTING match for 50 guineas took place on the 3d instant, on the Watford Road, between Mr. Jones's ch. filly and Mr. Harrison's br. m. The distance was two miles; and after a well-contested race, the brown mare won by about two lengths. The distance was performed in sixteen minutes, and the filly was the favourite before starting.

A PERSON, by the name of Moore, has laid a wager of five guineas with a Nobleman's groom, that he will tread backwards one hundred yards against a horse: him and the horse are both in training.

COCKPIT Royal, Westminster.—On Wednesday the 9th of March, ended the Great Cock Match, for ten guineas a battle, and two hundred guineas the main, between W. Smythe, Esq. (Briggs, feeder), and Lord C. Kerr, (Walters, feeder); the main consisted of thirty battles, and sixteen bye battles, which was won by the former, four a-head in the main, and two a-head in the byes. The odds were six to four on the latter.—Seldom has there been such hard fighting witnessed, as in many of the battles of the above cocking. The superiority of Mr. Smythe's cocks, was owing to the capital style in which they were fed.

THE Intrepid Sportsman.—Soon after break of day, on one of the coldest mornings towards the close of last month, a very young amateur of the gun, while standing in the marshes of Alfriston, Sussex, for what is called a flying shoot, had the good fortune to bring down, at one shot, a couple of widgeons; but the birds having winged their fall to the opposite side of a river, which no encouragement could induce his spaniel to cross, this young hero

hero of the levels, indignant at the dog's refusal with the game in view, and regardless of the pinchings of the atmosphere, instantly threw off his clothes, jumped into the water, and by means thereof presently recovered the birds, with which he returned home in triumph, and probably better pleased with the exploit, than if it had entitled him to a pecuniary reward, on any other occasion, of ten times the value of the fowls.

THE charge of nightly depredation alleged against the fox in the sheep-fold and the hen-roost, has long become proverbial; there is no doubt, however, that a great deal more of the mischief sustained by farmers in this way is placed to the account of *old rogues* than he justly deserves: many a fat capon and delicate pullet, upon which the wily fox has been *supposed* to have regaled himself, have afterwards made their appearance at table, in due form and order;—and many a lamb stolen from the fold, instead of having furnished him with a morning lunch, has been safely deposited under the friendly shelter of a pye-crust. Numbers of the latter, there is also no doubt, fall a sacrifice every season to the *prowling cur*: A striking instance in proof of this supposition occurred in the neighbourhood of Northampton during the last week; several lambs had been taken from the inclosures in the lordship of Dallington; Mr. Earl in particular lost three in one night, which induced him to watch for the depredator, when he detected a cur dog in the act of worrying a fine lamb, and shot him upon the spot. We feel the more inclined to notice this subject, in the hope of rescuing a persecuted tribe of animals from a

greater share of obloquy than they are justly entitled to.

CHARLES Page, game-keeper to the Earl of Malmsbury, was found dead in the walk leading from the Druid's Temple in his Lordship's park. This was early on Saturday, March 12, and it was imagined he had died suddenly the preceding evening as he was returning home. He still held his gun in his hand, and the two spaniels that constantly accompanied him were discovered lying on his back, where it is supposed they had remained the whole of the night. They could not be prevailed upon to quit the body, and followed the corpse when it was removed to the dwell ng of the deceased. The Coroner's Jury brought in their verdict—*Died by the visitation of God.*

RACING.—One of the best contested matches for four miles, was run on Monday the 28th, on Hounslow Common, between Mr. Harper's bay mare Diamond, and Capt. Hedges' brown charger, for fifty guineas, that ever was witnessed. The mare made play at starting on full speed, and was followed closely by the charger for the first mile, when each jockey began to push, and the animals were neck and neck the whole distance without either gaining in pace. The mare won the race by jockeyship, but so nicely, that opinions were divided until the umpire decided. The distance was performed in nine minutes and a half.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Lieut. Hallifax, of the Lancashire militia, on Saturday, March 5th, completed a walk of two miles an hour, for *one hundred successive hours!* It was a prodigious feat, as he could not, for the space of four days and

nights, have more than fifty minutes rest at one time. He was very much distressed on the fourth day. His legs were swollen, and his whole frame exhausted by want of rest. His courage, however, never failed him, and he completed his task amidst the shouts of the multitude that the extraordinary experiment had attracted. It was done near Tiverton, in Devon.

Mr. Downe, the pedestrian, finished his astonishing performance of thirty-five miles a day, for twenty successive days; on Sunday evening, March 13th, at ten o'clock, within four miles of Huntingdon. This effort is allowed to exceed any thing of the kind ever heard of. Lieut. Hallifax did thirty miles a day for twenty days, with extraordinary fatigue; but Mr. Downe, was very fresh and in good health, besides having done forty miles a day for ten days, a fortnight previous to his undertaking this journey. The wager was 200 guineas.

WHITEHAVEN, Feb. 23.—One day last week, a young man, for a trifling wager, undertook to *walk upon stilts*,—from Low Mill to Egremont Bridge and back, (a journey of three miles) without *resting* or *falling*; in either of which cases, the wager was to be forfeited.—A very numerous party attended as *witnesses* of the performance, which was begun and fairly completed in the space of an hour and a half.—The conqueror, having fulfilled his engagement, (to shew that he was capable of doing even more than he had yet done) *ascended* three or four steps into a house, before he *descended* from his tottering supporters.

THE man who, about eight months since, ran from Hellingly to Dallington, a distance of 26 miles, in two hours and 35 minutes, to pro-

cure a licence for the obtainment of a wife before the canonical hour had on that day elapsed, *started again*, on Thursday, 3d of March, to get rid of his wife! and as he fairly out-ran the Constable who was sent after him on horseback, it may be reasonably inferred, that matrimony has not lessened his style of going!

PUGILISM.—At the late Assizes for the County of Cambridge, the Judge, in his address to the Grand Jury, noticed the resolutions of the Magistrates of the county, passed at the last quarter sessions, to prevent the practice of prize fighting. He called upon the public in general to assist them in their endeavours, and observed, that if, after this notice, any persons should abet such practices, they would, on conviction, be liable to twelve months imprisonment.

TUESDAY, the 5th of April, is looked for with considerable avidity as a day for much diversion amongst the amateurs of pugilism. Besides the match between Young Belcher and Dockarty for fifty guineas, which has been for some time fixed to take place on that day, Cropley and Dutch Sam will also exhibit for a similar sum. The latter is well known, and particularly so by his three successive combats with Young Belcher. Cropley is an acknowledged good fighter, but he has never been opposed to any other than novices, which he always beat off hand, and consequently it has not yet been ascertained if he possesses the gift of *taking*. These two matches will produce more good fighting than those between Gulley and Gregson, and Horton and Cribb, on the 10th of May, although probably there will not be so much real fighting.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE CHASE.

FROM the coarse clumsy clown, to his
high polish'd grace,
From mere rags to brocade, all mankind
are in chase,
All, all, mount their hobbies, and thro'
life's short day,
After fame, wealth, or pleasure, cry hark!
hark away!
Hark away is the word, passion sounds
her sweet horn,
And mortals too often leave reason for-
lorn.

From virtue's fair heights, to the deep
glens of shame,
View the wily seducer pursuing his game,
She doubles, she pauses, and then 'tis all
o'er,
For the maid who once pauses must live
to deplore.

Hark away, &c.

Mock patriots, while thund'ring aloud in
debate,
In fancy are chasing some office of state,
And courtiers who grin at such paltry
grimace,
Oft hunt for expedients to keep their dear
place.

Hark away, &c.

The rough son of Neptune hunts wealth
on the seas,
In hopes to come to, in the harbour of
ease,
And when crimson war makes the na-
tions all mourn,
Why, he hunts Britain's foes—or is
chac'd in his turn.

Hark away, &c.

Behold how the miser keeps int'rest in
view,
Nor till thrown in the dirt, will he cease
to pursue;

View the trader hunt orders, tho' oft,
'tis well known,
He must mount the dun horse in pursuit
of his own.

Hark away, &c.

Thus the world's a wide forest, abound-
ing with game,
Where we dash with wild hope after
wealth, pleasure, fame;
For as children chase rainbows, so day
after day,
Tho' we find all delusion, we cry, hark
away!

Hark away, &c.

SONG.

TOM Swift was a hunter of fame and
renown,
He valued the country, he hated the
town,
He chas'd the wild stag, and unkennel'd
the fox,
And scorn'd to be stopp'd, or by rivers or
rocks.
His sport he pursu'd from the blush of
the morn,
While his spirits were cheer'd by the
sound of the horn.

CHORUS.—His sport he pursu'd, &c.

The threats of invasion now rung in his
ears,
His friends of the chase turn'd, like him,
volunteers;
He mounted fleet Sorrel, and flew to the
coast;
He headed his troops, now the whole
country's boast.
A hunter of Frenchmen he long'd to be-
come,
While his bosom beat time, to the trum-
pet and drum.

CHORUS.—A hunter of Frenchmen, &c.

T t 2 EPIGRAPH

EPITAPH,
ON THE
FAMOUS HORSE ECLIPSE.*

PRAISE to departed worth, illustrious
Steed!

Not the fam'd Phœnixus of Pindar's
ode,

O'er thee, Eclipse, posess'd transcendent
speed,

When by a keen Newmarket jockey
rode.

Tho' from the hoof of Pegasus arose
inspiring Hippocrene, † a founte di-
vine,

A richer stream superior merit shews—
Thy matchless foot produced O'Kelly
wine.

True—o'er the tomb in which the far-
rite lies

No vaunting boast appears of Menage-
good,

Yet the *Turf Register's* bright page de-
fies

The race of Herod to shew better blood.

THE DUELLISTS,
PUFF AND GALEN.

WHAT an age 'tis we live in, when
fighting's the fashion,

And if neighbour meets neighbour per-
chance in a passion,

A challenge is sent to meet pistol and
ball,

When one or the other must probably fall.
Such heroes have we in this town, I have

heard,
Who as well puff a trigger as shave off a
beard,

And others I find of the very same sort are,
Who handle a pistol as well as a mortar.

Poor Galen and Puff had a terrible quarrel,
Which, alas! was brought on by the juice
of the barrel,

And chaffing'd each other, like true men
of might,

To turn out next morning a duel to fight.
Poor Puff, quite alarm'd at the thoughts

of a pill,

Requested a Lawyer to write his last Will.

To his dear loving Wife, he left all his
estates,

And to some of his friends, he left wigs
for their pates.

There were bob wigs and bedwigs, and
Brutus for bloods,

And to one of his friends bequeath'd razors
and suds.

This matter arrang'd, soon the path ap-
pear'd,

The fancy Wig-maker cries out, who's
after'd,

Do you think at the snuff of the powder
Fm scar'd?

Both trembling with fright, at the time
cut a caper,

Whilst the pistols were loaded with pow-
der and paper;

Yet some will assert they were loaded with
slugs,

While others affirm 'twas mere powder
and drugs.

The ground was mark'd out, and 'twas
Galen's first fire,

Who took a good aim as a man need
desire,

But wanting of weight, the light wadding
he found

Never reach'd Mr. Puff, but it fell on the
ground;

Quite satisfied now, Puff was heast to de-
clare,

He'd not take his life, so he fir'd in the air.

They then parted (friends, which at first
was intended,

Went home, chang'd their small-cloaths,
and so the fray ended.

Chelmsford.

ANTI-DUELLISTS.

* Eclipse died on Saturday, February 20, 1780, at Mr. O'Kelly's seat, at Oakmont, Edware, Middlesex, aged 25.—Mr. O'Kelly, it is said, gained 25,000*l.* By Eclipse and his progeny.

Eclipse was said to be got by Old Marsk, but this is disputed; Marsk was a brown, and most of his descendants were also of the same colour.—Eclipse's colour, shape, and temper, were like Shakespear, who was a chesnut, and from a chesnut mare; and all Eclipse's gets were chesnuts, which renders it almost certain he was got by Shakespear.—In twenty-three years, Eclipse was sire of 344 winners, who won 158,047*l.* 12*s.* besides Cups, Bowls, the Whip, Jockey-Club Plates, &c.

† The Hippogriff of Pegasus sprung from the blood of Medusa, slain by Perseus; this winged horse flew to Mount Helicon, the seat of the Muses, where, with a stroke of his hoof, he opened the fountain Hippocrene, called by the Roman satirist Caballinus, or, the Horse's Spring.

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THE RACING CALENDAR.

HEREFORD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 19.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's ch c St. Domingo, by Hambletonian, 4 yrs old,	
7st 12lb	1 1
Mr Goulburn's gr h Grimaldi, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb	2 2
Mr Williams's b h Green Dragon, 6 yrs old, 9st 11lb	dis

THURSDAY, August 20.—Fifty Pounds for three and four year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's b f Belinda, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, 7st 8lb	4 4 1 1
Mr Jones's b c Frederick, 4 yrs old, 9st	0 1 2 2
Mr Jenner's b f Elvira, 4 yrs old, 8st 11lb	3 2 3 3
Col. Kingscote's ch c Achilles, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb	0 3 4 dr

Belinda the favourite; after the second heat, Frederick the favourite; after the third heat, Belinda the favourite.—Excellent running.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 6 yrs old	2 1 1
Duke of Norfolk's b m, by Pencil, 6 yrs old, (bolted)	1 dis

High odds on Miss Coiner.

FRIDAY, Handicap Plate of 50l. for all ages.

Mr Goulburn's gr h Grimaldi, 5 yrs old	1 1
Mr Jones's b c Frederick, 4 yrs old	2 2
Mr Williams's b h Green Dragon, 6 yrs old	3 3
Duke of Norfolk's b m, by Pencil, 6 yrs old	dis

SOUTHAMPTON MEETING—HAMPSHIRE.

TUESDAY, August 18.—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr C. Dundas's b c, by Sir Solomon, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb	1 1
Mr Herbert's b f Flirt, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb	2 2

The Cup, a Subscription of 5gs each, with 40gs added, for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.—Four Subscribers.

Mr C. Dundas's b c Rubens, by Pencil, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb	1 1
Colonel Michell's br h Guido, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb	2 dr

WEDNESDAY the 19th.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Three Miles.—Five Subscribers.

Captain Haffenden's ch g Tom Pipes, by Volunteer, aged, 10st 10lb ..	1
Mr Martin's br h Witchcraft, 6 yrs old, 10st 10lb	2

THE RACING CALENDAR.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, 12st.—Three Miles.—Eleven Subscribers.

Mr Hayter's ch g Columbus, by John Bull	1
Mr Radclyffe's b m Cora, by the Woburn Arabian	2
The Ladies' Plate of 60gs for horses, &c.—Three-mile heats.	
Mr C. Dundas's b c Rubens, by Pencil, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb	1 1
Mr Bradley's b g Prodigal, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb	2 dr
Mr Martin's br h Witchcraft, 6 yrs old, 12st.	3 dr
Two to 1 on Rubens.	

READING MEETING—BERKS.

TUESDAY, August 18.—Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Henry's b c Gnat-ho! by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Gnat, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb	3-1 1
Mr Dockeray's bl f Honeysuckle, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb	1 3 2
Sir H. Lippincott's b g Ploughboy, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb	2 2 3
Six and 7 to 4 on Gnat-ho!	

WEDNESDAY the 19th.—Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—No race, only one horse being entered.

THURSDAY the 20th.—Handicap Plate of 50l. for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Biggs's br m Margareta, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old, 8st 8lb	1 1
Mr Dockeray's bl f Honeysuckle, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb	2 2
Mr F. Craven's b h Pic Nic, aged, 8st 2lb	3 dr
Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Margareta.	

CANTERBURY MEETING—KENT.

TUESDAY, August 25.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr Foote's ch f Augusta, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb	1
Mr Dering's br g Hotspur, aged, 8st 13lb	2
Mr Cator's bay horse, 5 yrs old, 8st 12lb	3

WEDNESDAY the 26th.—The King's Plate of 100gs for four-year olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr T. Browne's b h Sir Launcelot, by Delpini, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb	walked over
-------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------------

The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Mr Hyde's b g Canterbury, by Gouty, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb	1-1
Mr Pilcher's b h Tippoo, 5 yrs old, 8st 2lb	2 2
Captain Spedding's b g Agamemnon, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb	3 3

THURSDAY the 27th.—Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Hyde's b f, by Gouty, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb	1 1
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Sir E. Knatchbull's ch f Miss Comical, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb 3 2
 Mr Emden's b g Pantaloon, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb 2 3

FRIDAY the 28th.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr T. Brown's b h Sir Launcelot, 5 yrs old, 9st 4lb 1 1
 Mr Hyde's b g Canterbury, 4 yrs old, (bolted) 7st 9lb dis

WARWICK MEETING.

THURSDAY, August 27.—The King's Plate for four-year olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Sir J. Hawkins's br colt Clermont, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb 1 1

Mr Ackers's br c Sir Sampson, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb 2 2

Five to 2 on Sir Sampson; after the heat, 2 to 1 on Clermont.—An excellent race.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters.—Two-mile heats.—Eleven Subscribers.

Mr B. Price's ch g Malmsbury, by Cardock, 5 yrs old, 11st 12lb 3 1 1

Mr Emden's gr g Speculation, 4 yrs old, 12st 1 3 3

Mr Bayzand's b g Judgment, aged, 11st 12lb 2 2 2

Even betting on Judgment; after the first heat, 5 to 4 on Speculation; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Malmsbury.—A very good race.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's ch c St. Domingo, by Hambletonian, 4 yrs old, 8st 11lb 1 1

Mr Bowker's b c Plunder, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb 2 2

Ten to 1 on St. Domingo.—Won very easy.

FRIDAY.—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, two Miles and upwards.

Mr Goodall's br f Juno, by John Bull, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb 1 1

Mr Price's ch g Malmsbury, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb 6 2

Mr Andrew's b g Garland, aged, 8st 11lb 3 4

Lord Brooke's ch g Pigeon, 5 yrs old, 8st 11lb 4 6

Mr Butler's b c, by Ambrosio, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb 2 5

Mr Brown's ch c, by George, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb 5 3

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr Cholmondeley's br horse, Young Chariot, by Chariot, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb 1 1

Lord Brooke's ch h Marplot, aged, 9st 2. dr

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Faulkner's b h Doubtful, by Constitution, aged, 8st 9lb .. 3 3 1 1

Mr Bowker's b c Plunder, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb 4 1 0 2

Sir M. M. Sykes's ch c Sir Sacripant, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb 1 2 0 3

Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, 6 yrs old, 8st 7lb 2 dr

Miss Coiner the favourite; after the first, 6 to 4 on the field.

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SATURDAY the 29th.—Match for 50gs.—Four miles.

Mr Canning's ch g Sweeper, by Rattler, 11st (Mr Hawkes)	1
Mr Goulburn's gr h Grimaldi, 12st (Mr Douglas)	2
Five to 2 and 3 to 1 on Grimaldi.	

ABINGDON MEETING—BERKS.

TUESDAY, Sept. 8.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three-year old colts, 8st, fillies, 7st 11lb.—Once round the Course.—Nine Subscribers.

Mr Ladbrooke's ch c Master Jackey, by Johnny, out of Seedling, by Pumpkin	1
Mr Biggs's br c Rosario, by Ambrosio	2

Two to 1 on Master Jackey.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Biggs's br m Margaretta, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb	2	1	1
Mr Sadler's bl c, by Oscar, out of Melissa, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb.	1	3	2
Mr Faulkner's b h Doubtful, aged, 9st 3lb.	3	2	dr
Six to 4 on Margaretta; after the first heat, 5 to 4 on Mr Sadler's colt; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Margaretta.			

The Farmers' Plate of 50l. for horses, &c.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Wentworth's b m My Lady.	1	1
Mr Fowle's br g Cowley, by Flying Gib	2	2
Mr Shackle's b m Flighty, by Stickler	3	3
Mr Juggins's b g, by York	4	dr

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 9.—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 50l. added, for maiden horses, &c. all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Grisewood's b g Finsbury, by Sir Harry, out of Annette, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb.	2	1	1
Mr Wilkinson's br g Scrip	1	2	3
Mr Bullock's gr c, by Countryman, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb.	3	3	2
Mr Day's ch f, by Skyscraper	4	4	4
Mr Howlett's b g Leveller	5	dr	

The Hunters' Plate of 50l. carrying 12st each.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Fowle's br g Cowley, by Flying Gib	1	1
Mr Shackle's b m Flighty, by Stickler.	2	2
Mr Juggins's b g, by York.	3	3

LITCHFIELD MEETING—STAFFORDSHIRE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 8.—The King's Plate of 100gs for five-year old horses, 8st 7lb.—Three-mile heats.

Mr Johnson's br h Sir Andrew, by Hambletonian	1	1
Mr Goulburn's gr h Grimaldi, by Delpini.	2	2
Mr Benson's ch h Welch-Harp, by Pipator	3	3

Sir Andrew the favourite; after the heat, 2 to 1 he won.

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The second year of a Subscription of 10gs each, for horses, &c. bred in Staffordshire, 12st each.—Four Miles.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr Dyott's b g, by a Son of the Bridgenorth Snap, 5 yrs old, . walked over

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 9.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 30gs added, for all ages.—Two Miles.—Ten Subscribers.

Lord Derby's br f Margaret, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Brown Bess, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb 1

Mr Smith's br m Hebe, 6 yrs old, 9st 2lb 2

Three and 4 to 1 on Hebe.

Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Benson's gr c Atlas, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb . . 1 1

Sir M. M. Sykes's ch c Sir Sacripant, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb 2 2

Two to 1 on Atlas.

THURSDAY, Sept. 10.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three-year old colts, 8st, fillies, 7st 11lb.—Two Miles.—Five Subscribers.

Lord Grey's b c Gustavus, by Beningbrough 1

Lord Derby's br f Margaret, by Sir Peter Teazle 2

Mr Benson's ch c Rigdumfunnidus, by Hambletonian 3

Gustavus the favourite.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's b f Belinda, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb., 1 1

Mr Goulburn's gr b Grimaldi, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb 3 2

Mr Benson's gr c Atlas, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb 2 3

Five and 6 to 4 on Belinda.

TRE-MADOCK—CAERNARVONSHIRE.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 9.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for maiden horses, &c.—Two Miles.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr F. R. Price's b m Farce, by Grouse, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb 1

Mr John Madock's ches mare, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb 2

Mr W. A. Madock's b c True-Blue, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb 3

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Brooke's b f Comedy, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, a feather.. 1 1

Mr Bagshaw's br g Artichoke, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb 3 2

Mr Joseph Madock's br h Spectre, aged, 9st 2lb 2 3

THURSDAY, Sept. 10.—A Piece of Silver Plate value 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Sir W. W. Wynne's b c General Benningsen, by Meteor, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb 1 1

Mr W. A. Madock's b c True-Blue, 3 yrs old, a feather 2 dr

Colonel Puleston's Tanyraltissima, 8st 7lb, against Mr Joseph Madock's Spare-Rib, 8st 2lb.—Two Miles, 50gs, h. ft.—Was off by consent.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11.—The Ladies' Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Brooke's b f Comedy, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1 1

Mr Bagshaw's br g Artichoke, 5 yrs old, 9st 3 2

Mr

Mr Price's b m Farce, 5 yrs old, 9st.....	2	3
The Snowdon Welter Stakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. the property of Subscribers.—Two-mile heats.—Twenty-five Subscribers.		
Sir W. W. Wynne's b c General Benningsen, by Meteor, 4 yrs old, 10st 10lb	1	1
Mr Joseph Madock's br h Spectre, aged, 12st 2lb	2	2

BEDFORD MEETING.

THURSDAY, Sept. 10.—The Woburn Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added—Two-mile heats.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr Ladbroke's br c Sir Peregrine, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb	1	1
Mr Kellermann's ch c Jamaica, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb	3	2
Mr Abbey's br f Orangeade, 4 yrs old, 7st 13lb	2	3
Mr Bradley's b h Prodgal, 5 yrs old, 9st (fell)	dis	
Six to 4 on Orangeade; after the heat, even betting, and 5 to 4, on Sir Peregrine.		

The Duke of Bedford's Purse of 50l. for three-year olds.—Heats, once round the Course.

Mr Ladbroke's br c Corsican, by Guildford, 8st.....	1	2	0	1
Sir C. Bunbury's b c Rambler, 8st.....	2	1	0	2
Six to 4 on Corsican; after the first heat, 5 to 1 he won; after the second heat, even betting; after the dead heat, 6 to 4 on Rambler.				

FRIDAY, Sept. 11.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr T. Browne's b h Sir Launcelot, by Delpini, 5 yrs old, 8st 12lb 3 3 1 1	
Major Wilson's b h, brother to Vivaldi, aged, 9st	2 1 2 2
Mr Watson's b m Dodona, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb	1 2 dr
Six to 4 on Sir Launcelot; after the first heat, 2 to 1, on Dodona; after the second heat, 5 to 1 on the brother to Vivaldi; after the third heat, 5 to 4 on Sir Launcelot.	

KINGSCOTE MEETING—GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

* * * *The Horses, &c. were the property of, and ridden by, Members of the Club.*

TUESDAY, Sept 15.—The Kingscote Stakes of 25gs each, with 50gs added by the Club; 15gs forfeit; and only 5gs if declared, &c.—Three Miles.

Mr Goddard's b h Mountaineer, by Magic, 5 yrs old, 10st 13lb (Mr Germaine)	1
Sir J. Hawkins's br c Clermont, 4 yrs old, 10st 9lb (Mr Douglas) ..	2
Colonel Kingscote's ch g Pigeon, 5 yrs old, 9st 8lb (Mr Worrall) ..	3
Lord C. H. Somerset's b c White-Rose, 3 yrs old, 9st 2lb (Mr D. Radcliffe)	4
Mr B. Price's ch g Malmesbury, 5 yrs old, 10st 3lb (Mr Bullock, who dismounted without going to the end of the Course.)	

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The following paid 15gs forfeit each :—

Lord C. H. Somerset's br h Bagatelle, 6 yrs old, 12st.
 Sir H. Lippincott's b h Mirror, 6 yrs old, 10st 13lb.
 Mr Bayzand's ch g Tally-ho! (dead) 5 yrs old, 10st 4lb.
 Mr Mitchell's b h Guido, 5 yrs old, 10st.
 Mr Elton's b c Stapleton, 4 yrs old, 9st 4lb

The following paid only 5gs forfeit each :—

Mr Biggs's ch h Bassanio, 5 yrs old, 11st 3lb.
 Sir J. Hawkins's ch m Laura, aged, 10st 10lb.
 Sir H. Lippincott's b c Ploughboy, 4 yrs old, 10st 11lb.—And
 Mr Herbert, who did not name.

Six to 4 against White-Rose, 2 to 1 against Clermont, and 7 to 2 against
 Mountaineer.—Won by half a length.

Match for 100gs.—Three Miles.

Sir H. Lippincott's b g Ploughboy, by Volunteer, 4 yrs old, 10st 13lb
 (Mr Worrall) 1
 Mr Stackpoole's br c Sir Hugh, 3 yrs old, 9st 7lb 2
 Four to 1 on Ploughboy.

The Welter Stakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.—
 Eight Subscribers.

Mr Bayzand's b g Judgment, by Fortunio, aged, 11st 9lb (Mr
 Worrall) 1 4
 Mr Herbert's b g Delightful, by Waxy, 5 yrs old, 11st 9lb (Mr
 Douglas) 2 de

Ten to 1 on Judgment.—Won easy.

A Plate of 100gs, for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.—Entrance of 5gs
 each, which was given to the second horse.

Sir J. Hawkins's br c Clermont, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 11st
 (Mr Douglas) 1 1
 Mr Biggs's br c Rosario, 3 yrs old, 9st 10lb (Mr Worrall) 2 2
 Lord C. H. Somerset's b c White-Rose, 2 yrs old, 9st 6lb (Mr D.
 Radcliffe) 3 3
 Mr Trevanion's br h Bucephalus, 5 yrs old, 11st 10lb (Mr. Ger-
 maine) 4 4
 Rosario the favourite.—A fine race, and won by half a neck.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16.—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 100gs
 added, for horses, &c.—Four Miles.—Eleven Subscribers.

Sir H. Lippincott's b c Ploughboy, by Volunteer, 4 yrs old, 9st 13lb
 (Mr Worrall) 1
 Mr G. Worrall's ch h Timekeeper, 5 yrs old, 10st 10lb (Lord C. So-
 merset) 2
 Mr Elton's b c Stapleton, 4 yrs old, 9st 12lb (Mr Douglas) 3
 Mr Michell's b h Guido, 5 yrs old, 11st (Mr Germaine) 4
 Mr F. Bullock's b c Knee-Buckle, 4 yrs old, 9st 12lb (Mr D. Rad-
 cliffe) 5
 Knee-Buckle the favourite, and 5 to 1 against Ploughboy.—Won by half
 a length.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 30gs added, for all ages.—The last Mile.

Sir J. Hawkins's br c Clermont, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 10st 8lb
 (Mr Douglas) 1

Lord

Lord C. Somerset's b c White-Rose, 3 yrs old, 8st 8lb (Mr D. Radcliffe)	2
Mr Trevanion's b h Bucephalus, 5 yrs old, 10st 9lb (Mr Germaine) ..	3
Mr Biggs's ch h Bassanio, 5 yrs old, 10st 11lb (Mr Worrall)	4
Two to 1 on the field, but nearly equal favourites.—Won by a neck.	
Handicap Plate of 50l. for horses, &c.—Heats, the last Mile.	
Sir J. Hawkins's ch m Laura, by Pegasus, aged, 11st (Mr Douglas)	1 6 1
Colonel Kingscote's ch c Achilles, 4 yrs old, 10st 8lb (Mr Germaine)	0 1 0
Mr Jenner's b h Green Dragon, 6 yrs old, 10st 7lb	0 5 2
Mr Biggs's b m Margaret, 5 yrs old, 10st 12lb (Mr D. Radcliffe) ..	0 4 3
Mr Herbert's b f Flirt, 4 yrs old, 9st 9lb	3 3 0
Mr Beaver's ch c Buckler, 3 yrs old, 8st 7lb (the Owner)	0 2 0
Mr Worrall's b g Blue-Stone, 4 yrs old, 9st 12lb	2 dr
Mr Royn. Jones's ch g Tom Pipes, 6 yrs old, 12st	0 dr
Mr Trevanion's b c Handicap, 4 yrs old, 11st 2lb	0 dr
In the first and third heats, the Judge placed no more than the first three.	
—Margaret the favourite.—A good race.	

THURSDAY, Sept. 17.—Match for 50gs.—Two Miles.

Mr Michell's b h Guido, by Transit, 10st 7lb	1
Colonel Kingscote's ch g Pigeon, 10st 7lb	2
Five and 6 to 4 on Pigeon.	

Handicap Stakes of 10gs each, h. fl. with 20gs added, for horses, &c.—One Mile.—The winner was to have been sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c.

Colonel Kingscote's ch c Achilles, by Young Woodpecker, 4 yrs old, 11st 8lb	1
Mr B. Price's ch g Malmesbury, 5 yrs old, 11st 2lb	2
Mr Stackpoole's b c Sir Hugh, 3 yrs old, 8st 4lb	3
Sir H. Lippincott's b f Fillagree, (late Fillikins) 3 yrs old, 8st 7lb (carried 9lb above her weight)	4
Mr Jenner's Green Dragon, 6 yrs old, 12st; Mr Barker's Dust-O! aged, 11st 9lb; Mr G. Worrall's Blue-Stone, 4 yrs old, 11st 6lb; and Mr Beaver's Buckler, 3 yrs old, 9st 3lb, paid forfeit.	
Six to 4 on Fillagree, and 4 to 1 against Achilles.	

Handicap Plate of 50l. for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Elton's b c Stapleton, by Worthy, 4 yrs old, 9st 11lb	5 2 1 1
Mr Trevanion's b c Handicap, 4 yrs old, 10st 6lb	1 4 2 2
Mr F. Bullock's b c Knee-Buckle, 4 yrs old, 10st 1lb (fell lame)	2 1 0 dr
Mr B. Price's ch g Malmesbury, 5 yrs old, 9st 13lb	6 3 0
Sir J. Hawkins's ch m Laura, aged, 11st 3lb	4 5 0
Sir H. Lippincott's b c Ploughboy, 4 yrs old, 10st 6lb	3 dr
In the third heat, the Judge could only place the first two.—Handicap the favourite; after the third heat, 6 to 4 he won.	

Colonel Kingscote's ch g Pigeon, by Young Woodpecker, 10st 10lb, received forfeit from Mr Herbert's b g by Waxy, dam by Fortunio, 10st.—Two Miles, 2 1/2gs.

SHREWSBURY MEETING—SHROPSHIRE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 15.—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Benson's b c Rigdumfunnidus, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 6st 1 1
 Mr Heritage's ch m Miss Fanny, 5 yrs old, 8st 11lb 2 2
 Lord Stamford's b c Gustavus received 10gs to withdraw.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16.—Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. belonging to Burgesses, or any of the Shrewsbury Yeomanry, two-mile heats, was won at two heats, by

Mr Wynne's bay horse, 5 yrs old, 10st, beating several others.

THURSDAY, Sept. 17.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50l. added by the Town, for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr C. Cholmondeley's br h Young Chariot, by Chariot, 6 yrs old, 9st 5lb 1 1
 Mr Benson's gr c Atlas, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb 3 2
 Mr Carr's b f Cecilia, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb 2 3
 Seven to 4, and 2 to 1, on Young Chariot.

DONCASTER MEETING—YORKSHIRE.

MONDAY, Sept. 21.—The Fitzwilliam Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the Corporation, for all ages.—Rode by Stable-boys. The last Mile and half—Thirteen Subscribers.

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch f Thomasina, by Timothy, out of Violet, 3 yrs old, 8st (James Parkinson) 1
 Lord Monson's br h Cleveland, 5 yrs old, 9st 11lb (Jones) 2
 Mr Mellish's b c Foxberry, 3 yrs old, 8st 3
 Duke of Leeds's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Mother Redcap, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb 4
 Mr Clifton's b c Fyldener, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb (R. Johnson) 5
 Mr T. Duncombe's b f, by Hambletonian, 2 yrs old, 6st 6
 Mr Chapman's gr h Rustic, 5 yrs old, 9st 11lb 7
 Even betting on Fyldener, 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 against Thomasina, and 3 to 1 against Cleveland.—Won easy.

The King's Plate of 100gs, for four-year olds and upwards.—Four Miles. Lord Strathmore's b c Cassio, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb, (B. Smith) 1

Mr Watt's b c Shuttlecock, by Schedoni, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb (J. Jackson) 2
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b c Delville, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb (W. Clift) 3
 Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb (J. Shaw) 4
 General Grosvenor's ch c Superstition, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb (F. Buckle) 5
 Five and 6 to 4 on Cassio.—One of the finest races ever seen, and won by rather better than half a length.

The St. Leger Stakes of 25gs each, for three-year old colts, 8st 2lb, and fillies, 8st.—The St. Leger Course.—Forty-one Subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b f Paulina, sister to Sir Paul, by Sir Peter Teazle, (W. Clift)	1
Lord Monson's b c Scud, by Beningbrough, out of Eliza (J. Jackson) ..	2
Lord Grosvenor's b c Eaton, by Sir Peter Teazle (F. Buckle)	3
Mr Garforth's b c, by Beningbrough, out of Caroline, by Phenomenon (B. Smith)	4

The following also started, but were not placed :—

Lord Darlington's b c, by Archduke, out of Beningbrough's sister ..	0
Mr G. Hutton's br c Cardinal York, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Saxoni's dam	0
Mr Smith's b c Phlebotomist, by Beningbrough	0
Sir W. Gerard's b c Windle, by Beningbrough	0
Lord Scarborough's b c, by Sir Solomon, dam by Jupiter	0
Colonel Childers's b c Baron, by Stamford	0
Mr Clifton's br c Bryan, by Sir Peter Teazle	0
Duke of Hamilton's b f Easy, by Hambletonian	0
Mr Lonsdale's b c Comrade, by Stamford	0
Lord Darlington's b c Giles Scroggins, by Sir Solomon, out of Miss Judy	0
Mr Peirse's b c Bedalian, by Beningbrough	0
Lord F. Bentinck's b c Job Thornberry, by John Bull, out of Schedoni's dam	0

Three and 4 to 1 against Eaton, 4 to 1 against Mr Garforth's colt, 8 and 10 to 1 against Paulina, 9 to 1 against Cardinal York, 10 to 1 against Scud, 10 and 12 to 1 against Giles Scroggins, and 15 to 1 against Bedalian.—An uncommonly good race, but won by near a length.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two-year old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st.—

Two-year Olds Course.—Five Subscribers.

Mr T. Duncombe's ch f Laurel-Leaf, by Stamford, out of Pet's dam (F. Collinson)	1
Mr Watt's gr f, by Delpipi, out of Miss Cogden (F. Jackson)	2
Three to 1 on Laurel-Leaf.—Won very easy.	

Post Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three-year old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st.—Two Miles.

Lord Darlington's b c, brother to Bumper, by St. George, dam by Mercury (W. Peirse)	1
Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f Miltonia, by Patriot (F. Collinson)	2
Lord Darlington's b f, by St. George	pd
Five and 6 to 4 on Miltonia.—Won easy.	

Mr Mellish's b h Staveley, by Shuttle, received forfeit from Lord Darlington's br h Trafalgar, 8st 3lb each—Four Miles, 500gs, h. ft.

Lord Monson's br h Cleveland, by Overton, 8st 7lb, recd ft. from Mr T. Sykes's b m Gratitude, 8st 10lb.—Two Miles, 200gs, h. ft.

TUESDAY, Sept. 22.—The Prince's Stakes of 25gs each, for four-year old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 4lb.—Four Miles.—Nineteen Subscribers.

Mr Peirse's b f Rosette, by Beningbrough, out of Rosamond, 4 yrs old (J. Shepherd)	1
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Sir W. Gerard's br c Julius Cæsar, 4 yrs old (W. Peirse).....	2
Mr S. Duncombe's b f Hipswell-Lass, 4 yrs old (J. Jackson)	3
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c Trafalgar, 4 yrs old (W. Edwards) ..	4
Lord Fitzwilliam's b f Mary, 4 yrs old (B. Smith)	5
Duke of Hamilton's b c Grazier, 4 yrs old (F. Collinson).....	6
Mr Wilson's b c Smuggler, 4 yrs old (W. Clift)	7
Lord Strathmore's bay filly, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Herdine, 4 yrs old, fell in running when about a quarter of a mile from home, and hurt her rider, F. Buckle; in consequence thereof, she was named Desdemona.	

Six to 4 against Rosette, 3 to 1 against Julius Cæsar, 3 and 4 to 1 against Grazier, the same against Smuggler, the same against Lord Strathmore's filly, 4 to 1 against Trafalgar, and 4 to 1 against Hipswell-Lass.—A very good race, but won rather easy at the end.

The Corporation Plate of 50l. for three-year olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Sitwell's b f Buttercup, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st (a Boy) 1	1
Mr T. Duncombe's b c, by Expectation, dam by Dragon; 3 yrs old, 5st 10lb	3 2
Sir H. T. Vane's b f, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Catherine, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb.	4 3
Mr Mellish's b c Foxberry, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb	2 4
Even betting on Sir H. T. Vane's filly; after the heat, 3 to 1 on Buttercup.—Won easy.	

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23.—The last year of the Doncaster Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Fifteen Subscribers.

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch f Thomasina, by Timothy, out of Violet, by Shark, 3 yrs old, 6st (J. Parkinson)	1
Sir W. Gerard's br c Julius Cæsar, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb (J. Garbutt) ..	2
Lord Strathmore's b c Cassio, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb (B. Smith).....	3
Mr Garforth's b c, by Beningbrough, out of Caroline, 3 yrs old, 6st (Jones).....	4
Six to 4 against Cassio, 3 to 1 against Mr Garforth's colt, 7 to 2 against Julius Cæsar, and 4 to 1 against Thomasina.—Won very easy.	

The Gold Cup, value 100gs, for all ages.—Four Miles.

Lord Monson's b c Scud, by Beningbrough, out of Eliza, by High-flyer, 3 yrs old, 6st (Jones)	1
Sir C. Turner's bay colt Thorn, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb (G. Humble)	2
Mr Mellish's b h Staveley, by Shuttle, 5 years old, 8st 3lb (F. Buckle) ..	3
Mr Johnson's br h Sir Andrew, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb (W. Clift).....	4
Two to 1 against Scud, 7 to 2 against Thorn, 4 to 1 against Staveley, and 5 to 1 against Sir Andrew.—A very good race.	

Match for 100gs.—Two Miles.

Mr Wentworth's bay filly Margaret, by Beningbrough, out of Roxana, 8st (G. Humble)	1
Col. Childers's b c Baron, by Stamford, 8st 3lb (F. Collinson).....	2
Five to 2 on Margaret.—Won very easy.	

The North Welter Stakes of 20gs each, for horses, &c. 13st.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Two-mile heats.—Four Subscribers.

Mr C. Cholmondeley's b h, by Young Diomed (Hon. M.

Hawke)..... walked over.

Mr Mellish's Deceit, by Expectation, 6st 7lb, against Mr Howorth's Plantagenet, 8st 7lb.—Two Miles, 500gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

THURSDAY, Sept. 24.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added, for three-year old fillies, 8st.—Two Miles.—Nine Subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's bay, Paulina, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Pewett (W. Clift)..... 1

Mr Wentworth's bay, Margaret (G. Humble)..... 2
Four and 5 to 1 on Paulina.

The Plate of 100l. for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Strathmore's b f Desdemona, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb (F. Buckle)..... 1 1

Mr S. Duncombe's b f Hipswell-Lass, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb (F. Col-linson)..... 3 2

Mr T. Duncombe's b c, by Expectation, dam by Dragon, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb..... 4 3

Mr Uppley's b c, by Precipitate, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb (R. Johnson) 5 4

Mr Wilson's b c Smuggler, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb (W. Clift)..... 2 dr

Six and 7 to 4 against Desdemona, 3 to 1 against Smuggler, 4 to 1 agst Hipswell-Lass, and 5 to 1 against Mr Uppley's colt; after the heat, 6 to 4 on Desdemona.—Won easy.

Match for 50gs.—The last Mile.

Sir M. M. Sykes's br f Miss Teazle Hornpipe, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st (J. Garbutt)..... 1

Mr Watt's b c Shuttlecock, by Schedoni, 8st 7lb (J. Jackson)..... 2
Five and 6 to 4 on Shuttlecock.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters, 12st.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Four Miles.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr C. Cholmondeley's b h, by Young Diomed, dam by Evergreen (Hon. M. Hawke)..... 1

Mr T. Sykes's b h, by Precipitate (the Owner)..... 2

Four to 1 on Mr T. Sykes's horse, which made play, but was beat easy at the end.

SATURDAY, Sept. 26.—Match for 200gs.—Two Miles.

Mr Peirse's b c Bedalian, by Benningbrough, 8st 2lb (J. Shepherd) .. 1

Sir G. Armytage's b c, by Benningbrough, dam by Drone, 7st 11lb.. 2
Two to 1 on Bedalian.

CARLISLE MEETING—CUMBERLAND,

TUESDAY, Sept. 29.—The King's Plate of 100gs, for three-year olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr W. Hutchinson's ch c Harmless, by St. George, 4 yrs old, 8st (F. Jordon)..... 4 1 1

Mr Walker's ch c Baronet, 4 yrs old, 8st (J. Jackson)..... 1 2 2

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Mr Storey's b c Cramlington, 4 yrs old (G. Sowerby).....	2	3	3
Mr Nalton's b c Ranger, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb.....	3	dr	
Mr Fenton's b m Vixen, 6 yrs old, 8st 13lb.....	dis		
Even betting, and 5 to 4, on Harmless.			

WEDNESDAY, Sept 30.—Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.
—Two-mile heats.

Lord Lonsdale's ch f, by Precipitate, dam by Pot8o's, 3 yrs old, 7st 9lb (R. Johnson).....	1	1	
Mr Lonsdale's gr f Peteria, 3 yrs old, 7st 12lb (B. Smith)	3	2	
Mr Harris's b c, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 7st 12lb	2	3	
Five and 6 to 4 on the Precipitate filly.			

The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Seymour's b c Cliffe, brother to Sweetwilliam, by St. George, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb.....	6	7	1	1
Mr W. Bates's b c Honest Harry, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	4	1	2	2
Mr Stevenson's ch f Nightingale, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb	1	6	3	3
Mr Anderson's bay colt, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb	5	2	7	
Mr Walkington's b c Honest Bob, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb.....	8	5	4	
Lord Montgomerie's colt, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb.....	3	3	dr	
Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f Miss Decoy, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb....	2	4	dr	
Mr Baillie's b c Hearts of Oak, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb.....	7	dr		
Mr Fenton's dun g Pipes, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb.....	9	dis		
Duke of Hamilton's b g, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb (threw his rider)...	dis			

THURSDAY, Oct. 1.—Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—Three-mile heats.

Mr Nalton's b c Ranger, 3 yrs old, 7st (R. Johnson).....	1	1		
Mr Lonsdale's gr c Sultan, 3 yrs old, 7st (fell).....	dis			
One Hundred Guineas for all ages.—Four-mile heats.				
Mr W. Hutchinson's ch c Harmless, by St. George, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb (F. Jordon).....	2	1	1	
Lord Montgomerie's b h Caleb Quot'em, 5 yrs old, 8st 8lb (F. Collinson).....	1	2	2	

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, September 28.—Match for One Hundred Guineas.
—R. M.

Lord F. G. Osborne's b f Matilda, by Whiskey, out of Ossian's dam, 8st 11lb.....	1			
Sir C. Bunbury's ch c Bullcalf, brother to Whiskerandos, 9st.....	2			
Six and 7 to 4 on Matilda.—Won very easy.				
Match for 200g.—Abingdon Mile.				
Mr Vansittart's b h Currycomb, by Buzzard, 5 yrs old, 8st 1lb ...	1			
Mr Wyndham's b c, by Schedoni, out of Hop-picker, 4 yrs old, 7st. .	2			
Seven to 4 on Currycomb.—Won easy.				
Match for 200g.—Abingdon Mile.				
Mr Craven's ch f Frances, by Ambrosio, dam by Highflyer, out of Lily of the Valley, 7st.....	1			
				Duke

Duke of Grafton's br c Pioneer, 8st 7lb.	2
Six to 4 on Frances.—Won very easy.	
Match for 400gs.—Two Middle Miles of B. C.	
Mr Fermor's ch h Cerberus, by Gohanna, out of Raginer's dam, 8st 7lb (F. Buckle)	1
Mr Arthur's br h Wormwood, 8st 7lb	2
Five to 4 on Cerberus.—Won quite easy.	
The third and last year of a Subscription of 5gs each, for all ages.—B. C.	
Twenty-one Subscribers.	
Mr D. Radcliffe's b h Orville, by Beningbrough, aged, 9st 2lb (W. Edwards)	1
Mr Wyndham's b c Canopus, brother to Cardinal Beaufort, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb.	2
Five to 2 on Canopus.—Won in a common canter.	
Match for 200gs.—Beacon Course.	
Mr Fermor's b h Hippomenes, by Pegasus, 8st 3lb (F. Buckle)	1
Mr D. Radcliffe's b h Barbarossa, 8st 3lb	2
Three to 1 on Hippomenes.—Won in a canter.	
Mr D. Radcliffe's ch f, sister to Castrel, by Buzzard, recd ft. from Lord Grosvenor's Musidera, 8st 2lb each,—Across the Flat, 200gs. h. ft.	
TUESDAY, Sept 29.—Match for 100gs.—The last half of Ab. M.	
Mr Fermor's b f, sister to Hawk, by Buzzard, 2 yrs old, 8st (F. Buckle)	1
Mr F. Neale's b c, by Oberon, dam by Spanker, 3 yrs old, 9st 7lb.	2
Six to 5 on the Sister to Hawk.—Won easy.	
Match for 50gs.—Two-yr Olds' Course.	
Mr Arthur's ch f Wretch, by Gohanna, out of Brainworm's dam, 8st (W. Arnold)	1
Mr Payne's b c Tudor, 8st 1lb	2
Six to 5 on Tudor.—Won very easy.	
Match for 100gs.—Ab. M.	
Lord Stawell's b f Pantina, by Buzzard, 8st.	1
Mr Howorth's b f Lauretta, 8st 5lb	2
Five to 4 on Lauretta.—Won quite easy.	
Match for 200gs.—Beacon Course.	
Mr Arthur's ches horse Brainworm, by Buzzard, 6 yrs old, 8st 4lb (W. Arnold)	1
Duke of Grafton's b m Parasol, aged, 8st 7lb.	2
Seven to 4 on Parasol.—Won rather easy.	
The third year of one-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, for four-year old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 4lb.—Ditch-in.—Fifteen Subscribers.	
Duke of Grafton's b f Vanity, by Buzzard, out of Dabchick (W. Clift)	1
Lord Foley's br c Paris, by Sir Peter Teazle	2
Lord Sackville's br c Forester, by Grouse.	3
Five to 4 on Paris, and 2 to 1 against Vanity.—Won easy.	
WEDNESDAY, Sept 30.—Fifty Guineas for horses, &c.—B. C.	
Ld Sackville's ch h Prospero, by Whiskey, 6-yrs old, 8st 11lb (W. Wheatley)	1
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- Mr Lake's br h Gaiety, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb 2
 Mr F. Neale's b h Goth, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb 3
 Even betting on Prospero, and 2 to 1 against Goth.—Won quite easy.
 One-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, for three-year old colts, 8st 6lb, fillies, 8st 3lb.—Ditch-in.—Fifteen Subscribers.
 Mr Ladbrooke's ch c Master Jacky, by Johnny (W. Arnold) 1
 Mr D. Radcliffe's bl c Mungo, by Sir Peter Teazle 2
 Six to 4 on Master Jacky.—Won very easy.

THURSDAY, Oct. 1.—Match for 50gs.—First half of Ab. M.

- Mr Lake's br f Volumnia, by Mr Teazle, 8st 3lb 1
 Sir C. Bunbury's ch c Bullcalf, by Whiskey, 8st 3lb 2
 Six to 4 on Bullcalf.—A fine race.

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

- Lord Grosvenor's br c Bullrush, by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old, 8st 9lb (F. Buckle) 1
 Mr Mellish's b f Susan, 2 yrs old, 6st 13lb 2
 Five to 4 on Bullrush.—Won very easy.

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

- Mr Arthur's br h Wormwood, by Young Woodpecker, 8st 8lb (W. Arnold) 1
 Lord Grosvenor's b m Meteora, 8st 1lb (F. Buckle) 2
 Eleven to 8 on Meteora.—Won quite easy.

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

- Mr Lake's b c Citizen, by Totteridge, 8st 2lb 1
 Lord F. G. Osborne's b f Matilda, by Whiskey, 8st 2lb 2
 Thirteen to 8 on Citizen.—Won quite easy.

The King's Plate of 100gs, for four-year olds and upwards.—Beacon Course.

- Mr Wyndham's b c Canopus, by Gohanna, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb (S. Chifney) 1
 Duke of Grafton's b m Parasol, aged, 12st 2lb 2
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's b c Thumper, by Waxy, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb 3
 Even betting and 6 to 5 on Parasol, 5 and 6 to 4 against Canopus, and 10 to 1 against Thumper.—Won easy.

The Town Plate of 50l, with the late Mr Perram's 30gs added, for three-year old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 3lb.—Ditch-in.

- Mr Payne's b c Ferdinand, by John Bull 1
 Mr Wyndham's b c, by Ambrosio, out of Hop-picker 2
 Mr Lake's br f Volumnia, by Mr Teazle 3
 Mr Howorth's b f Lauretta, by Sir Peter Teazle 4
 Mr Cave Browne's br c Woodman, by Young Woodpecker 5
 Even betting and 5 to 4 on Lauretta, 5 to 2 against Mr Wyndham's colt, and 10 to 1 against Ferdinand.—A good race.

Mr D. Radcliffe's ch h Selim, by Buzzard, received forfeit from Mr Fermor's b h Hippomenes, 8st 3lb each.—Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.

FRIDAY, Oct 2.—Match for 100gs.—Ditch Mile.

- Mr Vansittart's ch f Momentilla, by a brother to Repeater, 8st 2lb 1
 Lord Grosvenor's b f Pearl, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 4lb 2
 Five to 2, and 3 to 1, on Pearl.—Won quite easy.

Match

Match for 200gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Lord Grosvenor's b m Violante, by John Bull, 8st 8lb (F. Buckle) . . . 1

Mr Vansittart's b h Currycomb, 8st 2lb 2

Seven to 4, and 2 to 1, on Currycomb.—Won rather easy.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b f Pagoda, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 10lb, received forfeit from General Grosvenor's b f Briseis, 7st 12lb.—D. M. 200gs, h. ft.

TEWKESBURY MEETING—GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Pryse's ch m Laura, by Pegasus, aged, 8st 13lb. 6 1 1

Mr Worrall's ch h Timekeeper, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb. 1 3 2

Mr Sadler's b h Green Dragon, 6 yrs old, 8st 9lb 4 4 3

Mr Rob. Jones's br c Frederick, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb. 5 2 dr

Mr Skinner's bl c, by Oscar, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb. 2 3 dr

Mr Biggs's br m Margaretta, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb. 3 5 dr

Sir H. Lippincott's b g Ploughboy, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb. 7 dr

THURSDAY, Sept. 24.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—

Two-mile heats.—Five Subscribers.

Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 6 yrs old, 8st 2lb 1 1

Mr Royn. Jones's ch g Tom Pipes, 6 yrs old, 8st 2lb. 3 2

Mr Wakeman's ch f, by Hickwall, out of Paroquet, 4 yrs old, 7st

4lb. 2 dr

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Goddard's b h Mountaineer, by Magic, 5 yrs old, 8st 1lb. . . . 1 1

Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, 6 yrs old, 8st 5lb. 2 2

WALSALL MEETING—STAFFORDSHIRE.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr Smith's br m Hebe, by Overton, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1 1

Mr Goulburn's gr h Grimaldi, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb. 2 2

Major Morris's br f Fay, 4 yrs old, 7st 1lb. 3 3

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's b f Belinda, by Ben's gbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 2lb. . 1 1

Mr Goulburn's gr h Grimaldi, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb. 2 2

Mr Bowker's br c Plunder, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb. 3 dr

THURSDAY, Sept. 4.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Lord Stamford's b f Belinda, by Beningsbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 2lb 1 1

Mr Bowker's br c Plunder, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb. 5 2

Major Morris's br f Fay, 4 yrs old, 7st 1lb. 4 3

Mr Smith's br m Hebe, 6 yrs old, 8st 11lb. 2 4

Mr Browne's ch c, by Lord Stamford's George, 3 yrs old, 6st. . . . 3 3

Six to 4 on Belinda.—Won easy.

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LEICESTER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16.—The first Class of the Belvoir Stakes, being one-half of a Subscription of 5gs each, by 19 Subscribers, with 20gs added by his Grace the Duke of Rutland, for horses, &c.—Two Miles.

Mr Emden's gr c Speculation, by Vermin, 4 yrs old, 10st 12lb 1
Mr Drage's b g Hit-or-Miss, 6 yrs old, 12st 2

The second Class of the Belvoir Stakes—Same conditions.

Mr Pell's br g Scuffler, 6 yrs old, 12st 1
Mr Wollaston's ch g, by Skyscraper, 4 yrs old, 10st 12lb 2

. The winners of the two Classes were, by the Articles, to run on the second day for 25gs each, same weights and distance.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 50gs in specie, a Subscription of 10gs each, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Fifteen Subscribers.

Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb 0 1
Mr Smith's br m Hebe, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb 0 2

Mr Story's b c, by Waxy, 3 yrs old, 6st 3
Major Morris's br c Wildair, 3 yrs old, 6st (bolted) 4

Hebe the favourite; after the dead heat, even betting.

Fifty Rounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Addy's br c, brother to Hornby-Lass, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb 2 1 1

Lord Derby's br f Margaret, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb 1 2 3
Mr Cave Browne's bl c Black-and-All-Black, 3 yrs old, 7st 3 3 4

Major Morris's b f Fay, by Pipator, 4 yrs old, 8st 4 4 3
Margaret the favourite; after the second heat, 5 and 6 to 4 on the brother to Hornby-Lass.—A good race.

THURSDAY, Sept. 17.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Four Miles.—Eleven Subscribers.

Mr Goulburn's gr h Grimaldi, (late Confederate) by Delpini, 5 yrs old, 8st 12lb 1

Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb 2
Major Wilson's b h, brother to Vivaldi, aged, 9st 2lb 3

Mr Willington's ch f Glance, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb 4
Miss Coiner the favourite.

The Main of the Belvoir Stakes of 25gs each.—Two Miles.

Mr Emden's gr c Speculation, by Vermin, 4 yrs old, 10st 12lb 1
Mr Pell's br g Scuffler, 6 yrs old, 12st 2

Five and 6 to 4 on Speculation.

The Burgesses' Purse of 50l. for horses, &c. that never won a Royal Plate.—Four-mile heats.

Major Wilson's b h, brother to Vivaldi, by Woodpecker, aged, 9st 3lb 1 1

Mr Addy's br c, brother to Hornby-Lass, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb 2 2
Lord Derby's br f Margaret, 3 yrs old, 5st 10lb 3 3

Mr Fisher's b c, by Waxy, 3 yrs old, 5st 10lb 4 4
Six to 4 on the brother to Vivaldi.

Sir W. W. Wynne's br h Artichoke, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb	3	2
Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, 6 yrs old, 9st 4lb	2	3
Mr Madock's br h Spectre, aged, 7st (fell)	4	dis

DUMFRIES MEETING—SCOTLAND.

MONDAY, October 5.—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for three-year old colts, 8st 6lb, fillies, 8st 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Walkington's b c Honest Bob, by Benningbrough, out of Friendless Fanny	1	1
Duke of Hamilton's br g, by Serpent, out of Young Rosalotta ..	3	2
Mr Stevenson's ch f Nightingale	2	3

TUESDAY, Oct. 6.—One Hundred Guineas for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Brandling's b f Fortuna, by Benningbrough, 4 yrs old, 8st.	1	1
Mr Lonsdale's gr c Sultan, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb	2	dr

WEDNESDAY, Oct 7.—Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Nalton's b c Ranger, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb	1	1
Mr Baillie's ch c Streamer, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb	3	2
Mr Ilderton's br c Roseden, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb	2	3

THURSDAY, Oct. 8.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Lonsdale's gr f Peteria, by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb	3	1	1
Mr Nalton's b c Ranger, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb	1	2	2
Mr Brandling's b f Fortuna, 4 yrs old, 8st.	2	3	dr

FRIDAY, Oct. 9.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f Miss Decoy, by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 6st 2lb	1	1
Lord Montgomerie's gr c, by Sir Charles, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb.	2	2
Mr Ilderton's br c Roseden, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb	3	3
Mr Cuming's b g Little Bob, by Spadille, aged, 9st 5lb.	4	dr
Sir J. L. Johnson's b h Young Competitor, 6 yrs old, 9st 5lb.	5	dis
General Wemyss's br h by Guildford, dam by Scaramouch, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb		dis

NORTHALLERTON MEETING—YORKSHIRE.

THURSDAY, October 8.—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred, 12st each, rode by Gentlemen.—Two Miles.—Thirteen Subscribers.

Mr Lakeland's ch g, by Old Harlequin (the Owner)	1
Mr F. Walker's b m Merrylass, by St. George (Mr Treacher)	2
Mr R. W. Peirse's ch m, by Alexander (Mr Peacock)	3
Two to 1 on Mr Lakeland's gelding.	

Sweep-

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Monson's br h Cleveland, by Overton, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb
(J. Jackson)..... 2 1 1
Mr W. Fletcher's br f Esther, 4 yrs old, 6st 12lb (a Boy).... 1 2 2
Duke of Leeds's b c, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Mother Redcap,
4 yrs old, 8st 1lb 3 3 3
Mr W. Hutchinson's br h Didapper, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... 4 4 dr
Five to 4 against Esther, 7 to 4 against Cleveland, and 2 to 1 against
Didapper; after the first heat, 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on Esther; after the
second heat, 3 to 1 on Cleveland.

FRIDAY, Oct. 9.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for hunters, 12st,
rode by Gentlemen.—Two Miles.—Four Subscribers.

Mr Peacock's ch h Pope, by Apollo (the Owner)..... 1
Mr F. Hartley's b m Merrylass, by St. George (Mr Treacher) 2
Ten to 1 on Pope.—A good race.—This race is disputed.

Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Three-mile heats.

Mr Cradock's b f, by St. George, dam by Pontac, 3 yrs old, 7st
6lb (Jones) 3 1 1
Mr Acred's br c Wansford, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb..... 1 2 2
Sir T. Gascoigne's b f, by Hambletonian, out of Golden-Locks,
4 yrs old, 8st 3lb 4 3 3
Mr J. Shepherd's br c, by Sir Solomon, dam by Jupiter, 3 yrs
old, 7st 5lb 2 4 4
Seven to 4 on Mr Cradock's filly; after the first heat, the same; after
the second heat, 2 and 3 to 1 she won.

SATURDAY, Oct. 10.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three-mile
heats.

Mr T. Robinson's br f, by Stamford, out of Belle-Fille, 3 yrs old,
6st 5lb (G. Franks) 1 1
Lord Monson's b f Yorkshire-Lass, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb (Jones).... 3 2
Sir T. Gascoigne's b f, by Hambletonian, out of Golden-Locks,
4 yrs old, 7st 9lb 4 3
Mr Seymour's b c Sweetwilliam, 4 yrs old, 8st 2 4
Six to 4 on Sweetwilliam; after the heat, 2 to 1 on Mr Robinson's filly;
—Won easy.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, Oct. 12.—Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Payne's br f Fawn, by Grouse, 7st 10lb (a Boy)..... 1
Mr Lake's b c Citizen, by Totteridge..... 2
Six and 7 to 4 on Citizen.

Match for 200gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Payne's b c Ferdinand, by John Bull, 3 yrs old, 9st (F. Buckle)... 1
Mr Mellish's b f Susan, 2 yrs old, 7st (a Boy)..... 2
Eleven to 10 on Ferdinand.—Won easy.

Match

Match for 200gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

- Mr Wyndham's br c, by Schedoui, out of Hop-picker, by Dungannon,
8st 3lb (W. Clift) 1
Mr Watson's ch c Charmer, 8st 1lb 2
Thirteen to 8 on Mr Wynham's colt.—A good race.

Match for 200gs.—Across the Flat.

- General Gower's b h Swinley, by Coriander, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb (W.
Clift) 1
Lord Sackville's ch h Enchanter, aged, 8st 2lb 2
Eleven to 5 on Enchanter.—Won quite easy.

Match for 200gs.—Across the Flat.

- Mr Delmé Radcliffe's br h Sir David, by Trumpator, 6 yrs old, 8st 6lb
(S. Chifney) 1
Mr Fernor's b h Hippomenes, 5 yrs old, 8st (F. Buckle) 2
Six and 7 to 4 on Sir David.—Won easy.

Match for 200gs.—Across the Flat.

- Mr Craven's br f Bronze, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb (W. Ar-
nold) 1
Duke of Grafton's b c Musician, 3 yrs old, 8st 3lb 2
Six to 5, and 5 to 4, on Bronze.—Won very easy.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 8st 2lb.—Abingdon Mile.

- Mr Vansittart's ch f Momentilla, by a brother to Repeater (S. Chif-
ney) 1
Lord Grosvenor's br c Bullrush, by Sir Peter Teazle 2
Lord F. G. Osborne's b f Matilda, by Whiskey 3
Five to 4 against Bullrush, and 6 to 4 against Matilda.—Won very easy.

Match for 200gs.—Beacon Course.

- Lord Grosvenor's b m Violante, by John Bull, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb (F.
Buckle) 1
Mr Arthur's ch h Brainworm, 6 yrs old, 8st 2
Two to 1 on Violante.—Won in a canter.

The third year of one-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, for horses,
&c.—Beacon Course.—Fifteen Subscribers.

- Mr Delmé Radcliffe's b h Orville, by Benningbrough, aged, 9st (W.
Edwards) 1
Duke of Grafton's b m Parasol, aged, 9st (W. Clift) 2
Four to 1 on Orville.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 150gs each, h. ft.—Ditch-in.

- Lord Grosvenor's br c Bullrush, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 4lb.
General Grosvenor's b f Briseis, by Benningbrough, 8st 1lb.
Lord R. G. Osborne's b c, by Trumpator, out of Reda, 8st 4lb.
The latter paid forfeit, which was divided between the other two.

Mr Payne's b c Ferdinand, by John Bull, received forfeit from Lord
F. G. Osborne's br c, by Trumpator, dam by Marc Antony, 8st 2lb each.
—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Howorth's b f Lauretta, by Sir Peter Teazle, received forfeit from
General Grosvenor's b f Briseis, 8st 7lb each —R. M. 300gs, h. ft.

Mr Arthur's ch f Wretch, by Gohanna, 8st 7lb, received 40gs com-
promise

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promise from the Duke of Grafton's b c Pioneer, 7st 4lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr Lake's gr c Tim, by Buzzard, 8st, received 75gs compromise from Mr Payne's b c Tudor, 8st 7lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

TUESDAY, Oct. 13.—Fifty Pounds for two-year old colts, 8st 4lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Lord Jersey's b c Poke, by Waxy, out of Woodcot, (W. Edwards) . . .	1
Mr Mellish's b f Susan, by Waxy (F. Buckle)	2
Mr Emden's b f Highland-Lass, by Highland-Fling	3
Mr Wyndham's ch f Quail, by Gohanna	4
Mr Hubbard's ch f Julietta, by Young Drone	5
Mr Lake's ch f Marybella, by Walnut	6
Sir F. Standish's br c, by Mr Teazle, out of Parisot	7

Seven to 4 against Quail, 2 to 1 against Poke, and 4 to 1 against Susan.—
Won rather easy.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three-year old fillies, 8st 3lb each.—
Ditch-in.—Twelve Subscribers.

Mr Kellermann's b f L'Huile de Venus, by Whiskey, out of Blow- ing's dam (S. Barnard)	1
Mr Lake's b f Nymphina, by Gouty	2
Mr Payne's br f Fawn, by Grouse	3
Mr Craven's ch f Frances, by Ambrosio	4
Lord Grosvenor's b f Pearl, by Sir Peter Teazle	5
Lord Grosvenor's b f Musidora, by Meteor	6

Three to 1 against Nymphina, 3 to 1 against Musidora, 4 to 1 against Frances, 5 to 1 against Fawn, and 5 to 1 against L'Huile de Venus.
—Won very easy.

Lord Jersey's Ipswich, by Waxy, 6st, received 50gs compromise from Mr Lloyd's Cardinal Beaufort, 8st 8lb, Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Fermor's Cerberus, 11st 6lb, against Mr Goulburn's Epsom-Lass, 10st 4lb.—B. C. 200gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

Lord Stawell's Pantina, 8st 9lb, against Lord Grosvenor's Bullrush, 8st 1lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 14.—The first Class of the October Octland Stakes of 30gs each.—Bunbury Mile.

Mr Wyndham's b c Canopus, by Gohanna, 4 yrs old, 9st 3lb (W. Wheatley)	1
Lord Stawell's b c Deceiver, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb	2
Duke of Grafton's b f Vanity, 4 yrs old, 8st	3
Mr Fermor's br m Pelisse, 6 yrs old, 9st	4
Sir F. Standish's br m, sister to Duxbury, 5 yrs old, 7st 11lb	5

Five to 2 against Vanity, 3 to 1 against Deceiver, 9 to 2 against Canopus, and 6 to 1 against the sister to Duxbury.—Won rather easy.

The Town Plate of 50l. for three-year olds and upwards.—The two middle Miles of B. C.—The winner was to be sold for 125gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Crouch's ch f, by Ambrosio, out of Jessica, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb (W. Clift) 1
Mr

Mr Watson's ch c Charmer, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb 2
 Mr Bradley's b h Prodigal, 5 yrs old, 8st 11lb 3
 Mr Kellermann's ch c Jamaica, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb 4
 Mr Cave Browne's br c Woodman, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb 5
 Mr Ladbroke's b c Woodcock, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb 6
 Six to 4 against Charmer, 3 to 1 against Prodigal, 7 to 2 against Wood-
 cock, and 12 to 1 against Mr Crouch's filly.—A good race.

Mr Howorth's b h Langton, by Precipitate, 8st 10lb, received forfeit
 from General Grosvenor's b f Briseis, 7st 6lb.—Across the Flat, 200gs,
 h. ft.

THURSDAY, Oct. 15.—Match for 200gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.
 Mr Wyndham's b f Mouse, by Gobanna, 3 yrs old, 6st 9lb (a Boy) 1
 Mr Vansittart's b h Currycomb, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb 2
 Eleven to 8 on Currycomb.—Won very easy.

Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Ladbroke's b f Merrythought, by Totteridge, 8st (W. Wheatley) 1
 Mr Lake's gr c Tim, 8st 7lb 2
 Seven to 4 on Tim.—Won easy.

**The Second Class of the October Oatland Stakes of 30gs each.—Row-
 ley's Mile.**

Mr Kellermann's b f L'Huile de Venus, by Whiskey, 3 yrs old, 6st
 4lb (a Boy) 1
 Mr Wyndham's b f Mouse, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb 2
 Lord Grosvenor's b m Meteora, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb 3
 Mr Andrew's b m Lydia, 5 yrs old, 9st 5lb 4
 Lord Jersey's b h Langton, 5 yrs old, 8st 8lb 5
 Two to 1 against Mouse, 5 to 2 against Meteora, 4 to 1 against L'Huile
 de Venus, 5 to 1 against Langton, and 6 to 1 against Lydia.—Won
 very easy.

Lord Grosvenor's b m Violante, by John Bull, 8st 2lb, received 80gs
 compromise from Mr Arthur's ch h Brainworm, 8st 12lb.—Across the
 Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Fermor's br m Pelisse, by Whiskey, 9st 2lb, received 50gs com-
 promise from Lord Sackville's ch h Enchanter, 8st 2lb.—B. C. 200gs,
 h. ft.

Mr Beaver's b f, by Stamford, 4 yrs old, against Mr Bradley's b h
 Prodigal, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb each.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs.—Off
 by consent.

FRIDAY, Oct. 16.—Match for 25gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Cave Browne's br c Woodman, by Worthy, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb 1
 Mr Ladbroke's b c Woodcock, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb 2
 Two to 1 and 5 to 2 on Woodcock.

Match for 200gs.—Two middle Miles of B. C.

Mr Lake's b c Citizen, by Totteridge, 7st 13lb (W. Wheatley) 1
 Lord Jersey's br c Ipswich, 8st 8lb 2
 Seven to 2 on Ipswich.

Match

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Match for 200gs.—Across the Flat.

Duke of Grafton's b c Musician, by Worthy, 8st 8lb (W. Clift) 1

Lord Foley's b c Chaise-and-One, 8st 1lb 2

Six to 4 on Musician.—A good race.

Match for 200gs.—Across the Flat.

Mr Payne's b c Ferdinand, by John Bull, 3 yrs old, 7st 1lb 1

Mr Craven's br f Bronze, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb 2

Eleven to 8 on Bronze.—Won easy.

Match for 100gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Wyndham's b c Canopus, by Gohanna, 4 yrs old, 8st (W. Wheatley) 1

Mr. Arthur's ch h Zodiac, 6 yrs old, 8st 5lb 2

Eleven to 8 on Zodiac.—Won quite easy.

The third Class of the October Oatlands' Stakes of 30gs each.—Ditch Mile.

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's ch h Selim, by Buzzard, 5 yrs old, 10st 3lb (W. Edwards) 1

Mr Lake's br h Gaiety, 5 yrs old, 7st 11lb 2

Lord Foley's ch h Captain Absolute, aged, 8st 2lb 3

General Gower's b h Swinley, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb 4

Mr Watson's b h Dreadnought, aged, 8st 6lb 5

Five and 6 to 4 on Selim; 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 against Swinley.—Won rather easy.

The following having declared forfeit by one o'clock on Tuesday, the time prescribed, paid only 10gs each, which were divided between the remaining horses in the three Classes:—

Mr Lloyd's b h Cardinal Beaufort, 5 yrs old, 9st 8lb.

Mr Lake's gr c Tim, 4 yrs old, 8st.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b f Pagoda, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb.

Lord Barrymore's filly, by Diamond, 3 yrs old, 7st.

RICHMOND MEETING—YORKSHIRE.

TUESDAY, October 13.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three-year olds.—Once round the Course.—Seven Subscribers.

Sir J. Lawson's ch c Oran, by Expectation, dam by Drone, 8st 2lb (B. Smith) 1

Mr Walker's ch c by Star, dam by Young Marsk, out of Gentle Kitty, 8st 2lb (J. Jackson) 2

Mr W. Hutchinson's b c Silvio, 8st 5lb (F. Jordon) 3

Sir W. Gerard's b c Windle, 8st 5lb (W. Peirse) 4

Mr. Walker's colt the favourite.—A good race.

Fifty Pounds for three and four year olds, that never won 100l, at any one time.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. T. Robinson's br f, by Stamford, out of Belle-Fille, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb (G. Franks) 1

Mr Cradock's b f, by St. George, dam by Pontac, 3 yrs old, 7st 8lb 2

Sir T. Stanley's bl c, by Sir Harry, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb 3

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Mr

Mr Seymour's b c Cliffe, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb 2 4
 Five to 4 on Mr. Robinson's filly.—Won very easy.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 14.—The King's Plate of 100gs, (called Hambleton Guineas) for five-year old mares, 10st.—Four Miles.

Lord Stratfmore's br f Desdemona, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Heroine, 4 yrs old (W. Peirse) 1

Duke of Hamilton's b m Crazy, by Walnut (C. Smith) 2
 Five to 4 on Desdemona.—Won easy.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs, a Subscription of 10gs each, with a Collection, for all ages.—Four Miles.

Sir W. Gerard's br c Julius Caesar, by Alexander, 4 yrs old, 8st (W. Peirse) 1

Colonel Childers's b c Baron, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb 2

Lord Monson's br h Cleveland, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb 3

Mr Garforth's b c, by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb 4

Sir J. Lawson's ch c Oran, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb 5

Lord Lonsdale's ch f, by Precipitate, dam by Pot8o's, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb 6

Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Julius Caesar.

THURSDAY, Oct 15.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50l. added, for all ages.—Three-mile heats.—Four Subscribers.

Mr Garforth's b c, by Benningbrough, out of Caroline, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb 1 1

Sir W. Gerard's br c Julius Caesar, 4 yrs old, 7st 13lb (W. Peirse) 2 2

Mr. W. Hutchinson's ch c Harmless, 4 years old, 7st 13lb (F. Jordon) 3 3

Two to 1 on Julius Caesar; after the heat, the same.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses not thorough bred.—Four Miles.—Twelve Subscribers.

Mr Morley's ch h Pope, by Apollo, 10st 4lb (J. Jackson) 1

Mr Witham's b m Mayflower, 10st (F. Collinson) 2

Lord Dundas's b g, by Pipator, 10st (W. Peirse) 3

Mr Stapleton's bl g Raven, 10st 4

Mr Lakeland's ch g, by Harlequin, 10st 4lb 5

Two and 3 to 1 on Pope.—Won easy.

The above is a correct statement. Some lists were printed wrong, particularly as the horses, &c. are placed for the Cup, but the above account is the judge's decision. The ordinaries and assemblies were never remembered to be so numerously attended. A genteel subscription of money and horses, &c. was made for next year, and the Stewards appointed were Lord Monson and Lord Milton. The above meeting was more numerously attended than it has been for many years past.

STAFFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, October 13.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the Town, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Smith's br m Hebe, by Overton, 6 yrs old, 9st 2lb 1 1
Mr Benson's b c Rigdumfunnidus, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old,
6st 11lb 2 2

Even betting.—A good race.

Fifty Pounds given by the Members, for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Benson's br f Cecilia, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 3 1
Mr Bowker's b c Plunder, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb 1 2
Mr Nicoll's b f Miss Whitley, 3 yrs old, 6st 3 dr
Mr Marston's gr m Miss Cork, aged, 8st 9lb dis

Three to 1 against Cecilia; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on Plunder; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Cecilia.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 20gs added, for hunters.—Four Miles.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Dyott's b g, by a son of the Bridgenorth Snap, 5 yrs old, 11st 3lb 1
Mr Nicoll's bl g, by Claret, dam by Sulky, 5 yrs old, 11st 3lb 2
Five and 6 to 4 on Mr. Dyott's gelding.

WEDNESDAY.—Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for three-year olds.—Two Miles.—Five Subscribers.

Mr Smith's b c Phlebotomist, by Beningbrough, 8st 3lb .. walked over.

Handicap Plate of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for all ages. Heats, twice round the Course and a distance.

Mr Price's ch m Laura, by Pegasus, aged, 8st 12lb 1 3
Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb 5 1
Mr Benson's b f Cecilia, 3 yrs old, 6st 4 2
Mr Faulkner's Doubtful, aged, 8st 6lb 3 4
Mr Beaver's ch c Buckler, 3 yrs old, 5st 12lb 2 5

Two to 1 against Laura, and 3 to 1 against Miss Coiner; after the first heat, even betting on Laura; after the second heat, even betting on Miss Coiner. Every heat was closely contested, and won with difficulty.

PENRITH MEETING—CUMBERLAND.

THURSDAY, Oct. 15.—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 15gs added, for horses, &c. not thorough bred, all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Nelson's b f Fanny, by Pleader 1 1
Mr Hassell's b g Eden, by Windlestone 2 2

Fifty Pounds for three and four year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Danby's b c Presentation, by Star, dam by 'Prone, 3 yrs old,
7st 12lb 4 1

Mr Lonsdale's gr c Sultan, 3 yrs old, 7st 10lb 1 3
Duke of Hamilton's br g, by Serpent, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb 3 4

Mr Errington's br f, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb 2 dr

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SATURDAY.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr W. Bates's b c Honest Harry, by Star, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb	5	3	1	1
Mr Danby's b c Presentation, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb	3	1	2	2
Mr Walkington's b c Honest Bob, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb	2	5	3	
Mr Errington's br f, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 7st	1	2	dr	
Mr Seymour's a b c Sweetwilliam, 4 yrs old, 8st 1lb	4	4	dr	

CALEDONIAN HUNT MEETING—HELD AT AYR.

MONDAY, October 19.—The King's Plate of 100gs, given to the Hunt, free for any horse, &c. 12st.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Montgomerie's b h Caleb Quot'em, by Sir Peter Teazle	walked over.
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TUESDAY.—Fifty Guineas given by the Hunt, for all ages.—

Four-mile heats.

Mr Baillie's ch c Streamer, by Star, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb	1	1
Lord Montgomerie's ch f, by Nobleman, out of Butterfly, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb	2	2

The Ayr Purse of 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f Miss Decoy, by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 5st 5lb	1	1
Mr Henderson's gr f Peteria, 3 yrs old, 5st 5lb	2	2
The Subscription Gold Cup, value 140gs, for horses, &c. bred and trained in Scotland.—Two Miles.—Fourteen Subscribers.		
Mr Baird's br m Juno, by Overton, 5 yrs old, 8st 12lb	1	
Lord Montgomerie's ch f, by Nobleman, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb	2	
Mr Baird's b g Young Newbyth, aged, 9st 4lb	3	

WEDNESDAY.—Fifty Guineas given by the Hunt, for all ages.—

Four-mile heats.

Mr Brandling's b f Fortuna, by Beningsbrough, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb	1	1
Lord Montgomerie's ch f, by Nobleman, out of Butterfly, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb	2	2

THURSDAY.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f Miss Decoy, by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 7st 8lb	1	1
Lord Montgomerie's gr c, by Sir Charles, 3 yrs old, a feather	2	2
Mr Henderson's gr f Peteria, 3 yrs old, a feather	3	3
Col. Blair's ch c, by Logie O'Buchan, 3 yrs old, a feather	4	dis
The three last entered at the Starting-Post.		

The Caledonian Hunt Plate of 50l. for hunters, 12st.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Cassillis's ch gelding, 6 yrs old	walked over.
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FRIDAY, Oct. 22.—One Hundred Guineas given by the Caledonian Hunt, for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Brandling's b f Fortuna, by Beningsbrough, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb	2	1	1
Lord			

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Lord Montgomerie's b h Caleb Quot'em, 5 yrs old, 8st 2lb. . . . 1 2 2
Three excellent heats.

The Ayr Purse of 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f Miss Decoy, by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb 1 1
Lord Montgomerie's gr c, by Sir Charles, 3 yrs old, a feather . . . 2 dr

BLICKLING MEETING—NORFOLK.

TUESDAY, October 20.—Sweepstakes of 2gs each, for horses, &c. all ages, bred in Norfolk.—One-mile heats.—Twenty-five Subscribers.

Mr Harbord's b f Czarina, by Saxe Cobourg, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb 1 1
Mr Doughty's ch f Wood-Nymph, by Wonder, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb 2 2

Match for 50gs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Harbord's ch h Regulator, by a brother to Repeater, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb 1 1
Major Wilson's b h, brother to Vivaldi, aged, 9st 11lb. 2 2

Regulator the favourite.

Match for 50gs.—One-mile heats.

Mr Bacon's ch f Little Sally, by Buzzard, 7st 3lb 1 1
Major Wilson's br c, brother to Lucan, 7st 2lb. 2 2
Six to 4 on the brother to Lucan.

WEDNESDAY, Oct 21.—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr Bacon's ch f Little Sally, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old. walked over.

Match for 25gs.—Four Miles.

Mr Harbord's ch h Regulator, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb. 1
Major Wilson's b h, brother to Vivaldi, aged, 8st 13lb. 2

Match for 25gs.—One-mile heats.

Mr Harbord's b f, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6st 8lb 1 1
Captain Heath's ch f, by Wonder, 6st 6lb 2 2

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—The winner was to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Harbord's ch h Regulator, by a brother to Repeater, 5 yrs old, 8st 13lb 1 1

Mr Emden's b g Pantaloon, 4 yrs old, 8st 4 2

Major Wilson's br c, brother to Lucan, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb. 2 3

Mr Bacon's ch f Little Sally, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb 3 dr

Mr E. Wodehouse's b f Czarina, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb 5 dr

HOLYWELL HUNT MEETING—FLINTSHIRE.

TUESDAY, October 20.—The second year of a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for all ages.—Three Miles.—Five Subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br g, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb (J. Eyre) 1
Sir

Sir T. Mostyn's br f, by Mr Teazle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2
Won easy.

The Members' Annual Plate of 50gs. for horses, &c. carrying 13st.—
Two-mile heats.

Mr T. Cholmondeley's gr g Macebearer, by Delpini, aged (W. Peirse) 1 1
Mr E. Morgan's ch f Catherina. 2 2
Sir W. W. Wynne's horse Leopard, aged (R. Spencer) 3 3
Sir T. Mostyn's ch g Mousetrap, 5 yrs old 4 4
A very good race.

Match for 50gs.—Two Miles.

Sir W. W. Wynne's ch g Glaucides, by Glaucus, aged, 12st (R. Spencer) 1
Mr Price's b g Aladdin, by Meteor, 5 yrs old, 12st (J. Eyre) 2
A good race.

The Mostyn Stakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—One Mile.—Sixteen Subscribers.

Mr C. Cholmondeley's br h Young Chariot, by Chariot, 6 yrs old, 9st (W. Peirse) 1
Lord Stamford's b c Gustavus, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb 2
Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3

The following also started, but were not placed:—

Sir W. W. Wynne's b f Mademoiselle Prisle, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb. 0
Sir H. M. Mainwaring's br c Luck's-All, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb. 0
Lord Grosvenor's br g, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old, 8st 11lb. 0
Mr Price's b c Phlebotomist, 6 yrs old, 7st 2lb. 0
Sir S. R. Glynn's br h Artichoke, 5 yrs old, 8st 11lb. 0
Sir E. P. Lloyd's ch m Laura, aged, 9st 2lb 0
Mr Sadler's br b Rumbo, aged, 9st 2lb 0

Two to 1 against Young Chariot.—A very capital race.

THURSDAY, October 22.—Match for 100gs.—One Mile.

Sir W. W. Wynne's b f Mademoiselle Prisle, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 3lb (R. Spencer) 1
Mr. Price's b f Comedy, by Benningbrough, 8st (J. Eyre) 2
Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 15gs. each, for horses, &c.—Two Miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr T. Cholmondeley's gr g Macebearer, by Delpini, aged, 12st 6lb (W. Peirse) 1
Mr. Price's b g Aladdin, 5 yrs old, 11st 11lb (J. Eyre) 2
Won easy.

The Hawarden-Castle Stakes of 10gs each, (handicap) for horses, &c. all ages.—Four Miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Cholmondeley's br h Young Chariot, by Chariot, 6 yrs old, 9st (W. Peirse) 1
Mr Price's b f Comedy, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb (Griffiths) 2
Lord

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Lord Grosvenor's br g, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb (J. Eyre) 3

Sir W. W. Wynne's br h Artichoke, 5 yrs old, 8st (R. Spencer) 4

Sir T. Mostyn's ch g Mousetrap, 5 yrs old, 7st 7lb 5

A very capital Race.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 20gs added by the Club, for horses, br

not thorough bred, 12st.—Two Miles.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr T. Cholmondeley's gr g Macebearer, by Delpini, aged (W. Peirse) 1

Sir W. W. Wynne's ch g Glaucides, aged (R. Spencer) 2

Won easy.

Handicap Stakes of 5gs each, with 30gs added by the Club, for horses, &c. all ages.—Two Miles.—Six Subscribers.

Sir W. W. Wynne's b f Mademoiselle Prisle, by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old, 7st (Collier) 1

Mr C. Cholmondeley's br h Young Chariot, 6 yrs old, 9st 4lb (fell lame) 2

Mr Price's b f Comedy, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb (Griffiths) 3

Sir E. P. Lloyd's ch m Laura, aged, 8st 12lb (Patrick) 4

Won easy.

NEWMARKET THIRD OCTOBER, OR HOUGHTON MEETING,

MONDAY, October 26.—Match for Fifty Guineas.—Ditch Mile.

Lord Sackville's ch h Prospero, by Whiskey, 6 yrs old, 8st 4lb (W. Wheatley) 1

Mr Payne's b c Tudor, 4 yrs old, 8st 2

Two to 1 on Prospero.—Won very easy.

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Lord Foley's br f Pipylina, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 2lb (B. Moss) 1

Mr Arthur's ch f Wretch, 8st 4lb 2

Six and 7 to 4 on Wretch.—Won quite easy.

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Vansittart's ch f Momentilla, by a brother to Repeater, 8st 4lb (S. Chifney) 1

Mr Lake's b f Nymphina, 8st 4lb 2

Seven to 4 on Nymphina.—Won quite easy.

Match for 200gs.—Yearling Course.

Lord Foley's b f Blowing, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 5st 7lb 1

Mr Arthur's ch h Brainworm, 6 yrs old, 8st 7lb 2

Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Blowing.—Won easy.

Match for 500gs.—Two middle Miles of B. C.

Mr Fermor's ch h Cerberus, by Gohanna, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb (F. Buckle) 1

Lord

Lord Sackville's br h Rustard, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb (W. Wheatley). 2
Six to 5 on Carberus.—An excellent race.—An uncommonly great
betting race.

Mr D. Radcliffe's br h Sir David, by Trumpator, received 120gs com-
promise from Mr Fermor's b h Hippomenes, 8st 3lb each.—B. C.
300gs, h. ft.

Mr Craven's ch f Frances, by Ambrosio, 7st 6lb, received forfeit from
Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, 8st 7lb.—Across the Flat, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr D. Radcliffe's bl c Mungo, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 2lb, received
forfeit from Mr Fermor's b c Stripling, 8st 10½lb.—Across the Flat,
200gs, h. ft.

Mr Payne's Ferdinand, 8st 4lb, against Lord Foley's Chaise-and-One,
8st.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

The Gog-Magog Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft, 8st 2lb.—Across the
Flat.

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's ch f, sister to Castrel, by Buzzard, received for-
feit from General Grosvenor's b f Briseis; and Lord F. G. Osborne's
b f Sourkrout;—also 25gs compromise from Lord Grosvenor's b f
Musidora.

Mr Wilson's Smuggler, 8st 4lb, against Lord Foley's Pipylina, 7st
11lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

Mr Arthur's Zodiac, 8st 5lb, against Mr Vansittart's Carrycomb, 8st,
Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

TUESDAY, Oct. 27.—Fifty Pounds for two-year olds and up-
wards.—The last three Miles of B. C.—With this condition, that the
winner was to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Sitwell's br c Goblet, brother to Bumper, by St. George, 3 yrs
old, 7st 5lb (B. Moss). 1

Mr Goulburn's b f Epsom-Lass, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb. 2

Mr Williams's ch f, by Ambrosio, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb. 3

Mr Lake's ch f Marybella, 2 yrs old, a feather. 4

Mr Prince's b c, brother to Woodman, 2 yrs old, a feather. 5

Mr Goodisson's b c Foxberry, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb. 6

Mr Batson's ch c Charmer, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb. 7

Mr Perron's b c Y. Hopeful, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb. 8

Seven to 4 against Epsom-Lass, 7 to 2 against Goblet, and 4 to 1 against
Foxberry.—The winner was claimed for Captain Wheatley.

Mr Fermor's b h Hippomenes, by Pegasus, received 20gs compromise
from Mr Arthur's br h Wormwood, 8st 2lb each.—Two-year Olds'
Course, 100gs, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, October 28.—The Subscription Plate of 50l. for
two, three, and four year olds.—Two-yr Olds' Course. With this con-
dition, that the winner was to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c.

Sir C. Bunbury's b c Snug, by Whiskey, 4 years old, 9st 5lb (J.
Sanderson). 1

Mr Wilson's ch f Frances, 3 yrs old, 8st 10lb. 2

Mr Lake's br f Voluntia, 3 yrs old, 8st 10lb. 3

Mr

Mr D. Radcliffe's b c Mungo, 3 yrs old, 8st 10lb 4
Thirteen to 8 on Suug, and 7 to 2 against Mungo.—Won very easy.

Handicap Plate of 50l. for three-year olds and upwards.—Ditch-in.
Duke of Grafton's bay filly, Vanity, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb.
(W. Clift) 1

Sir J. Honeywood's br c Goblet, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb 2
Lord Sackville's ch h Prospero, 6 yrs old, 9st 5lb 3
Sir C. Bunbury's b c Rambler, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb 4
Sir F. Standish's sister to Duxbury, 5 yrs old, 8st 5
Mr Batson's ch c Charmer, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb 6
Mr William's ch f by Ambrosio, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb 7
Mr C. Browne's br c Woodman, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb 8
Two to 1 against Prospero, 7 to 2 against Vanity, and 4 and 5 to 1 against
Goblet.—Won very easy.

Lord Stawell's b c Deceiver, by Buzzard, 8st, received 50gs compromise from Mr Payne's b c Ferdinand, 6st 13lb.—Ab. M. 100gs.

THURSDAY, October 29.—Handicap Stakes of 20gs each.—Ditch
Mile.

Mr Lake's b f Nymphina, by Gouty, out of Mademoiselle, 3 yrs old,
7st 6lb (a Boy) 1
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b f Pagoda, 4 yrs old, 8st 10lb 2
Duke of Grafton's b c Barbarian, 3 yrs old, 7st 13lb 3
Mr Cave Browne's br c Woodman, 3 yrs old, 6st 13lb 4

The following having declared forfeit, paid only 3gs each :—
Mr Bradley's b h Prodigal, 5 yrs old, 9st.
Mr Addy's b c, brother to Hornby-Lass, 4 yrs old, 8st 6lb.
Duke of Grafton's b c Musician, 3 yrs old, 8st 5lb.

Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 against Pagoda, 11 to 5 against Barbarian, and 3 to
1 against Nymphina.—Won easy.

Match for 100gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Arthur's ch h Zodiac, by St. George, 6 yrs old, 8st (W. Arnold) .. 1
Mr Fermor's b h Hippomenes, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb 2
Eleven to 8 on Hippomenes.—Won very easy.

Match for 200gs.—Yearling Course.

Lord Foley's b f Blowing, by Buzzard, 8st (F. Buckle) 1
Mr Arthur's ch f Wretch, 8st (W. Arnold) 2
Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Blowing.—Won quite easy.

Match for 200gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Lord Sackville's br h Bustard, by Buzzard, 6 yrs old, 8st 4lb (W.
Wheatley) 1
Mr Lloyd's b c Cardinal Beaufort, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb 2
Thirteen to 8 on Bustard.—Won quite easy.

Mr Lloyd's Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna, 8st 5lb, received 75gs
compromise from Mr Payne's b c Tudor, 8st.—Two-year Olds' Course,
200gs, h. ft.

Lord Sackville's Bustard, 8st 7lb, received 50gs compromise from Mr
Lake's Tim, 7st 3lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

FRIDAY, October 30.—The Audley-End Stakes of 30gs each, 20gs ft.—Across the Flat.—Twelve Subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's bay mare, Meteora, by Meteor, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb (F. Buckle)	1
Mr Craven's br f Bronze, 4 yrs old, 7st 2lb	2
Lord Foley's ch h Capt. Absolute, aged, 7st 10lb	3
The following also started, but were not placed :—	
Mr Vansittart's b h Currycomb, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb	0
Lord Jersey's b h Langton, 5 yrs old, 8st	0
Mr Lake's gr c Tim, 4 yrs old, 6st 13lb	0
Mr Fermor's Bantuan, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb	0

The following paid forfeit :—

Mr Arthur's ch h Zodiac, 6 yrs old, 9st 8lb.	
Mr Arthur's br h Wormwood, 5 yrs old, 9st 4lb.	
Mr Andrew's b m Lydia, 5 yrs old, 9st 1lb.	
General Gower's b h Swinley, 5 yrs old, 8st.	
Mr Ladbrooke's b c Woodcock, 4 yrs old, 6st 6lb.	
Three to 1 against Langton, 4 to 1 against Captain Absolute, 5 to 1 agst Bronze, and 6 to 1 against Meteora.—Won easy.	

Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Lord Stawell's b c Deceiver, by Buzzard, 9st 5lb (W. Arnold)	1
Sir C. Bunbury's ch c Snug, 9st 5lb	2
Eleven to 8 on Deceiver.—Won cleverly.	

Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Lake's gr c Tim, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old, a feather	1
Mr Arthur's br h Wormwood, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb	3
Six and 7 to 4 on Tim.—Won quite easy.	

Match for 100gs.—Ditch-in.

Mr Goulburn's b f Epsom-Lass, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb (F. Buckle)	1
Mr Lloyd's b h Cardinal Beaufort, 5 yrs old, 8st 12lb	2
Five and 6 to 4 on Cardinal Beaufort.—Won very easy.	

Lord Barrymore's filly, by Diamond, out of Camelion, 8st, received 20gs compromise from General Grosvenor's b f Briseis, 8st 7lb.—Across the Flat, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr Cave Browne's br c Woodman, by Worthy, 7st, received forfeit from Mr Andrews's ch m Rarity, 9st 5lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 50gs.

STIRLING MEETING—SCOTLAND.

TUESDAY, Oct. 27.—Fifty Pounds for hunters, 11st each.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Miller's br horse, D'Enghien, by Bangtail, aged (P. Idol)	1	1
Mr Baird's b m Fairy, sister to Cockspur, (F. Collinson)	2	2
Five to 2 on Fairy; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on D'Enghien. The first heat was closely contested, and won by half a length; for the second heat, D'Enghien made severe play, was never headed, and won easy.		

WED.

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WEDNESDAY, Oct. 28.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Brandling's bay filly Fortuna, by Benningbrough, 4 yrs old, 8st 12lb (A. Dunn).....	1	1
Mr Hudson's b g Slack Jack, by Precipitate, out of Skysweeper, 9st 5lb (F. Collinson)	2	2
Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f Miss Decoy, 4 yrs old, 8st 10lb.....	dis	

Five to 1 on Fortuna —A well-run race, but won easy at last.

THURSDAY.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Brandling's bay filly Fortuna, by Benningbrough, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb (A. Dunn)	1	1
Mr Hodgson's Miss Decoy, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb	2	2

Two good heats.

The Stirling and Linlithgow Hunters' Stakes, 5gs each, 12st.—Two-mile heats.—Thirteen Subscribers.

Mr Munro Binning's b g by Spanker (P. Idol).....	1	1
Major Murray's ch g by Ostrich (F. Collinson)	2	2

CUPAR AND FIFE HUNT MEETING—SCOTLAND.

THURSDAY, October 29.—Fifty Pounds, for hunters, 12st.—Four-mile heats.

Captain Cheape's Lady Ann	1	1
Mr Sharp's black mare	2	2
Captain Hay's bay horse	3	3

A very capital race.

FRIDAY, Oct 30.—The Subscription Purse of 50l. for horses, &c. 10st each.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Dunn's (late Col. Horton's) b c Young Bustard, by Bustard, 4 yrs old	2	1	1
Mr Baird's b g Newbyth, aged	1	dis	

After running two miles, for the first heat, Newbyth bolted; but his rider, F. Collinson, got him shortly into the Course again, and, after a very severe race, he won the heat by half a neck. After running about the same distance, for the second heat, he again bolted, and after being got into the Course, he bolted a second time, and could not be brought to run any more.

Races for 1807, concluded.

RACING

RACING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1808.

TUESDAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three-year old fillies, 8st 3lb each, the winner of the Oaks Stakes to carry 4lb. extra.—Ditch-in.

Mr. Mellish's bay, by Worthy, out of Chippenham's sister

Lord Grosvenor's bay, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Popinjay's dam

Lord Grosvenor's bay, by Alexander, out of Nimble

General Gower's bay, by Worthy, dam by Woodpecker, out of sister to Mother Bunch

Mr Wilson's bay, by Stamford, out of Miss Judy

Sir P. Standish's bay, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Eagle's dam.

BRIGHTON MEETING, 1808.

FIRST DAY.—Sweepstakes of Two Hundred Guineas each, h. ft.—Four Miles.

Mr Kemner's ch. h. Cerberus, 6 yrs old..... 39 11 7

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Trafalgar, 5 yrs old..... 8 9

Mr Arthur's br. h. Woodwood, 6 yrs old..... 8 7

Mr Wyndham's b c by Ambrosio, 4 yrs old..... 6 10

EPSOM MEETING, 1809.

THURSDAY.—Nomination for the Derby Stakes of 200gs each, h. ft. for three-year old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—The last Mile and half.—The owner of the second to receive 100gs out of the Stakes.—Forty-six Subscribers.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch. c by Sorcerer, bought of Mr Goodisson.....

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c by Gohanna, bought of Mr. Bad

Sir J. Shelley's colt, out of Fathom's dam, bought of Lord Clermont

Sir F. Standish named Mr Lake's br. c by Sir Solomon, dam by High-sayer, out of Brim

Mr Watson named Mr Thorough's br. c by Waxy, out of Galena

Mr Lake's b c, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, granddam by Woodpecker—Sweepstake

Mr Lake's b c, by Gentry, out of Young Maiden, sister to Walnut

Mr Mellish's b c Cock Robin, brother to Sancho

Mr Mellish's b c, by Don Quixote, out of Flighty's dam

Mr Mellish's b c, brother to Luck's-All, by Stamford

Mr Mellish's b c, by Don Quixote, out of Spadille's sister.

Mr Mellish's br c, by Trumpator, out of Hoppicker
Mr Wilson's brother to Smuggler, by Hambletonian
Mr Wilson's ch c, by Sorcerer, dam by Precipitate, out of George's sister
Lord Derby named Mr Wilson's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Sophia
Mr C. Norton's colt, by Whiskey, out of Jemima
Mr Panton named Sir C. Bunbury's bl c, by Sorcerer, out of Wowski
Lord Jersey's ch c, by Ambrosio, dam by Skyscraper, out of Celia
Lord Egremont's b c, brother to Hannibal, by Driver
Lord Egremont's b c, by Gohanna, out of Carthage, sister to Hannibal
Lord Egremont's ch c, by Gohanna, out of a sister to Cheshire Cheese
Lord Egremont's b c, by Gohanna, out of a sister to Parisot
Lord Stawell's b c, by Gohanna, out of a sister to Horns
Mr Northey named Mr Fuller's ch c, by Worthy, dam by Precipitate,
 grandam by Woodpecker, out of Everlasting
Sir C. Bunbury's br c, by Whiskey, out of Giantess
Mr Freemantle's br c, by Waxy, out of Sophy, by Highflyer
Duke of Grafton's colt, by Waxy, out of Prunella
Duke of Grafton's colt, by Sorcerer, out of Hornby-Lass
General L. Gower's ch c, by Waxy, out of Tarantula
Mr Ladbroke's br c, by Teddy the Grinder, out of Princess
Sir J. Mawbey's br b c Botleys, by Teddy the Grinder, out of Miss Slamerkin
Mr Forth's br c Timeloser, by Revenge, dam by Magpie, grandam by Snap
Mr Fermor's b c, by Waxy, out of Sylph, by Saltram
Mr Fermor's bl f, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Alexina
Sir H. T. Vane's b c, by Shuttle, dam by Drone, grandam by Dux
Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch c, by Hyacinthus, out of Flora, by King Fergus
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b c, by Whiskey, out of Mrs. Candour
Mr Elwes's br c, by Hambletonian, out of Mary, by Highflyer
Lord Foley's b c, by Eagle, out of Miss Fury
Lord Foley's br c, by Vermin, out of a Highflyer mare, bought of Mr Vernon
Lord Foley's br c, by Waxy, dam by Calomel, bought of the Duke of Queensberry
Lord Grosvenor's br f, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Olivia
Lord Grosvenor's b f, by Meteor, out of Hind
Mr C. Day's colt, by Highland-Fling, out of Gazer
Mr Gaunt's ch c Finchley, by the Wellesley Chesnut Arabian, out of Blowing's dam
Mr Bryan W. D. Cooke's b c, by Don Quixote, dam by Fortunio, out of Maria, by King Herod.

To be continued.

SWEEPSTAKES AND MATCHES,

TO BE RUN AT MALTON, CATTERICK, YORK, AND DONCASTER.

The greatest Part of them closed on the 1st of January instant.

MALTON CRAVEN MEETING, 1808.

TUESDAY, April 5.—The Craven Stakes of 10gs each, for all ages.
—The last Mile and half.

Mr Garforth's ch c, by Hambletonian, out of Rosalind, 2 yrs old, 6st

Mr W. Sawdon's br f, by Warter, out of Isabella, 2 yrs old, 6st

Mr Marris's b c, by Stamford, dam by Phenomenon, 2 yrs old, 6st

Mr Gorwood's b c, by Hyacinthus, out of Dairy-Maid, 2 yrs old, 6st

Mr Watt's b f Eliza, by Screveton, out of Dairy-Maid, 3 yrs old, 8st

Mr Thompson's b c Hornby-Lad, 3 yrs old, 8st

Lord Fitzwilliam's b f Paulina, 3 yrs old, 8st

Mr Wentworth's b f Margaret, 3 yrs old, 8st

Lord Scarbrough's br c, by Sir Solomon, dam by Jupiter, 3 yrs old, 8st

Mr Nalton's b c Ranger, by Hyacinthus, 3 yrs old, 8st

Sir M. M. Sykes's b f Harriet, by Precipitate, 3 yrs old, 8st.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for colts rising three years old, 8st 3lb, fillies,
8st.—The last Mile and half.

Mr Watt's b f, by Delpini, dam by Trumpator

Lord Monson's b c, by Expectation, dam by Ruler

Lord Milton's b c Easton, by Stamford, out of Rupee

Mr Garforth's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Caroline

Mr Garforth's ch c, by Hyacinthus, out of Flora

Mr Nalton's b c, by Delpini, dam by Slope

Mr Shepperd's b c, by Ormond, dam by Young Morwick.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for fillies rising three years old, 8st.—The last
Mile.

Sir M. M. Sykes's bay, Lady Rachel, by Stamford, out of Young Rachel

Mr Watt's bay, by Delpini, dam by Trumpator

Lord Scarbrough's brown, by Sir Solomon, dam by Magnet

Mr T. Robinson's bay, by Stamford, out of Fanny

Lord Hawke's chesnut, Mother Goose, by Stamford, out of Duchess.

The Produce Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old,
8st, fillies, 7st 12lb.—Two Miles.

Major Bower's ch f Mews, by Stamford, out of Belle-Fille

Lord Fitzwilliam's bl f Charcoal, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Caleb
Quot'em's dam

Lord Milton's b c, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Evelina

Sir M. M. Sykes's ch f, by Stamford, out of Stella

Lord Middleton's b c, by Stamford, out of Rachel

Mr T. Kirby's b c, by Agonistes, out of a sister to Kilton

Mr J. Thompson's ch c, by Stamford, out of Weltonian

Mr S. Pickering's b f, by Stamford, out of St. Anne

Mr J. Acred's gr f, by Delpini, out of Miss Cogden.

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WEDNESDAY, April 6.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for colts rising four years old, 8st 4lb, fillies, 8st.—Three Miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b f Paulina, by Sir Peter Teazle

Sir M. M. Sykes's b c Ranger, by Hyacinthus

Mr Watt's b c Whitenose, by Hyacinthus, dam by Foxhunter

Mr Garforth's b c, by Beningbrough, out of Caroline.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. not-thorough bred, 12st, Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.

Major Bower's b h Pandean, by Pipator, dam by Parthian

Mr Knowley's bay gelding

Mr Frankland's bay gelding Brilliant

Mr F. Hartley's br mare Topsy-Tuivy, by St. George

Mr Tatton Sykes's colt, by Pitch, dam by Old Jalap

Sir M. M. Sykes's ch gelding, by Grog

Mr Watt's br h, by Screveton

Mr Treacher's br mare Dolly

Hon. M. Hawke's b h Copenhagen, by a brother to Ticket

Mr Howard Vyse and Mr Hartley are Subscribers, but did not name.

LAST DAY.—Sir M. M. Sykes's ch f, by Stamford, out of Stella, against Major Bower's ch f Mews, by Stamford, out of Belle-Fille.—The last Mile and half, 100gs. h. ft.

CATTERICK-BRIDGE MEETING, 1808.

EASTER Wednesday, April 20.—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, 12st.—A winner of a Hunters' Stakes in 1808, to carry 3lb extra.—Gentlemen riders.—Three Miles.

Mr Silvertop's ch h Confidence, by Cavendish

Mr F. Hartley's b h Pandean, by Pipator, dam by Parthian

Mr F. Hartley's br m Topsy-Turvy, by St. George, dam by Tandem

Mr Trotter's br g Gunpowder, by Traveller, dam by St. Paul, 4 yrs old

Sir J. Lawson's br m, sister to Buckram, by Oberon

Mr T. Milner's br gelding, by Screveton

Mr W. Hutchinson's gr h, by St. George, 4 yrs old

Mr R. W. Peirse, Mr Gascoigne, and Mr Beaver, are Subscribers, but did not name.

The Produce Stakes of 25gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st.—Two Miles.

Sir J. Lawson's b f, by Expectation, dam by Drone

Sir W. Gerard's ch c, by Hambletonian, out of Mary Ann

Mr W. Coulson's ch f Miss Redclover, by Expectation, out of Tipple Cyder

Mr S. Coulson's ch c, by Expectation, out of Bonny Kate

Mr Baillie's br b c, by Delpini, dam by Beningbrough.

THURSDAY, April 21.—The Old Stakes of 10gs each, for colts rising three years old, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st.—Two Miles.

Sir J. Lawson's b c, by Expectation, dam by Dart

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Mr Shatto's b c, by Agonistes, dam by Jupiter

Mr Riddle's b f, by Expectation, dam by Spadille

Duke of Leeds's ch c, by Pandolpho, out of Mother Redcap

Mr Plews's b c Temple, by L'Orient

Mr Gascoigne's b c, by Agonistes, out of a sister to Kilton.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for fillies rising three years old, 8st.—One Mile and half.

Mr Baillie's bay, by Delpini, dam by Highflyer

Sir H. Williamson's bay, by Hambletonian, dam by Coriander

Sir J. Lawson's bay, Miss Staveley, sister to Staveley

Sir M. M. Sykes is a Subscriber, but did not name.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Two Miles.

Sir J. Lawson's ch c Oran, by Expectation, 3 yrs old, 8st

Mr Wentworth's b f Margaret, by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old, 7st 11lb

Mr Fletcher's b f Esther, by Shuttle, 3 yrs old, 7st 11lb

Mr Walker's b f, by Stamford, dam by Weasel, 3 yrs old, 7st 11lb

Mr Cradock's b f, by St. George, dam by Pontac, 3 yrs old, 7st 11lb

Mr Danby's b c Presentation, by Star, 3 yrs old, 8st

Mr Riddle's b c, by Expectation, dam by Spadille, 3 yrs old, 7st 11lb

Mr W. Peirse's b c, by Benningbrough, dam by Slope, 3 yrs old, 7st 11lb

Mr Thompson's b c Hornby-Lad, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 7st 11lb

Mr F. Jordon's b f, by Ormond, dam by Delpini, 2 yrs old, 6st 5lb.

YORK SPRING MEETING, 1868.

MONDAY, May 23.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for all ages.—Two Miles.

Mr Garforth's ch c, by Hambletonian, out of Rosalind, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb

Mr T. Duncombe's br f Ceres, by Hambletonian, (bought of Mr Hestertine) 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb

Lord Fitzwilliam's b f Paulina, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb

Sir J. Lawson's b c Presentation, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb

Mr Wentworth's b f Margaret, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb

Mr G. Hutton's br c Cardinal York, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb

Lord Strathmore's br h Cassio, 5 yrs old, 9st.

TUESDAY, May 23.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three-year old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st.—The last Mile and three quarters.

Lord Fitzwilliam's bl f Charcoal, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Diomed

Sir E. Smith's gr c, by St. George, out of Quid's dam

Lord Monson's b c, by Expectation, dam by Ruler

Mr Hewett's b c Stilton, by Stamford, out of Scud's dam

Mr Hewett's b c Mac George, by St. George, dam by Buzzard

Duke of Leeds's ch c, by Pandolpho, out of Mother Redcap

Lord Strathmore's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Beatrice

Mr Garforth's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Caroline

Mr Garforth's ch c, by Hyacinthus, out of Flora

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch c, by Hambletonian, out of Golden-Locks.

Sweepstakes

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Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three-year old fillies, 8st 3lb.—The last Mile and half.

Mr Fletcher's bay, Miss Staveley, by Shuttle
Mr W. Sawdon's brown, by Warter, out of Isabella
Mr F. Watt's bay, by Stamford, bought of Mr Fleming
Mr T. Duncombe's chesnut, Laurel-Leaf, by Stamford.

Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 10gs ft. for two-year old colts, 8st 2lb, fillies, 8st.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Duke of Hamilton's ch c Middlethorpe, by Shuttle, dam by Pipator
Sir W. Gerard's ch c, by Coriander, dam by Antæus
Mr Garforth's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Caroline
Mr Dinsdale's b f Fair Candidate, by Delpini, dam by Weasel
Mr T. Duncombe's b f, by Chance, dam by Pegasus
Colonel Childers's ch c, by Waxy, out of Remnant,

YORK AUGUST MEETING, 1808.

SATURDAY before the Meeting.—Mr Hewett's b c Teazle Evitch, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Hornpipe, 8st 4lb, against Mr Mellish's b f Agnes, by Shuttle, out of Plaistow's dam, 8st.—Two Miles, 1000gs, h. ft.

Mr Clifton's b c Poulton, (late Alexander the First) brother to Eyedener, 8st 3lb, against Mr Mellish's b c Experiment, by Hambletonian, out of Lady Cow, 8st.—Two Miles, 500gs, h. ft.

Sir W. Gerard's ch c, by Hambletonian, out of Mary Ann, against Mr Mellish's b c Weaver, by Shuttle, out of Strap's dam, 8st 2lb each.—Two Miles, 500gs.

MONDAY.—A Subscription of 25gs each, for horses, &c. bona fide the property of the Subscribers three months before the time of running; four-year olds, 7st 9lb, five-year olds, 8st 5lb, six-year olds, and aged horses, &c. 8st 10lb.—Four-year old fillies to be allowed 4lb.—Four Miles.—The horses, &c. to be named between the hours of two and six o'clock on the Saturday before the time of running.—To be continued in 1809 and 1810.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Lord Fitzwilliam,	Mr. Wentworth,
Duke of Hamilton,	Mr. Garforth,
Lord Darlington,	Mr. T. Duncombe,
Lord Milton,	Lord Strathmore,
Sir Charles Turner,	Mr. C. Wilson,
Sir George Armytage,	Sir M. M. Sykes,
Mr. Mellish,	Sir Thomas Gascoigne,
Mr. Watt,	Mr. E. L. Hodgson.
Mr. T. Kirby,	

The Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four-year old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 4lb.—Four Miles.—Those marked [\$] to be allowed 3lb.
Lord Fitzwilliam's b f, by Benningbrough, out of Evelina
\$ Mr Wilson's b f, by Hambletonian, out of Maria

Mr

Mr Mellish's b f Miss Buckle, by Precipitate
 Mr Mellish's b f Darling, by Patriot, dam by Highflyer
 § Mr S. Pickering's b f, by Beningbrough, out of St. Anne
 Duke of Hamilton's br b c, by Walnut, dam by Javelin, out of Young Maiden
 § Duke of Hamilton's b f, by Hambletonian, dam by Javelin, out of Spadille's sister
 § Sir H. T. Vane's br f, by Hambletonian, out of Lady Sarah
 § Sir H. T. Vane's br f, by Hambletonian, out of Lopcatcher
 Sir F. Standish's b c, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Horace
 § Sir F. Standish's b c, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Volunteer
 Lord Grosvenor's b f Olive-Branch, by Sir Peter Teazle
 Lord Grosvenor's b f Madrigal, by Sir Peter Teazle
 Lord Grosvenor's b c, (dead) by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Shipton's sister
 Lord Strathmore's b f, by Pipator, out of Queen Mab
 § Lord Strathmore's ch f, by Pipator, dam by Dragon, out of Queen Mab
 § Mr Hewett's b c Scud, by Beningbrough
 § Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f Miltonia, by Patriot
 Mr Wilson's ch f Little Sally, by Buzzard
 Sir M. M. Sykes's b f Statira, by Beningbrough
 Sir M. M. Sykes's b f Harriot, by Precipitate.
 Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f, by Hambletonian, out of Eustatia, against Mr Dnncombe's ch f, by Chance, out of a sister to Maid-of-All-Work.
 —One Mile and half, 100gs, h. ft.

TUESDAY.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two-year old colts, 8st 5lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b c Cervantes, by Don Quixote, out of Evelina
 Mr Thompson's b f, by Shuttle, dam by Pegasus
 Sir W. Gerard's ch c, by Coriander, dam by Antæus
 Sir T. Gascoigne's ch c, by Delpini, out of Wryneck
 Mr Dunsdale's b f Fair Candidate, by Delpini, dam by Weasel.

WEDNESDAY.—Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three-year old colts, 8st 2lb, fillies, 7st 13lb.—Two Miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b c, by Bustard, out of Fanny
 Sir T. Gascoigne's ch c, by Hambletonian, out of Golden-Locks
 Mr Mellish's b c Experiment, by Hambletonian
 Sir H. T. Vane's b f, by Hambletonian, out of Lady Sarah.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four-year old colts, 8st 4lb, fillies, 8st.—Three Miles.

Lord Darlington's b c, brother to Expectation, by Sir Peter Teazle
 Sir T. Gascoigne's ch f, by Hambletonian, out of Golden-Locks
 Mr Wilson's b c Giles Scroggins, by Sir Solomon
 Mr Lonsdale's br c, by Ambrosio, dam by Pot80's
 Sir W. Gerard's b c Windle, by Beningbrough
 Mr Mellish's b c Harry Longlegs, by Beningbrough
 Mr Watt's b c, by Beningbrough, dam by Slope
 Mr Watt's gr c, by Beningbrough, dam by Delpini.

Mr

THE RACING CALENDAR.

Mr Watt's b c, brother to Gratitude, by Shuttle, against Mr Mellish's b c Weaver, by Shuttle, 8st 3lb each.—Two Miles, 500gs, h. ft.

THURSDAY.—The Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three-year old colts, 8st 2lb, fillies, 8st.—Two Miles.—Those marked [§] to be allowed 3lb.

Lord Fitzwilliam's br c, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Evelina
 Lord Fitzwilliam's bl f Charcoal, by Sir Peter Teazle
 § Lord Fitzwilliam's b f, by Benningbrough, out of Cecilia
 § Mr Mellish's b f, by Hambletonian, out of a sister to Fidget
 § Mr Brandling's b f, by Expectation, dam by Star
 § Lord Strathmore's b f, by Sir Solomon, out of Queen Mab
 § Lord Strathmore's b f, (dead) by Sir Solomon, dam by Dragon
 § Sir M. M. Sykes's b c, by Stamford, out of Rachel
 § Sir M. M. Sykes's b f Theresa, by Hambletonian, out of Sancho's dam

Duke of Hamilton's br b c, by Walnut, out of Brown Javelin
 § Mr Wentworth's b f, by Shuttle, out of Roxana
 § Mr Peirse's b f, by Pipator, dam by Delpini
 § Mr Peirse's b c, by Expectation, out of Rosamond
 § Mr Kirby's b f, by Delpini, dam by Trumpator
 § Sir T. Gascoigne's b f, by Hambletonian, out of Violet
 Mr Clifton's b c Poulton, brother to Fyldener.

FRIDAY.—Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 10gs ft. for three-year old fillies, 8st.—The last Mile and three quarters.

Lord Fitzwilliam's black, Charcoal, sister to Caleb Quot'em
 Mr Fletcher's bay, Miss Staveley, sister to Staveley
 Lord Scarbrough's bay, by Sir Solomon, dam by Woodpecker
 Mr F. Watt's bay, by Stamford, bought of Mr Fleming
 Mr T. Duncombe's chesnut, Laurel-Leaf, by Stamford
 Mr E. L. Hodgson's chesnut, by Shuttle, out of Miss Muston
 Mr E. L. Hodgson's grey, by Shuttle, dam by Sir Peter Teazle.

SATURDAY.—Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 10gs ft. for three-year old colts, 8st 2lb, fillies, 7st 12lb.—The last Mile and three quarters.

Mr Hewett's b c Stilton, by Stamford, out of Scud's dam
 Mr Hewett's b c Mac George, by St. George
 Mr G. Bates' ch c, by Stride, dam by Tickle Toby
 Sir H. T. Vane's colt, by Shuttle, dam by Phenomenon
 Mr Watt's b c, by Shuttle, out of Gratitude's dam
 Mr Garforth's ch c, by Hambletonian, out of Rosalind
 Mr Garforth's ch c, by Hyacinthus, out of Flora
 Mr Nalton's b c, by Delpini, dam by Slope
 Sir T. Gascoigne's ch c, by Hambletonian, out of Golden-Locks
 Mr Shepperd's b c, by Ormond, dam by Young Morwick.

Mr Hewett's b c Scud, by Benningbrough, against Mr Mellish's gr c Bedale, by Star, 8st 4lb each.—Four Miles, 200gs, h. ft.

DON-

THE RACING CALENDAR.

DONCASTER MEETING, 1808.

SATURDAY before the Meeting.—Mr Clowes's br c Teazle Evitch, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 3lb, against Mr Hewett's b c Stilton, by Stamford, 7st 12lb.—Two Miles, 200gs, h. ft.

The **ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25gs each, for three-year old colts, 8st 2lb, fillies, 8st.—The St. Leger Course (once round).

Lord Fitzwilliam's bl f Charcoal, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Diomed
Lord Milton's b c Easton, by Stamford, out of Rupee

Mr Clifton's b c Poulton, brother to Fyldener

Mr Sitwell's b c Clinker, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Hyale, by Phenomenon

Mr Hewett's b c Teazle Evitch, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Hornpipe

Mr Hewett's b c Stilton, by Stamford, out of Eliza, by Highflyer

Mr Hewett's bay colt Mac George, by St. George, out of a sister to Kite

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch c, by Hambletonian, out of Golden-Locks

Lord Monson's b c, by Expectation, dam by Ruler

Sir E. Smith's gr c, by St. George, out of Quid's dam

Mr Wilson's b c, by Agonistes, out of Kilton's sister

Mr Bates's ch c, by Stride, dam by Tickle Toby

Mr Peirse's b c, by Expectation, out of Rosamond

Sir H. T. Vane's c, by Shuttle, dam by Phenomenon

Mr Watt's b c, by Shuttle, out of Gratitude's dam

Lord Strathmore's br colt, by Hambletonian, out of Beatrice, by Sir Peter Teazle

D. of Hamilton's b c Petronius, by Sir Peter Teazle

Mr Bower's b f Mews, by Stamford, out of Belle-Fille, by Weasel

Sir M. M. Sykes's b f Theresa, by Hambletonian, out of Sancho's dam

Mr Garforth's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Caroline

Mr Nalton's b c Delpini, dam by Slope

Mr T. Duncombe's ch f Laurel-Leaf, by Stamford, out of Pet's dam, by Pot80's

Mr E. L. Hodgson's ch filly, by Shuttle, out of Miss Muston, by King Fergus

Colonel Childers's ch c, brother to Baron, by Stamford, dam by Bourdeaux

Mr R. Cooke's b c, by Hyacinthus, out of Dairy-Maid

Lord Egremont's b c, by Gohanna, out of Martha

Lord Egremont's bay filly, by Gohanna, out of Humming-Bird

Sir George Armytage did not name.

Mr Mellish's ch c Harry Longlegs, by Beningbrough, against Mr Hewett's b c Scud, by Beningbrough, 8st 4lb each.—Four Miles, 200gs, h. ft.

Colonel Horton's b c, by Bastard, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 6lb, against Mr E. L. Hodgson's gr f, by Shuttle, out of his Grey Sir Peter Teazle Mare, 8st 2lb.—Two Miles, 100gs.

Lord Fitzwilliam's Paulina, 8st 3lb, against Lord Monson's Scud, 8st 1lb.—Four Miles, 200gs, h. ft.

Sweepstakes

THE RACING CALENDAR.

46

**Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two-year old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies, 8st.—
Two-year Olds' Course.**

Lord Fitzwilliam's b c Cervantes, by Don Quixote
 Lord Monson's b c, by Mr Denham's Marsk, dam by Phillips's Arabian
 Sir W. Gerard's ch c, by Coriander, dam by Antæus
 Sir T. Gascoigne's ch c, by Delpini, out of Wryneck
 Sir T. Gascoigne's b f, by Sir Solomon, dam by Weathercock
 Mr Dinsdale's b f Fair Candidate, by Delpini, dam by Weazle.

**THURSDAY.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added by the
 Corporation of Doncaster, for three-year old fillies, 8st.—Two Miles.**

Lord Fitzwilliam's black, Charcoal, by Sir Peter Teazle
 Mr Fletcher's bay, Miss Staveley, by Shuttle
 Duke of Leeds's grey, by Pandolpho
 Mr Sitwell's bay, Gooseander, by Hambletonian, out of Rally
 Mr Bettison's brown, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Alfred
 Mr F. Watt's bay, by Stamford, bought of Mr Fleming
 Mr E. L. Hodgson's grey, by Shuttle, dam by Sir Peter Teazle
 Mr T. Robinson's bay, by Stamford, out of Fanny.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1808.

**MONDAY, April 18.—The first Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs
 each, h. ft.—Ditch-in.**

	Age.	st.	lb.
Mr Fermor's ch h Cerberus	5	9	1
Mr Lloyd's b h Cardinal Beaufort	5	8	5
Mr Sadler's b horse —	7	8	4
Mr Elwes's Smuggler	4	8	4
Mr Kellermann's b f Streatham-Lass	4	8	2
Lord Jersey's ch c, by Buzzard, out of Spinetta	4	8	2
Lord Foley's ch h Captain Absolute	8	8	0
Lord Grosvenor's br f Olive-Branch	3	7	1
Mr Lake's br f Nymphina	3	6	12
Sir J. Honeywood's b c Hawk	3	6	12
Ed C. H. Somerset's b c White-Rose	3	6	9

**TUESDAY.—The second Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs each,
 h. ft.—Ditch-in.**

Lord Grosvenor's b m Violante	5	9	9
Mr Fermor's b h Hippomenes	5	8	12
Duke of Grafton's b m Parasol	7	8	12
Sir C. Turner's b c Thorn	4	8	1
Sir J. Shelley's br c Clasher	4	8	0
Sir J. Honeywood's br c Delville	4	7	12
Mr Lake's b c Coriolanus	3	7	7
Mr Kellermann's b f L'Huile de Venus	3	3	6

	Age.	st.	lb.
Mr Hallet's ch f Jewess, by Ambrosio	4	7	4
Ld F. Bentinck's b c Job Thornberry	3	7	0
Mr D. Radcliffe's bl c Mungo	3	7	0

WEDNESDAY.—The third Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft.—Ditch-in.

Lord Grosvenor's b m Meteora	5	8	9
Mr Blachford's b c Shuttlecock	4	8	1
Mr Lake's b h Gaiety	5	8	0
Mr Wyndham's b c, by Schedoni	4	7	12
Sir C. Turner's ch f Thomasina	3	7	9
Mr Fermor's ch c Brighton	3	7	2
Sir J. Honeywood's br colt, Bacchanal (late Goblet)	3	7	0
Mr Batson's ch c Charmer	4	6	13
Mr Howorth's b f Lauretta	3	6	12
Mr C. Browne's b f Miltonia, by Patriot	3	6	6

The following having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, are to pay only 10gs each, which are to be divided between the owners of the second horses in the three classes:—

Mr Elwes's b h Pavilion	6	8	12
Mr Fermor's br m Pelisse	6	8	10
Mr D. Radcliffe's b c Trafalgar, by Gohanna,	4	8	9
Mr Forth's b h Watery	6	8	3
Lord Jersey's b h Langton	5	8	3
Lord Foley's br h Jasper	5	8	3
Mr Sitwell's br c Taurus	4	8	1
Sir J. Hawkins's br c Clermont	4	8	0
Mr Goddard's br f Bronze	4	7	7
Mr Cave Browne's ch c, brother to Maidstone	4	7	2
Mr Fermor's Bantum	3	6	11

THE DERBY STAKES AT EPSOM, 1808.

THE Derby Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—The last Mile and half.

- Lord Derby's br c, by Sir Peter, out of Brown Bess
 Lord Darlington's br colt, by Sir Solomon, dam by Potto's
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's br c, by Coriander, dam by Sir Peter, out of Elfeda
 Mr Panton names Lord Stawell's brother to Bustard, by Buzzard
 Lord Egremont's b c, brother to Trafalgar, by Gohanna
 Lord Egremont's b f, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Peter, out of Nimble
 Lord Egremont names Mr Ladbroke's b c, brother to Wretch, by Gohanna
 Lord Egremont names Mr Ladbroke's b c, by Teddy the Grinder, dam by Precipitate, out of Colibri

Mr.

Mr Watson names Mr Sitwell's b c, brother to Aniseed, by Coriander
 Mr Howorth names Mr Sitwell's br c Clinker, by Sir Peter
 Mr Howorth names Sir H. Williamson's ch c, by St. George, out of Walton's dam
 Mr Wilson's bay colt, by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam
 Mr Wilson's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Totterella
 Mr Norton names Colonel Childers's ch c, by Stamford, dam by Bourdeaux
 Mr Lake's b c, by Trumpator, dam by Walnut, grandam by Javelin
 Sir F. Standish's colt, by Mr Teazle, dam by Volunteer, out of Storage
 Mr Northey names Mr Lake's b c, by Sorcerer, out of Lord Mayor's dam
 Sir C. Bunbury names Mr Mellish's b c Bradbury, by Delpini, dam by Young Marsk
 Lord Foley's Petrowitz, brother to Little Peter, by Sir Peter
 Mr Mellish's b c Weaver, by Shuttle, out of Strap's dam
 Mr Mellish's br c Hit-or-Miss, brother to Luck's-All, by Stamford
 Gen. Gower's ch c John O'Gaunt, brother to Gladiator, by Buzzard
 Mr Biggs names General Gower's b f Teazle, by Worthy, out of Thistle, by Woodpecker
 Mr Biggs names Mr Wilson's b c, by Agonistes, out of a sister to Bennington
 Lord F. G. Osborne's br filly, by Sorcerer, out of Drowsy
 Mr D'Arley names Mr Rashleigh's b c, by Coriander, dam by Highflyer, out of Otheothæa
 Duke of Grafton's c Vandyke, by Sir Peter, out of Dabchick
 D. of Grafton's f, by Coriander, out of Peppermint
 Mr D. Radcliffe's ch c, brother to Castrel and Selim, by Buzzard
 Lord Grosvenor's b c, by Sir Peter, dam by Woodpecker, grandam by Sweetbriar
 Lord Grosvenor's b c, by Meteor, out of Hind, sister to Hermione
 Lord Grosvenor names Mr G. Fuller's b c, by Teddy the Grinder, dam by Precipitate
 Mr Hall's filly, by Pegasus, dam by Dungannon
 Mr Durand's f, by Teddy the Grinder, out of Ramschoondra, by Sir Peter
 Mr Lord names Lord Stawell's colt, by Sorcerer, out of Sir David's dam
 Mr Wardell names Mr Mackall's b c, by Expectation, out of Lardella
 Mr Wardell names Mr Mackall's b c, by St. George, out of Petruchio's dam
 Mr Wardell names Mr Mackall's br f, by Stamford, out of Alexina.

THE OAKS' STAKES.

THE Oaks' Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three-year old fillies, 8st 4lb.
 —The last Mile and half.—The owner of the second filly to receive 100gs out of the Stakes.—Thirty-one Ssubscribers.
 Lord Derby names Mr Durand's, by Teddy the Grinder, out of Ramschoondra

Mr Pantou's grey, Mary Grey, by Buzzard
 Lord Egremont's ches. by Gohanna, out of Certhia
 Lord Egremont's bay, by Gohanna, out of Humming-Bird, sister to Colibri
 Lord Egremont's bay, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Nimble
 Mr Watson names the Duke of Grafton's, by Coriander, out of Peppermint
 Mr Howorth names Mr Lockley's bay, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Queen Charlotte
 Mr Howorth names Mr Halstead's sister to Ellizabeth, by Waxy
 Mr Lake's brown, by Sorcerer, out of Deceit
 Mr Lake's chesnut, Mari-Bella, by Walnut, out of Maria
 Sir F. Standish's bay, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Eagle's dam
 Mr Northey names Sir C. M. Burrell's bay, by Sir Harry, out of a mare given him by Mr T. Mellish
 Sir C. Bunbury's bay, by Sorcerer, out of Amelia
 Lord Foley's by Vermin, dam by Highflyer
 Mr Mellish's bay, Anna, by Coriander, dam by Highflyer, out of Tiffany
 Mr Mellish's bay, Agnes, by Shuttle, out of Plaistow's dam
 General Gower's bay, by Worthy, out of a sister to Agonistes
 Lord Stawell names Mr Goodisson's brown, by Sorcerer, dam by Tandem, grandam by Eclipse
 Lord F. G. Osborne's brown by Sorcerer, out of Drowsy
 Mr Kellermann's grey, sister to Iphigenia
 Duke of Grafton's, by Sorcerer, out of Hornby-Lass
 Mr Wilson's bay, by Stamford, out of Miss Judy
 Mr Delmé Radcliffe's bay, by Whiskey, out of Trumpetta
 Mr Forth names Mr Sitwell's bay, Gooseander, by Hambletonian, out of Pipyljn's dam
 Lord Grosvenor's bay, by Alexander, out of Nimble
 Lord Grosvenor names Lord F. G. Osborne's black, Scar, by Trumpator, dam by Saltram
 Lord Grosvenor names Sir H. Lippincott's bay, by Highland-Fling, out of Nelly
 Sir J. Shelly names Mr Howorth's bay, Devilina, by Kill-Devil, out of a sister to Rosetta
 Sir John Shelley names Mr Mackall's brown, by Stamford, out of Alexina
 General Grosvenor's by Stickler, out of Selima, by Alexander
 Mr Golding's brown, by Guildford, out of Vixen.

To be continued.

RACES FOR 1808.

(Continued from last No.)

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1808.

MONDAY, April 18.—The Craven Stakes of 100gs each, for two-year olds, 5st 10lb, three-year olds, 8st, four-year olds, 8st 9lb, five-year olds, 9st 1lb, six-year olds, 9st 5lb, and aged, 9st 7lb.—Across the Flat.—To close on Thursday before running, and the horses, &c. to enter on the Saturday following.

†† For the nomination of the three Classes of the Otlands' Stakes, see the *Racing Calendar* in our last No. pages 45 and 46.

Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for the produce of Mares covered in 1804; colts, 8st 4lb, fillies, 8st.—Across the Flat.

Sir F. Standish's b f, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Eagle's dam

Sir F. Standish's filly, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Storace

Mr Wilson's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Pavilion's dam

Mr Wilson's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam

Mr Watson's ch f, by Coriander, out of Lily

Mr J. Browne's filly, by Teddy the Grinder, out of Countess

Mr Biggs's colt, by Kill-Devil, out of Portia

Lord Grosvenor's filly (dead) by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Mistletoe.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts and fillies rising three years old.—Ditch Mile. st. 1lb.

Sir C. Bunbury's bl c, by Sorcerer, out of Wowski 7 13

Mr Wilson's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam..... 8 5

Mr Lake's bl c Noyeau, brother to Rumbo 8 7

General Gower's b f, by Worthy; dam, Thistle, by Woodpecker, out of a sister to Mother Bunch 7 13

Duke of Grafton's filly, by Sorcerer, out of Hornby-Lass..... 7 13

Sir F. Standish's colt, by Mr Teazle, dam by Volunteer, out of

Storace 8 4

Lord Grosvenor's b c Chester, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by

Woodpecker, out of a Sweetbriar Mare 8 4

Mr Mellish's b c Weaver, by Shuttle, out of Strap's dam 8 7

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts and fillies rising three years

old, and untried at the time of naming (April 18, 1807); colts, 8st

5lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—Abingdon Mile.

Lord F. G. Osborne's colt, by Hambletonian, out of Eustatia

Lord F. G. Osborne's br f, by Sorcerer, out of Drowsy

Lord Grosvenor's b f, by Alexander, out of Nimble

Lord Grosvenor's b f, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Ibis.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft. 8st 4lb.—Abingdon Mile.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b c, by Coriander, dam by Sir Peter Teazle

Mr Wyndham's b c, by Whiskey, out of Minion

Mr Ladbroke's b c, by Teddy the Grinder, dam by Precipitate.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. 8st 3lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, Lord G. H. Cavendish's b c, by Trumpator, out of a Coriander mare, bought at Mr Dawson's sale

Mr Goddard's b c Crim. Con. by Gobanna, out of a sister to Horns General Grosvenor's gr c Welch Fusileer, by Dapple, dam by Shark.

Mr Sitwell's brother to Anniseed, 8st 3lb, against Mr Mellish's Hit-or-Miss, brother to Luck's-All, 8st.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Sitwell's b f Gooseander, by Hambletonian, out of Rally, against Mr Mellish's b c Experiment, by Hambletonian, out of Lady Cow, 8st 3lb each.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Sitwell's Clinker, brother to Clasher, 8st 5lb, against Mr Mellish's Anna, by Coriander, out of Darling's dam, 8st.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Lord Grosvenor's Eaton, 8st 3lb, against Mr Wilson's Giles Scroggins, 8st.—Ditch-in, 300gs, h. ft.

General Grosvenor's ch g Roast-Beef, by Old England, 8st 7lb, agst Mr Harbord's b f, by Saxe Coburgh, 7st 13lb, both four-year olds.—Clermont Course, 100gs, h. ft.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Trafalgar, against Lord Foley's Paris, 8st 7lb each.—B. C. 500gs.

Mr Vansittart's Currycomb, 8st 7lb, against Mr Wilson's Smuggler, 8st.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Batson's Gladiator, 8st 7lb, received 10gs compromise from Mr Scrope's The Monk, by Ambrosio, 7st 8lb.—Across the Flat, 50gs.

TUESDAY, April 19.—Sweepstakes of 100gs.—Across the Flat.

	<i>st. lb.</i>
Mr Shakespear's ch h Zodiac, 6 yrs old	9 9
Lord Jersey's b h Langton, 5 yrs old	7 7
Lord Foley's ch h Captain Absolute, aged	7 3

Mr Lloyd's Cardinal Beaufort, 8st 10lb, against the Duke of Grafton's Musician, 8st 12lb.—Abingdon Mile, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr Vansittart's Momeptilla, 8st 9lb, against Lord Jersey's Poke, 7st 3lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs.

Mr Lake's Coriolanus, 8st 7lb, against Mr Payne's Ferdinand, 7st 9lb, —Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, April 20.—Lord Grosvenor's b c Chester, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Woodpecker, 8st 3lb, against Lord F. G. Osborne's bl f Scar, (since dead) by Trumpator, out of a sister to Royalist, 8st.—Abingdon Mile, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Shakespear's colt Discount, by Teddy the Grinder, bought at Mr Tatterall's, against Mr Panton's colt, by Buzzard, out of Mandane, 8st 2lb each.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs.

Mr Cave Browne's brother to Maidstone, 8st 8lb, against Major Wilson's b c, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Brown Charlotte, 8st 2lb.—Ditch-in, 50gs, 30 ft.

Mr Fermor's Cerberus, against Mr Shakespear's Wormwood, 8st 3lb each.—Abingdon Mile, 100gs.

THURS.

THURSDAY, April 21.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. 8st.—
Across the Flat.

General Gower's ch c John O'Gaunt, by Buzzard, out of a sister to
Champion

Mr Biggs's colt, by Kill-Devil, out of Portia

Mr Sitwell's br c Clinker, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Hysle.

Mr D. Radcliffe's Selim, 8st 7lb, against Mr Andrew's Lydia, 7st 7lb.

—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Shakespear's Wretch, against Mr. Payne's Tudor, 8st 2lb each.—
Two-year Olds' Course, 300gs.

Duke of Grafton's Musician, 8 yrs old, 8st 9lb, against Mr Craven's
Beau Nash, by Trumpator, bought of Mr Northey, 2 yrs old, 6st 4lb.

—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Sir C. Turner's Bramble, by Hambletonian, against Mr Mellish's
Weaver, by Shuttle, equal weights.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Lord Foley's Paris, received 50gs compromise from Mr Shakespear's
Canopus, 8st 2lb each.—B. C. 500gs.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1808.

. The Horses, &c. with respect to their Ages, are considered as if the Meeting
had fallen in April.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100gs each, h. ft. for the produce of untried Mares,
or of tried Mares covered by untried Stallions; colts, 8st 4lb, fillies,
8st.—Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's b f, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Ibis

Duke of Grafton's colt Vandyke, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Dabchick

Duke of Grafton's filly, (since dead) by Coriander, out of Drab

Mr J. Browne's filly, by Teddy the Grinder, out of Phantasmagoria

Sir F. Standish's colt, by Mr Teazle, out of Parisot

Mr Lake's b f, by Sorcerer, out of Deceit

Sir C. Bunbury's b f, by Sorcerer, out of Amelia.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. colts, 8st 5lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—Across
the Flat.

Duke of Grafton's colt Vandyke, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Dabchick

Mr Mellish's b c Weaver, by Shuttle, out of Strap's dam

Mr Mellish's b f Anna, by Coriander, out of Darling's dam

Lord Foley's colt Petrowitz, brother to Little Peter

Lord Foley's b f, by Worthy, out of Miss Fury

General Gower's br f, by Worthy, out of a sister to Agonistes

Lord Grosvenor's b c Chester, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Woodpecker,
grandam by Sweetbriar.

The Prince's Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 4lb.—
Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's b f, by Alexander, out of Nimble

Duke of Grafton's filly, by Coriander, out of Peppermint

General Gower's b f Teazle, by Worthy, out of Thistle, by Woodpecker

Mr Mellish's b c Hit-or-Miss, brother to Luck's-All

Mr Mellish's b c Bradbury, by Delpini, dam by Young Marak
 Mr Mellish's b f Agnes, by Shuttle, out of Plaistow's dam.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—Rowley Mile.

Mr Craven's colt Bean Nash, by Trumpator, 8st 5lb
 Mr Hallett's br c, by Kill-Devil, dam by Trumpator, 8st 2lb
 Mr Scrope's b c The Monk, by Ambrosio, out of Stapleton's dam.

Mr Shakespear's b c Discount, by Teddy the Grinder, dam by High-flyer, out of Merlton, against Mr Wyndham's b c, by Whiskey, out of Minion, 8st 4lb each.—Two year Olds' Course, 100gs.

Lord C. Somerset's White-Rose, 3 yrs old, 9st 2lb, against General Grosvenor's Roast-Beef, 4 yrs old, 8st.—Ditch-in, 200gs.

Mr Shakespear's Brainworm, 8st 6lb, against Mr Fermor's Hippomenes, 8st.—Abingdon Mile, 100gs.

Mr Shakespear's Zodiac, 8st 7lb, against Mr Andrew's Lydia, 7st 13lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs.

Lord Stawell's Deceiver, 8st, against Mr Payne's Ferdinand, 6st 13lb.—Abingdon Mile, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr F. Craven's br f, by Trumpator, out of Beda, against Mr Sitwell's b f Gooseander, by Hambletonian, out of Rally, 8st each.—Two-year Olds' Course, 50gs.

Lord Foley's Paris, against Mr Wilson's Smuggler, 8st 5lb each.—Ditch-in, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Shakespear's Worinwood, 8st 7lb, against Lord Foley's Pipylina, 7st.—Abingdon Mile, 200gs, h. ft.

TUESDAY, May 3.—The Claret Stakes of 200gs each, h. ft. colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—Ditch-in.—The owner of the second to withdraw his stake.

Lord Grosvenor's b c Eaton, by Sir Peter Teazle

Lord Grosvenor's br f Olive-Branch, by Sir Peter Teazle

Mr Wilson's b c Giles Scroggins, by Sir Solomon

Lord Foley's br c Chaise-and-One, by Whiskey

Lord C. Somerset's b c Job Thornberry, by John Bull

Sir F. Standish's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Volunteer, dam by Storace

Duke of Grafton's b c Musician, by Worthy

Sir C. Bunbury's ch c Bullcalf, brother to Whiskerandos

Mr Mellish's b c Comrade, by Beningbrough.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 3lb.—Abingdon Mile.—All untried at the time of naming, May 2, 1807.

Sir J. Shelley's filly, by Buzzard, bought of Mr Panton

Colonel Childers's ch c, by Stamford, dam by Bourdeaux, grandam by Prophet

Mr Mellish's b f Susan, by Worthy, out of Chippenhams's sister

Mr Mellish's b c Experiment, by Hambletonian, out of Lady Cow

Mr Panton's gr f Mary Grey, by Buzzard, out of Tim's dam

Sir C. Bunbury's b c, by Whiskey, out of Orange-Bud

Sir F. Standish's b f, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Eagle's dam

Sir F. Standish's colt, by Mr Teazle, dam by Volunteer, out of Storace.

Lord

Lord Grosvenor's b c Chester, by Sir Peter Teazle
 Lord Grosvenor's b c, by Meteor, out of Hind
 Mr Wilson's b c, by Agonistes, out of Bennington's sister
 Mr Lake's bl c Noyeau, brother to Rumbo, by Whiskey.

Mr Vansittart's Momentilla, 3 yrs old, 8st 10lb, against General Grosvenor's Rifleman, 2 yrs old, 6st 3lb.—Across the Flat, 100gs, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, May 4.—The second year of the Newmarket Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 2lb.—Ditch Mile.

Lord Grosvenor's b c Chester, by Sir Peter Teazle
 Lord Grosvenor's b c, by Meteor, out of Hind
 Lord Grosvenor's b f, by Alexander, out of Nimble
 Duke of Grafton's colt, by Grouse, out of Rattle
 Duke of Grafton's filly, by Sorcerer, out of Hornby-Lass
 Sir C. Bunbury's b c, by Whiskey, out of Old Tatt's sister
 Mr Wilson's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Totterella
 Mr Mellish's b c Hit-or-Miss, brother to Luck's-All
 Sir J. Shelley names Mr Wilson's b c, by Agonistes, out of a sister to Bennington, by Rockingham
 Mr Watson's colt, by Coriander, out of a Sir Peter Teazle mare, bought of Lord Fitzwilliam
 Lord Darlington's br c, by Sir Solomon, dam by Pot8o's
 General Gower's ch c John-O'Gaunt, brother to Gladiator
 Lord Foley's colt Petrowitz, brother to Little Peter
 Mr D. Radcliffe's br c Tekeli, by Waxy, dam by Highflyer, bought of Mr Perren
 Mr D. Radcliffe's br c Necromancer, by Sorcerer, dam by Highflyer, bought of Mr Goodisson
 Lord F. G. Osborne's br f, by Sorcerer, out of Drowsy.

Handicap Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—Ditch-in. st. lb.

Mr Wilson's b c Smuggler, by Hambletonian	8	5
Sir C. Turner's b c Thorn, by Beningbrough	8	1
Mr Blachford's b c Shittlecock, by Schedoni	8	0
Mr Wyndham's b c, by Schedoni, out of Hoppicker	7	7
Sir J. Hawkins's br c Clermont, by Trumpator	7	6

THURSDAY, May 5.—Handicap Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft.—Two-year Olds' Course. st. lb.

Lord Darlington's b c Giles Scroggins, by Sir Solomon	6	9
Lord Stawell's b f Pantina, by Buzzard	7	13
Mr Howorth's b f Lauretta, by Sir Peter Teazle	7	8
Mr Fermor's ch c Bantum, by Gohanna	7	7
Lord Grosvenor's br c Bullrush, by Sir Peter Teazle	7	7
Mr Ladbroke's b c Corsican, by Guildford	7	6
Mr Lake's br f Nymphina, by Gouty	7	6
Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch c, by Hambletonian, dam by Buzzard, out of Calash	7	4

No Day mentioned.—Mr Lake's filly, by Sorcerer, out of Deceit, against Sir J. Shelley's filly, by Buzzard, bought of Mr Panton, 8st 4lb each.—Abingdon Mile, 200gs.

THE RACING CALENDAR.

YORK OATLANDS.

SECOND Day of Spring Meeting, 1808.—Thirty Guineas each, h. &c. for four-year-olds only.—The last Mile and half.—Four to stand, or no race.—To be drawn and classed the same as the Newmarket Oatlands, if fifteen or more should stand, the second Class to be run the last day of the said Meeting.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
Paulina.....	8	9	Honest Bob.....	6	7
Scud.....	8	8	Mr Laton's Archduke colt.....	6	7
Mr Garforth's Beningbro' colt.....	8	4	Beningbrough filly, out of St.		
Cardinal York.....	8	0	Anne.....	6	6
Archduke colt.....	7	11	Brother to Streamer.....	6	6
Maida.....	7	10	Beningbro' colt, dam by Slope.....	6	6
Margaret, by Beningbrough.....	7	9	Mr Benson's b c, by Pegasus.....	6	6
Ranger.....	7	9	Hornby-Lad.....	6	2
Presentation.....	7	9	Rossington.....	6	0
Margaret, by Sir Peter.....	7	9	Sir T. Gascoigne's ch filly, by		
Easter.....	7	8	Hambletonian.....	6	0
Baron.....	7	7	Mr Mellish's Hambletonian f.....	6	0
Whitenose.....	7	7	Harriet.....	6	0
Sultan.....	7	5	Mr Garforth's Flora filly.....	6	0
Stamford filly, out of Belle-			Mr Garforth's Yario filly.....	6	0
file.....	7	4	Irene.....	5	12
Oran.....	7	4	Sir Solomon colt, out of Fanny.....		
Brother to Expectation.....	7	2	Fancy's dam.....	5	12
Bedalian.....	7	2	Wicked Jack.....	5	11
Silvio.....	7	1	Sir Solomon colt, dam by Ju-		
Mr N. B. Hodgson's Bening-			piter.....	5	10
brough colt.....	7	1	Bryan.....	5	10
Knowsley.....	7	0	Ambrosio colt, dam by Pot-		
Easy.....	7	0	so's.....	5	5
Mr Walker's colt, by Star.....	6	13	Expectation colt, dam by Dm-		
Phlebotomist.....	6	13	gon.....	5	4
Mr Smith's br f, by Hamble-			Grey colt, dam by Delpini.....	5	4
tonian, bought of Sir H.			Sir G. Armytage's Beningbro'		
Vane.....	6	12	colt, dam by Drone.....	5	4

To be named to Mr. E. W. Rhodes, Clerk of the Course.

BRIGHTON MEETING, 1808.

FIRST Day.—Sweepstakes of Two Hundred Guineas each, h. ft.—Four Miles.

	st.	lb.
Mr Fermor's ch h Cerberus, 6 yrs old.....	8	11
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Trafalgar.....	8	9
Mr Arthur's br h Wormwood, 6 yrs old.....	8	7
Mr Wyndham's b c, by Ambrosio, 4 yrs old.....	6	10

Mr Mellish's Cardinal Beaufort, 8st 7lb, against Mr Daly's Sasenagh, (late Impostor) 7st 9lb.—The last Mile, 300gs, h. ft.

The

The third and last year of the Pavilion Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three-year old colts, 9st, fillies, 8st 9lb.—The winner of the Derby Oaks' or Ascot Stakes, to carry 7lb extra.—The last Mile.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch c Rubens, brother to Castrel.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's br c Tekeli, by Waxy, out of Merryman's dam

Sir C. Bunbury's ch c, by Sorcerer, out of Louisa

Mr Howorth names Mr Mellish's Bradbury, by Delpini

Mr Ladbroke's ch c, by Teddy the Grinder, out of Miss Slamerkin

Mr Watson names Mr Lake's b c, by Gouty, out of a sister to Outlands, by Dungannon

Mr Mellish's br c Hit-or-Miss, brother to Luck's-All, by Stamford

Mr Wilson's b c, brother to Smuggler, by Hambletonian

Lord F. G. Osborne's b f, by Sorcerer, out of Drowsy

Duke of Grafton's colt Vandyke, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Dabchick

Lord Grosvenor's b c Chester, by Sir Peter Teazle

Lord Grosvenor's b f, by Alexander, out of Nimble

Lord Egremont's b c, brother to Trafalgar, by Gohanna

Lord Egremont's b c, brother to Hedley, by Gohanna

Lord Egremont's b c, by Gohanna, out of a sister to Parisot

Lord Darlington has two Subscriptions, but omitted to name.

Produce Match.—Mr Blachford's Javelin mare, covered by Worthy, against Mr Page's Woodpecker mare, out of Precipitate's dam, covered by Teddy the Grinder; colts, 8st, fillies, 7st 11lb.—The last three quarters of a Mile, 100gs, h. ft. No produce, no forfeit.

Sir J. Shelley's colt, by Waxy, out of Julia, 8st 4lb, against Mr Mellish's ch f, by Don Quixote, out of Lady Cow.—The last half Mile, 200gs.

SECOND DAY.—The Hippocampus Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three-year old colts, 8st 5lb, fillies, 8st.—The winner of the Derby Oaks', Ascot, or Pavilion Stakes, to carry 7lb extra.—The New Course.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's br c Necromancer, by Sorcerer, dam by Highflyer, bought of Mr Goodisson

Mr Ladbroke's ch c, by Teddy the Grinder, out of Miss Slamerkin

Mr Mellish's b f Anna, by Coriander, out of Darling's dam

Lord Barrymore's colt, by Buzzard, bought of Mr Morland

Lord F. G. Osborne's br f, by Sorcerer, out of Drowsy

Lord Egremont's b f, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Nimble

Mr Lake's bl c Noyeau, brother to Rumbo, by Whiskey

Mr Lake's b c, by Gouty, out of Mademoiselle.

THIRD DAY.—His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Rubens, brother to Castrel, against Mr Mellish's b c Bradbury, by Delpini, 8st 3lb each.—The last Mile, 200gs, h. ft.

LAST DAY.—Mr Mellish's ch f, by Don Quixote, out of Lady Cow, 8st 4lb, against the produce of Sir J. Shelley's b m, by Pipator, dam by Slope, covered by Don Quixote, 7st 4lb.—The last Mile, 200gs.

- No Day mentioned.—The Darlington Stakes of 200g each, h. &c. for three-year old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 6st 3lb:—The last Mile.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b f Corinna, by Whiskey, out of Trum-petta

Mr Mellish's b f Agnes, by Shuttle, out of Plaistow's dam

Mr Mellish's b f Anna, by Coriander, dam by Highflyer, out of Tiffany

Mr Wilson's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam

Mr Wilson's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Totterella

Mr Norton's colt, by St. George, out of Quid's dam

Sir C. Banbury's b f, by Sorcerer, out of Amelia

Mr Pantou's colt, by Worthy, out of Crane

Lord Grosvenor's b f, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Popinjay's dam

Lord Grosvenor's filly (dead) by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Mistletoe

Mr Peirse's b c, by Hambletonian, out of Constantia

Lord Egremont's b c, by Gohanna, out of Catherine

Lord Egremont's b f, by Driver, out of Fractions

Lord Darlington's colt, by St. George, dam by Mercury

Lord Stawell's colt, by Buzzard, out of Ringtail's dam

Lord Stawell's colt, by Buzzard, out of Gipsy, by Trumpator.

STAMFORD MEETING, 1808.

FIRST DAY.—Sweepstakes of 20g each, for three-year old colts, 8st 2lb, fillies, 6st.—Those that have won once, to carry 3lb, twice, 5lb, and thrice, 7lb extra.—Once round and a distance.

Mr Sitwell's b f Gooseander, by Hambletonian, out of Pipylina's dam

Major Wilson's b c, by Hambletonian, bred by Mr Herrick

Mr Watson's b c, brother to Fathom, by Trumpator

Mr S. O'Brien's ch f Julietta, by Young Drone, out of Dreadnought's dam

Lord Fitzwilliam's ch c Pumpkin, by Stamford, out of Matron

Mr G. F. Lynn's ch f, by Delpini.

SECOND DAY.—The Gold Cup, value 100g, by Subscription of 10g each, the surplus in specie; three-year olds, 6st. four-year olds, 7st 7lb, five-year olds, 8st 7lb, six-year olds, 9st, and aged, 9st 2lb.—Mares allowed 4lb.—Four Miles.

Mr Sitwell's br c Clinker, by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old

Mr Hartopp's br h Taurus, 5 yrs old

Lord Grosvenor's b m Metcra, 6 yrs old

General Grosvenor's b c Eaton, 4 yrs old

Major Wilson's ch c Juniper, by Whiskey, 3 yrs old

Mr Watson's b c, brother to Fathom, 3 yrs old

Mr S. O'Brien's ch f Julietta, 3 yrs old

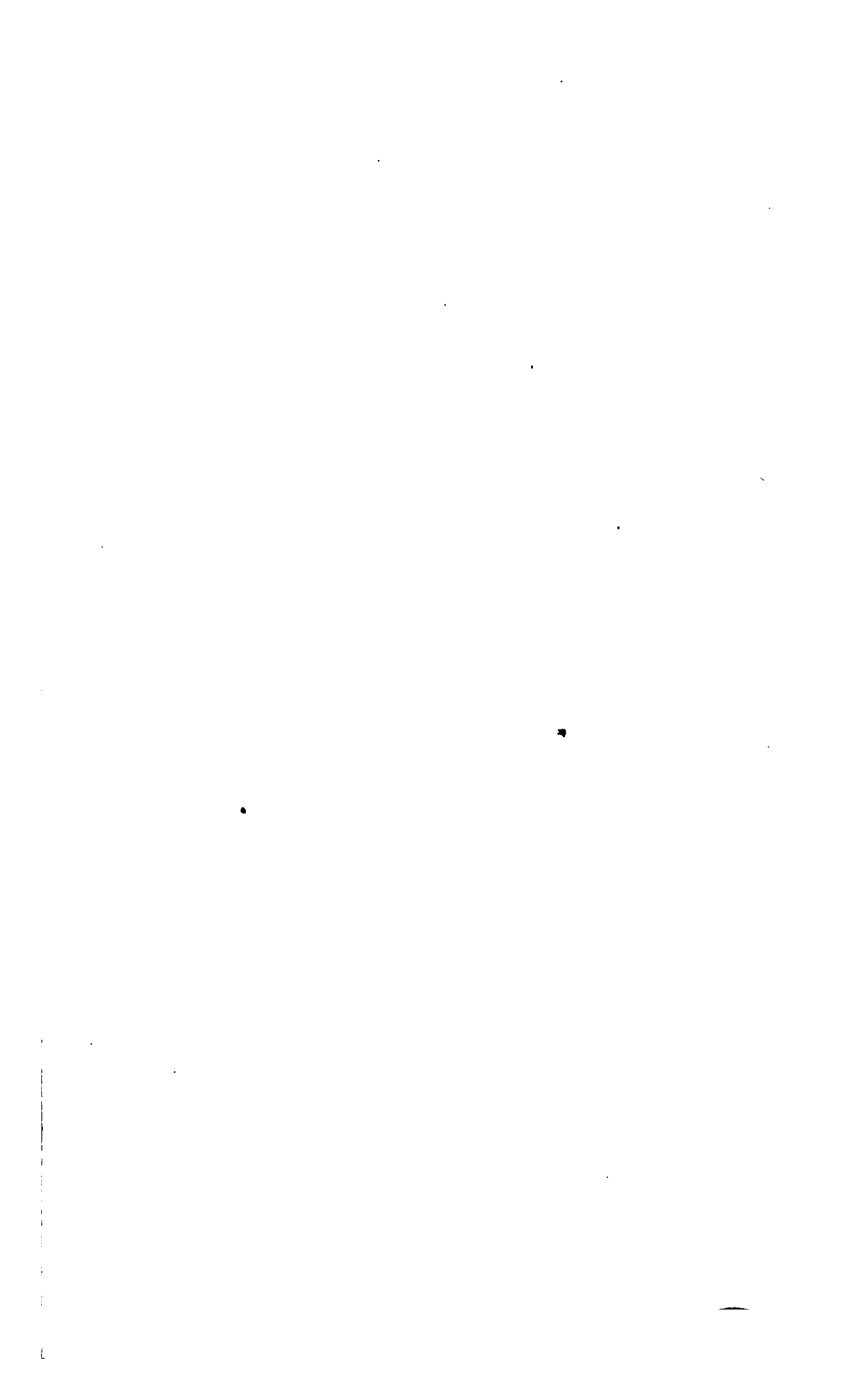
Mr W. Noel's b h Buzzard, by Buzzard, 5 yrs old

Mr Andrew's b m Lydia, 6 yrs old

Mr G. F. Lynn's br h Sir Paul, 6 yrs old

Lord Jersey's br c Ipswich, 4 yrs old

Mr Cave Browne's b c Wildair, 4 yrs old.





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